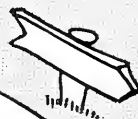


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SIREN

FRESHMAN ISSUE

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PARKER owners
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because no hand
distorts this point

"Since I lent him my pen *it has never been the same!"*

Often said, but NOT of Parker Duofold

Don't lose people's good will by borrowing their pens. Unless the pen is a Parker Duofold, your hand is apt to foul the point, or change its action. Don't expose yourself. That may often cost you many times the price of a pen.

But there'll be numerous occasions when you'll *have* to borrow if you don't own this sure-fire Parker Duofold. For ordinary pens never seem to work when you need them most; while all Parker Duofold Pens—even the Duofold Jr. and Lady Duofold at \$5, as well as the Seniors at \$7 and \$10—are built to stand up to our *Guarantee for Life!*

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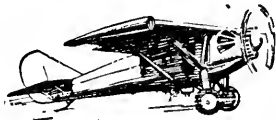
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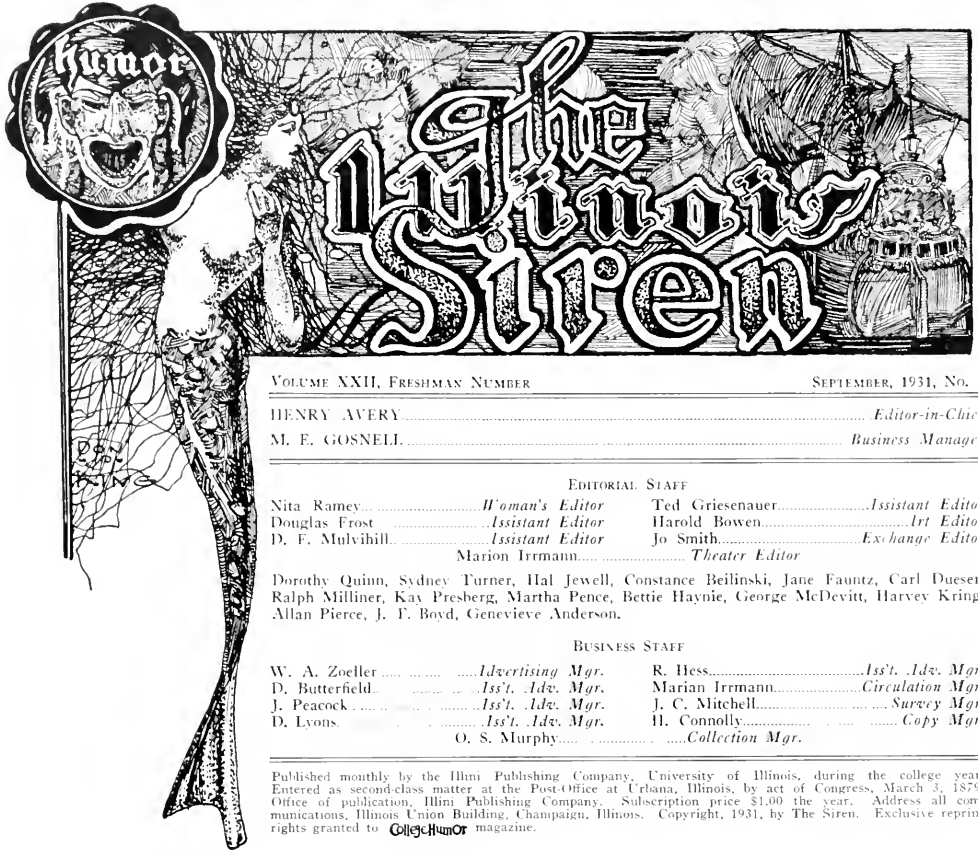
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VOLUME XXII, FRESHMAN NUMBER

SEPTEMBER, 1931, No. 1

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INKLINGS

from
Ye Editor's Pen

Its kinda awful, the way about five hundred freshmen will get sucked in this fall in about the same manner we did four years ago. There oughtta be a law.

Take these movies—and if anyone comes through with one of those late Marx you take 'em, I'm tired of them cracks, let them be warned that there is an axe in the corner all reserved for just such an emergency. I always did want to go to a murder trial.

You have seen these impressive Gothic buildings centered about wide stretches of lawn and great old trees, with nary an 1870 creation orra good old street-car track among them for relief. The moonlight nights and the guitars plunking somewhere, while someone sings love songs. The handsome athalete, who is poor as hell, but who dresses as I would if I didn't pay any of my bills instead of just not paying part of them, has in his house a nice fat boy and one in it who wears horn rimmed glasses and collects bugs with the aid of an insect net constantly in his hands.

Co-eds who are beautiful walk up and down the paths, and all of the waitresses (also beautiful) in the town date the boys just like anything.

The dances are swell. The hall is as big as the Union Depot and decorated like Cecil De Mille's idea of God's bathroom. The handsome

athalete proposes at these dances, and the villian almost seduces—it takes a movie director to discover that hair's breadth between a seduction and a seduction ixnay—the sweet, sweet girl in a road house, the likes of which for flooziness we have never seen. And then our hero smirches his own fair name in order that the housemother (white haired, and southern plantationey looking) will never suspect her.

Oh, it all looks and sounds swell, and so five hundred kids will charge down here, and our old man will pause for a moment of silent wondering and a knowing look when we write for more money.

Now if only one movie were done after the realistic method. Something like this—

The hero dons his second best black suit after deciding that it isn't too Godawful after being rained on yesterday afternoon. His twenty-seven fifty top coat does not not look as if it had come from England. If I wanted to I could name a store right here in town, yes right under your nose, Abie, that it looked as if it might have come from.

He goes down Armory picking his way through a few tons of shingles, bricks, broken sidewalks and assorted planks, on his way to the library. The only music he hears is a one finger rendition of the St.

Louis blues. The not so beautiful co-eds in the library chew gum and manicure their nails. Professors carry briefcases, and are not conspicuously the father confessors of pretty but dim-witted girls.

The waitresses are saving themselves for the taxi drivers, and one of them is cock-eyed.

He goes to a dance, a house dance. You see he is broke, and has to go where it doesn't cost anything. At least it doesn't cost him anything. The music is lousy. His date is terrible. She drinks beer and gets sick. He pounds her on the back, and walks around and around the block with her. The house mother has been in bed since nine when they arrive home at twelve forty-seven. The only attempt at a seduction of his date during the whole evening was made by a slightly intoxicated instructor who was near-sighted.

Our hero sleeps through his first two classes, but as he has had to lie like hell to keep from being cut out of his eleven o'clock, he rises and gets there at 11:05, unshaven, and, as he would say it, poohed. He gets through the hour, eats lunch, goes to his one o'clock, makes Pohn's at three, goes home to dinner, plays a hand of bridge, studies—gothic buildings—beautiful co-eds—nerts. There oughtta be a law.

The Letter He Wrote

Dearest Jane:

I've been thinking of you constantly, dear, and just waiting until I could see you again. Now it's up to you, honey, for our house is giving a formal dinner dance a week from Saturday, and I hope that you can come.

Please let me know right away—and make your answer "yes."

All my love,
BILL.

The Letter He Wanted to Write

Dear Jane:

Not that you are dear to me at all, but most letters start that way. I've tried to get a date for our dance since my girl had to go to the hospital, but couldn't get one, and so you are most cordially invited—not. But I can't dance by myself, so I guess I can stand you for one evening. Let me know—but you won't break my heart if you can't come, for Lord knows you're no marvel on your feet. And please don't wear that lousy pink dress you had last time—it makes you look sick.

BILL.

The Letter She Wrote

Dearest Bill:

It was so sweet of you to invite me to your dance, and I'll be just thrilled to death to come. It seems such a long time since I saw you, and you know, dear, I've missed you so.

I'll arrive on the 6:15 train Friday night. Until then,

Lovingly,
JANE.

The Letter She Wanted to Write

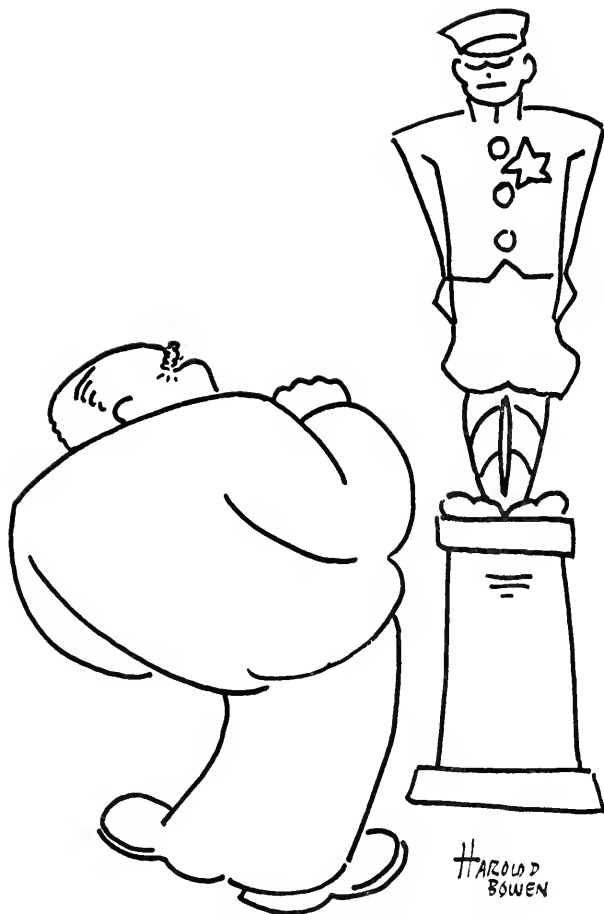
Well, so you turned up again. Can't I ever get rid of you. I'll come to your dance, but only because I remembered that that cute curly haired fellow I met last summer pledged your house this year. Your dancing is atrocious—nearly as bad as your taste in neckties. It's pretty dull here though, and I guess that a

trip down there will break the monotony as well as anything. Here's hoping I live through it.

JANE.

—S—

He was a fine lad and all the boys liked him, but they broke his pledge the other day when one of the upper-classmen asked him to do something, and he replied, "Alrightie."



Capone Gets Himself a Mounted Policeman

Monday Morning Eight
O'clock

I cooda died Mree. After me
acom in alaway from Shicawga an
abyin a new dress nall, nen he comes
in sa cockide he kent take me t the
husdance, he was astaggerin all over
the place, onus. I just sezztoom, I
sezz, "I ain't goin to no dance with
a drunk, I'm a lady I am." I sezz.
anee just shuttup an never sezz a
word.

Onust Mree, was awfull. Me all
drestup neverthing, an no place
tgotu. Thassa trubble withem, they
aingot nuthin else tdo, n they puffur
that tuh nuthinall. Well, I sezz to
him, "Thassa swell way tu cuminget
a girl, ainit." Well, Mree he never
sezz a thing, an I was mad. I betee
was athinkun I ain't no lady, an I
ain't gonna gofur no guy who has
enny sush ideas ozzat whassoever.
Alla same I was hopin he ain't to
tight t' take me, but Mree, I got
lousyluck. Ennyway I goes uppa
stairs bawlin kinda like, wy I dunno,
but it wuz sucha swell dress, I cernly
look swell inut.

Yno Eenuzz, donchu? Well enny-
way she had some guy's number who
wantser to kallinup, and so she gets
me adate, and Mree he wuz swell.
He ainunna these here platonic
lovers, thassa fac, but heez swellook-
in, n always crackinwise kinda. I
bafta laffat his, onust, Mree you otta
see him in mnaw hat. Scream.
Onust. I'm dyintu have ymectum,
he calls me bebbby, and is he ever
ucuddup. I'm just laffinatim alla
time.

Beeseeinyu—goincokin tomorrow?
seeyuhin Feetlebum's . . . I gotta run
now tget intuh mateo'clock. S' long.

————S————

Diogenes may have been looking
for an honest man, but we'd call it
publicity.

MY ROOM-MATE

he borrows
shirts
he borrows
ties
stamps
are things
he never
buys
—practically
he wears
my
collars
he swipes
my
date
he's swell
people
my
room
mate.

————S————

Little Alcibiades asked his big
sister Sodoma how much four plus
one was supposed to equal. "Five,"
correctly answered Sodoma, powder-
ing her nose.

Little Alcibiades seemed perturbed.
He swatted a fly with his bare hand
and with his firm little fist he broke
Sodoma's looking-glass in order that
she would notice his indignation, if
any. "And here, my dearest Sodoma;
for shame!" He wagged his head,
continuing, "I have been led to be-
lieve that three and two are five!"

————S————

The old captain lay dying. He
thought of his boyhood days in Scot-
land, of dear old Edinburgh, of the
lassies he had kissed, of the good
Scotch he had drunk. Outside the
cabin he could hear the noise of the
battle. By his side sat the next rank-
ing officer, waiting for his last
words. He must give the men a
message, one that would keep their
faith in good Scots blood. The griz-
zled old Scotchman rose on one
elbow and slowly spoke—"Don't give
up the ship, boys, don't give up the
ship!"

Famous Ex's

Ex-am
S-Ex
Ex-Wite
T-Ex Guinan
Ex-Lax
Ex-'32

————S————

A fraternity house is a place where
people put their socks on the floor
and their books on the table.

————S————

We venture to prophesy that by
the end of rushing week in every
sorority house on campus there will
be the following girls pledged:

The girl whose mother was a
member in '98.

The girl whose cousin was a mem-
ber at Rho chapter.

The good looking girl whose
homely sister is a member.

The homely girl whose good look-
ing sister is a member.

The girl who has just loads of
money.

The girl who was valedictorian of
her high school class.

The girl who is sure to go in for
activities—and never does.

The girl who dates a lot.

The girl who never dates.

The girl who gets food in her
laundry every week.

The girl whose brother dates the
rushing chairman.

—and that's enough girls for any
sorority.

————S————

First gnat: Have you heard why
they sprayed the gnus?

Second gnat: Yes, the keeper said
it wasn't gneiss for us to gnaw on
them.

(Gnashing of teeth).

————S————

"That's enough out of you," said
the surgeon as he closed the appendix
incision.
—Cornell W'idou.

For Freshmen Only....

It's getting to be a pretty old game by this time, if you should ask one who knows. Then again if you ask one who doesn't know, well, it's the same stuff; it's getting to be a pretty old game anyway.

When a freshman enters any university he should be all eyes and ears. And, for God's sake, listen to whatever a sophomore has to tell you; the sophomore has been here a year and because of that he knows it all. Doubt that and you are just like *he* used to be—and glad of it.

He is in just exactly the same order as most university professors. Incidentally it is bad form to call a professor a prof. Call him anything else. You'll *want* to, by and by. And that one is not hard to picture. If I will be given audience for a brief eight or ten hours of time I will point out just how my proof is vital to the present day situation of football. Duke Ellington, and gin.

And so it goes. If by this time there are any followers of my righteousness beguiled, we'll proceed to delve more deeply into the mysteries of what at one time was called rushing week, but which now, partially because of the economic depression on all business, is nothing more than wholesale propositioning.

We'll start out with a little story of a man. It is going to be sad, so for cry eye, shut this book right now if you think you're going to laugh, because you aren't.

Where were we? Oh, yes; the man. We are starting out with a man. He has a mustache and, like me, he has no money. But he is fearless; all heroes are. He is walking along an old Roman highway just north of Paxton, and what do you think happens? No you're wrong already. That's the trouble with

this bunch of people nowadays; always thinking way ahead of everything. Consider yourselves bawled out good and improper. Improper because it isn't spelled with a capital letter. There's a reason for everything. And if you doubt it, listen to this; well, never mind; you're going to have to listen to millions of people before the end of your respective lives, so let it go. Now then; the man! Back to the man!

His legs gave away under him (not *over* him, of course) from lack of nourishment. Ignatz hadn't eaten. That's a good reason for falling by the wayside—unless there is an awfully queer blonde in the crowd who is five foot three. Anyway there will be no blondes at any cost or at any height. Let that be known universally. Is it known universally? All right; why not advertise? Look at Pluto. Years ago people were bashful when they entered a hardware store (now called drug store for short-s) to purchase a vial of pluto water, but now all there is to it is to walk in the store, wear a smile (or a frown) and in a pleasant voice, yell: NATURE WON'T and that is all there is to it. Advertising, my good people, advertising alone has done it.

And that brings to mind that our hero, who is still lying in the Paxton mud, is awakening.

A passing motorist hails. It becomes dark. Lightning is seen when it thunders. Night is upon our hero. Nightfall is upon everyone about the same time. No sense to it. You can't confront mother nature (in capitals) with a smile, knowing all the while the Marx Brothers are preaching that it would be a better world for children if the parents would eat the spinach.

The good Samaritan picked up our hero with the use of a block and tackle; I mean with the *rope* of a block and (same as above).

"Whar ye goin', stranger?" Guess who asked that. On and on they rode in the night, in the rain, in the hail, in the car. The wind howled; so did our hero when he saw the light of day. Bandits! Gee, I hadn't thought of that before! The plot thickens just like gravy does when you add a sufficient quantity (or quantities) of cement. The car was transformed into a beautiful yacht (pronounced yott) and in it was a beautiful princess and the good Samaritan and let's see; that was all. Our hero, by the way, managed to get into the picture by craning his neck, and what is more pleasing to the eye and emotions as a crane's neck? Nothing, excepting two cranes' necks in the process.

Well, anyway, the yacht stopped right in front of the old farmer's house. His B. V. D. (B. V. D. means Beautiful Vut Dumb) daughter emerged from the latticed doorway, but soon she submerged again into the inky blackness of the house by the side of the road.

"Any ice today?" shouted Uranius, the good Samaritan. The answer came back like a fleeting cloud. This answer depended upon years of analytical survey by the hero of the plot which by now has hardened into one solid mass of pavement. Not the hero; I mean the plot has hardened. Clear? If not, send a stamped, self-addressed, mailed, white, legibly written (write on one side of the paper only), envelope to me and I'll clear it up. I'll *clean* it up, in fact! I use Lydia Pinkham's and would never be without it. My friends laughed when I sat down at the

piano; heh-heh; I had run completely out of nickels.

And the truth of it is that when the hero saw me he froze. He thought I had been looking for him, when in reality I had been looking for him. There *is* a difference, of course, but we'll not go into that at this setting. Get the spirit into you somehow. Drink it; that's the surest way. Then it's spirits. Spirits Fermenti.

And now, kind people, I am drawing my story to a close. (No such luck!) He had struck her and there she lay in a pool room. It was horrible! For days and nights he waited. The suspense was beginning to show on him and also on his coat which by this time was sorely in need of a press. His business was pressing, so that was ironed out easily.

He is now a wiser man; that is, he would have been a wiser man if he lived, but he died in the arms of the law. The same story would be told you by him, were he alive today. He would say I died in the arms of the law. Ye-ah! My newly acquired father-in-law!

Nothing in the world like a mili-

tary wedding! It goes over with a bang from start to finish, and so on. It was our hero's start—but it was also his finish. He's pushing up poppies in the cemetery now. You could buy them but there used to be a sign up there saying here *lies* poppies covering Ignatz. The poppies phoned their labor leader and with him surged a terrific battle on lies. They hate lies. Lying is terrible, ain't it? And so is improper usage of the King's English, although he doesn't even know it's his.

Three days before Ignatz died he was giving me a most profound lesson and I didn't know it, but I know it now. He really knew the score, that guy. They thought so much of him that they organized a thought society and every Tuesday night they would congregate and think of Ignatz.

They were thinking so intently one night that it took the new house mother a whole day to break up the session. A tri-delt from N. U. was too heavy a winner so there was only one thing to do. Load the dice thereafter. Use warranted cubes. Ice, preferably.

Well, so many of the inmates were

led to dire want and utter destruction (pretty good) that most of them, all, in fact, except one lone man, left and sought out good new homes in which to live. They didn't like most of the places they visited, but because they had a certain friend in one particular house, they let the other houses go the way of all flesh and, incidentally, turned them down. They had a helluva time trying to convince those already living in these new houses that they (the communists) were plenty okay, so after a long time, the older members in each house became so dissatisfied with what drifted in that they adopted them as their very own and from that day on till this, each person shoots dice, plays cards, spins the roulette, shoots the bull, drinks bum liquor and so forth in his own separate house.

This, dear children, is the manner, in general, of how the whole concept of rushing came about; the matter of technique was a thing to be developed through the ages and it's still in its infancy, if you ask one who knows—knows what you ask. Just plain nose-on-face.

Now then. Things in a general sort of way are new to any man or woman who comes to the great school for the first time. But you'd be surprised the way things begin to become more well known each day. By the end of the first football game you will be tired of sitting. This, by the way, is only for a dumb freshman to read, so if any of youse big upper-classmen are this far and haven't turned back to the front cover to take another look, please do so now. Then just forget where you left off and start on another story. All rightie, little men and women; we are about to resume resumpions.

Another thing every neophyte must know some sweet day is the truth of the slogan knowledge is power. Look it up sometime. I haven't the time to tell you all about it. It would require that I be found
(Continued on Page 29)



A Freshman Waxes Poetic

The Ballad of Terry McTuff

Words and Music
By George McDevitt

Ah, the frozen North, snow and so
forth,
Has fostered many a tale
Of greed and lust, and the gleaming
dust,
Or the love of a man for a frail.

From the Yukon land, near a frozen
strand,
Came Terrible Terry McTuff,
In a buckskin shirt that was glazed
with dirt,
Say, but that guy was rough.

Oh, a Klondike bully, wild and
wooly,
From Alaska's ice-ribbed shores,
Who used to curse and do things
worse
Till the rum dripped from his pores.

His eyes were hard and his face was
marred,
He occasionally slurred his vowels;
The tobacco juice ran free and loose,
And dripped from 'neath his jowls.

Without coming to blows he could
tweak the nose
Of any from Nome to the Pole,
Including that rake, the Killer, Jake,
The Hermit of Shark Tooth Shoal.

Many a time, when he spent his last
dime,
In the Malamute saloon,
He would rake the dice with his
forty-five,
While humming a hawdy tune.

You know he was bad, he also had
The strength of an Arctic glacier,
But, to tell the truth was quite un-
couth,
Used a carbolic acid chaser.

But, the Yukon life with its brawl-
ing strife
Began to pall on Terry McTuff,
He yearned for knowledge, he
wanted COLLEGE,
The thought itself was enough.

For many years there came to the
ears
Of this far-off northern guy,
The glowing fame attached to the
name
Of the smouldering Illini.

So he packed his bags, though razzed
by the wags,
Such as Dangerous Dan McGrew,
(Who never was shot, that stuff's all
rot,
He's alive and so is Lou).

With mud in his eye he bade good-
bye
To the Malamute saloon,
By the very next day he was mushing
his way
And traveled many a moon.

In a gust of rain he hit Champaign
And straightway made for Prehn's,
For he'd heard the tale from a guy
in jail
Of the famous Illini wrens.

He seated himself, pulled out his pelf
By the candle light's dim flicker,
He banged on the table as hard as
was able
And called for raw, red licker.

They brought him a coke, he thought
he'd choke,
He raved, he ranted, he swore;
He wanted to see in a mild D. T.
The Face on the Barroom Floor.

In a nearby booth this guy uncouth
Espied a campus queen,
With a smile as bright as a Northern
light,
A gal called Imogene.

His breath came fast as an Arctic
blast
And he swore that she'd be his.
In a burst of pride he sat by her side
And his red blood started to fizz.

The time grew late so they made a
date,
He'd call the following night,
And he swore with a will when he
got the bill,
It totalled quite a sight.

Next evening came and he called for
the dame
Like he'd called for many before,
With a blood-shot eye and a sealskin
tie,
Rum dripping from every pore.

He wasted no time but started his
line,
(It went over so hot in Nome)
But this innocent child, this co-ed
mild
Wasn't like the gals back home.

He began to thaw, this he-man raw,
From far-off icy lands,
For this maiden slim affected him
Like the Chinook's warming hands.

This one brief inning was the be-
ginning
Of the decline of Terry McTuff,
He forgot the slush and grueling
mush
Of the Arctic country rough.

In pearl gray hats and snow-white
spats
He struts the old Broad-walk;
With a fancy vest on his manly chest,
He became the campus talk.

And his underwear (you'll tear your
hair)
Was made of lavender silk.
And instead of rum, or alky bum,
He now drank Grade A milk.

Instead of A. C. as you'd expect to
see
He's studying the English "drawmas"
His boudoir's rose to match his hose
As well as his Russian pajamaws.

He's a lily right, this northern fright
A regular W. C. T. U.
He'll run from the house at the
sight of a mouse
Or drop dead from a gentle "moo."

Thus you see, what a man can be,
When a woman enters his life,
Instead of a force, he's just a clothes
horse
Arranged by his dear little wife.

Ah, the frozen North, snow and so

forth,
Has fostered many a tale,
Of greed and lust, and the gleaming
dust,
Or—The love of a man for a frail.

Pat died, and although he had
been the village sot and rounder com-
bined for years, the good parish
priest was giving him a funeral
sermon that charitably overlooked
these shortcomings in favor of his
more exemplary virtues. He dwelt
at length upon them, slightly em-
broidering them as he warmed to his
subject. His widow, sitting in a
front pew with her numerous off-
spring listened to the sermon with a
rapt, if slightly confused, counte-
nance. Finally she nudged her

oldest son who sat beside her and
whispered—"Pat, look and see if
there's another corpse in the church!"

She: "You remind me of the
Venus de Milo."
He: "But I have my arms."
She: "Oh, have you?"

It is a wise cork that knows its
own pop.

Bachelor: "I could never bear to
be a widow's second husband."

Second Bachelor: "Well, for my
part, I'd much rather be the second
than the first."



Wouldn't it be funny if your dad caught me here again?

MARKET IS IN UPWARD TREND

Outlook for Coming Year Is Still Dull

CHAMPAIGN, Sept. 13.—Frats, Inc. and Sororities, Ltd. combined again yesterday to continue the strong bull market that has been in effect for the month of September. Call money requests went out over Illinois and nearby states on account of purchases in the above concerns.

Frosh, preferred, is the cause of much active bidding, while houses holding Frosh, common, were willing to do trading, but had no response. At the close of the market independents had suffered severe losses.

It is believed that the continued depression tended to reduce the number of desirable offerings and that many houses will necessarily postpone building operations for the coming year.

—S—

Here's some bones of poor old Bell,
The late assistant in lab 8-L.

He forgot the gas
Was explosive, alas!
And it blew him all to

—S—

"I hear that Smith strained his eye
looking at the dog star last night."

"Really? I didn't know you could
do that."

"Well, this proved to be Sirius."

—S—

Instructor: "And if you think this
assignment is so terrible you ought
to thank the Lord that I don't give
ones three chapters long like Pro-
fessor Jones."

W. K. Voice from the back row
—"Thank the Lord."

The two sailors had been paid
Saturday morning, and this was Sun-
day afternoon. The oldest of the
two tars sat on his sea-chest counting
over a handful of small change.

"Spend all of your money, Joe?"

"Yeah."

"All of it?"

"Yeah."

"In one night?"

"Yeah."

"Howja spend it?"

"Well, there was ten bucks for
gin, and I et a couple of bucks
worth, and I musta spent thirty
bucks on those wimmen, and I lost
a hundred in a crap game, and—I
guess that's all."

His mate sat, calculating.

"But that leaves you with fifty
bucks—"

The old tar meditated a minute
before he spoke—"I guess I musta
just spent that foolishly."

BIOGRAPHY OF A CO-ED.

Safety pins.

Hair pins.

Fraternity pins.

Safety pins.

Rolling pins.

—S—

A gentleman embarking upon a
railway journey stowed his luggage
beneath his berth, fastening to one
of the bags a five dollar bill and a
note which read something like this:
"Take the five if you must but spare
the bottle of Scotch in the bag. It
is for my dying father to whose side
I am going." Upon rising the next
morning and examining the bag he
found to his surprise that the five was
gone but that there were three bottles
of Scotch in the case.



"What do you want with a new dress?"
"Just a new coat, new shoes, and new gloves."

Some People *of* Note ★

★ Chicagoans of today know the name of Rosa Raisa as did their parents that of Mary Garden—which is saying considerable for this lady who is a Russian-Italian artist who speaks French, English, German, and Yiddish.



★ Vladimir Golschmann, director of the St. Symphony Orchestra, is a Russian Parisian. When in Paris he is the director of Le Cercle Musicale de la Sorbonne, and directs the governmental concerts in the Sorbonne.

★ Beniamino Gigli, who is now in his eleventh season as the leading tenor of the Metropolitan Opera company, enjoys the popularity once showered upon Caruso. The charm and expressiveness of his voice explain it all.



Now You Tell One

George Isacson was an honest song writer—at least, honest with himself. It was true that all his songs were hits, sung far and wide. He was known throughout the world as the genius of melody land.

People often asked Georgie how he did it. George just looked innocent, and people concluded that genius could not explain its method. However, George did have method, and very effective method.

It is often remarked that our popular songs seem to be repetitions of each other. Nobody knew this better than George. If you analyzed his songs you would find bits of everything from *My Glass-Eyed Baby* to *Nearer My God to Thee*, the latter, of course, in jazz meter.

Efficiency was in the air that morning. Georgie decided to be methodical. Instead of borrowing ten bars from one song and two from another, Georgie decided to take three from each of a number of songs. But before he was through he had to go through more songs than he expected, and, of course, there was the usual number of repeated strains. His finished work was a surprise even to himself—by for his best composition; at least he thought so, and so did the publisher.

Hot Mamma Dolls, however, was first released as the theme song of Michael Cohen's "Scandals." It clicked perfectly, required seven encores. Soon everybody was singing this new song. Consequently there was a big laugh when a late arrival from the country asked an usher if they were still singing that song, a new song to the same old air. But this happened to be one country lad who refused to be laughed at.

Several weeks later came the announcement of a huge plagiarism suit against Messrs. Isacson, Cohen, John Doe, Richard Roe, etc., from a huge rival firm—a firm known not to waste time where it had no case. Georgie decided to settle the matter in person by calling upon the rival publisher.

"Say, what's the idea of writing a new lyric for *Virginia Mammy's Lullaby*, and calling it your own work?" this publisher asked.

"*Virginia Mammy's Lullaby*. That was a hit five years ago—how does it go again? He tried it out, bar for bar, upon the piano. Bar for bar it was the melody of *Hot Mamma Dolls*. The suit was immediately settled out of court.

Then George went home to figure the whole thing out—went over the various songs he had picked from. He discovered the amazing truth. Every bar he had chosen had been taken from *Virginia Mammy's Lullaby*—though he had used about fifteen songs to draw from. His own experience is knowing how to arrange melodies accounted for his arranging exactly as they had once before been arranged.

The next day the newsboys were all shouting "Extra! Extra! Famous Song Writer Shoots Himself!"

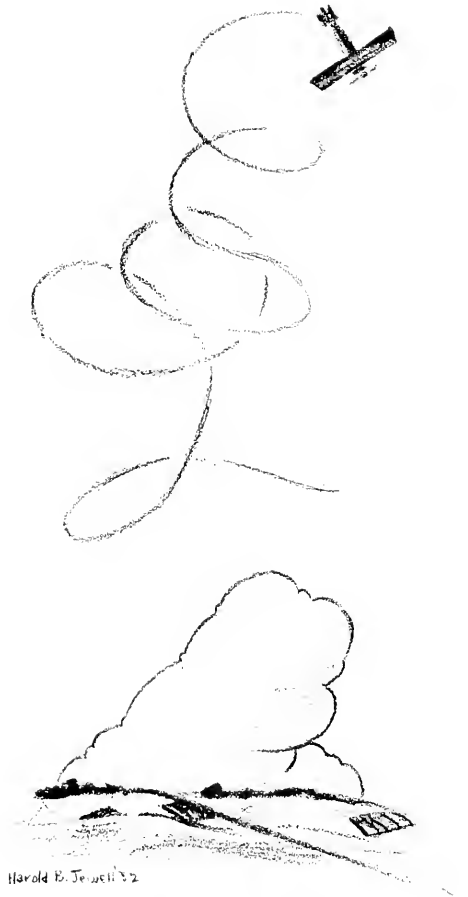
—*Southern California Wampus.*

The Life of a Piano Tuner

This is the story of the lady who phoned for a piano tuner and was informed that they would send up a blind one. "Just lead him to the piano," said the chief, "he'll do the rest." And then for some reason or other he sent another man, one who was distinctly not blind. The man came back about an hour later with a broad grin on his face. "Say, chief," he asked, "what did you tell that dame on that last job? She grabbed me by the arm when I came in and she led me over to the piano, and, say, chief, she didn't have no more clothes on than September Morn."

—*Chicago Phoenix.*

"All that I have I owe to my fraternity," cried the frosh as he received his latest assessment.—*Black and Blue Jay.*



Good to the Last Drop

THE SPEECH THAT MOST PROFESSORS DO NOT MAKE AT THE FIRST MEETING OF THE CLASS

Good afternoon. My name is written on the blackboard, though I suppose most of you cannot see it because of the fact that I am sitting directly in front of it. None of you would remember it anyway so it doesn't make much difference. I really prefer to have the girls sit at the front of the room. I usually give A to the first row, B to the second row, and C to the third row. I find that I am getting near-sighted and I cannot see very well if the distance is greater than that. I understand that a great many of you think you will get something out of this course. That is too bad. You won't. I haven't, and I've gone over it every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday since 1909. Frankly, the course is a bore, and I would not be teaching it if I did not have to eat. There will be a ten minutes quiz at each meeting of the class and three hour examinations. The questions will not concern the work covered by the course if I can help it. I do not grade very well excepting in certain cases. There will be a term paper, as they are so quaintly called. Lick and a promise paper, or overnight paper would be more like it. You need not pay any attention to the office hours I will post upon the board, as I will never be in my office anyway. The books this year are different from those of last year for the simple reason that I wrote one this year and I am getting fifteen per cent on it. You may go now, and bear in mind that it is my rule to count being late twice as a cut and that you must get 69 in at least one of the hour examinations or you do not pass the course. Good afternoon.

—S—

He calls his girl friend Mirror, cause she reflects each passing fashion.

LEAD PIPE RUSHING

they had it in the
nineties
and worked it
pretty fine
handing poor dumb freshmen
a comprehensive
line
of havva cigarette
of havva drink of beer
we got fifty-seven chapters
and we'd like to have you here
now
its diffrent
and
i quote three senior men
they say the
lead-pipe system
can never
be again
but
they asked me if
i'd havva cigarette
or havva drink of beer
they got fifty-seven chapters
and they'd like to have
me here.
an so
i bit.

—S—

The flame in the fireplace flickered, now brightly, now almost extinguished. The divan immediately facing it was occupied. He leaned down almost to her lips, and asked, "Comfy, honey?" All was cold outside. The wind howled at the pale moon. The man hummed a few measures of "I Love You Truly" and again looked down at her; this time he was almost audibly smiling. Again he asked, "Comfy, honey?" The only response was her low, gurgling essay at sighing. Then a slight movement, and that was all. He looked intently at her. Her closed eyes seemed to cut her off from this world. She breathed regularly. Then a sound, almost like a grunt, came out of the throaty voice box of the man. It said, almost triumphantly, "Thank God the brat's finally asleep!"

A REVIVAL

the story of little
red riding hood as
our friend milt gross
would tell it.

Nize baby. Itt op all de proon-jooz and de momma will tell a sturry from leedle Rad Riding Hood. It sims der was a family wot hes a modder, odder a dotter, odder a grossmutter. De leetle gurl she wears a rad coat, and so de neighbors call her leetle Rad Riding Hood, odder when dey do not call names from consults. (Itt op de proonjooz or de momma bust de neck).

Nu, won day de momma sant leedle Rad Riding Hood by the grossmutter mit de basket, wit gefulte feesh odder schnapps, for de grossmutter wuz seek.

De doidy old wof, dot dope, he saw de Leedle Rad Riding Hood, and dot doidy bum, he was poshoyunt, wit lust, wit lewd. So he runs likell for de grossmutter's appoppment to itt her so he can seduce de leedle Rad Riding Hood when she comes with de grossmutter's gefulte fish from schmapps. (Nize baby, itt some carrotz mit crim).

Leedle Rad Riding Hood, dat clavar wanch, she brang de wood-chopper by de woods to de grossmutter's, and when she saw de wof in de grossmutter's nightgown she did scrimming with leffing from highsterics. De woodchopper chopped hofi de wof's head mitt de axe, and de wof was opp de crick, dat doidy bum. (Nize baby, ett up all de carrotz mit crim).

—S—

Helen: Why do you call your boy friend Otto, when you know his name is Jack?

Sue: Cause he's a Caddillac.

—S—

He: "Some women talk more than others."

Him: "What others?"

AGGIE SCHOOLS FASHION NOTES

Denims in bright blue continue to be the favored material for overalls. Several charming models by two prominent Chicago concerns show wide trouser bottoms (which may be turned up) and many pockets, the whole being held up as customary by medium width straps which cross both shoulders and return to the back.

The return of cotton to the smart ensemble is noted by the addition of a bandana. This accessory is either red or blue with simple white figures and may be permitted to hang loosely from the left plier pocket. On a certain fashionable campus this is hung about the neck, being secured by a horseshoe ring or similar device.

The shirt with one or two full pockets may be of contrasting tone or the usual robin's-egg blue and will be left open at the neck. A chic outfit will have smart canvas gloves with knitted wrist, although the gauntlet style is good, especially if there is a red star on the outside for contrast.

A clever ensemble for fall dances was noted at the annual Aggie Frosh Formal last week. The conventional blue denim overalls was contrasted by mahogany brown brogans and an olive drab shirt, the latter being left open at the neck to reveal three mauve and emerald green tattooed ladies and five cerise snakes.

Dry Agents Must Not Drink While on the Job—headline in the Chi Trib. We can expect prohibition to begin being a success any minute now.

Editor: "Did you know that the Widow Jones is suing us for libel?"

Reporter: "No. What is the idea?"

Editor: "We said in her husband's obituary that he had died and gone to a happier home."

A freshman whose last name was Green
Was told his blind date would be keen.

Her technique was fine
And so was her line
But she was the wife of the dean!

—S—

What is so rare as a day in June?
Ah-ha! The villain is near!
Let us trip once again through the cowslips, my love.

No, thank you; I don't care for beer.

—S—

An Alpha Xi Delt and a doughty Sig Ep

Were alone on a desert isle.
When rescued they wrote a complete anecdote
Which makes girls' cockeyed hats all the style.

—S—

"One for you and one for me; one for you and . . ." was what Mussolini was saying as he and "Say When" King Carol of Roumania were dividing up the countries of Europe to their own fancies. "And now," continued Benito, "we'll get the two that we left outside." This might have meant Sicily and Africa.

—S—

Hal: How's the wreck standing up?

Pal: Oh, it runs—after a fashion.

Hal: Just like a woman, eh!

—S—

He: Do you know how molecules and Eve are alike?

She: Both are always running around.

He: Nope, if it wasn't for atoms there wouldn't be either.

—S—

John: "Doesn't Mary trust you?"
Joe: "Yes, but her father doesn't."

Our Own Novel

"You young whippersnapper," thundred Cyrus Vandough," "never will I permit you to marry my daughter. Get out and stay out!"

Our hero walked out of the Vandough mansion with sorrow in his heart.

(Continued on Page 15)

* * *

Our Own Novel

(Continued from Page 10)

(Well, we're sorry. There wasn't enough room to print all the novel, so we'll skip four murders, one arson, five suicides and give you the last sentence on page 324):

"And we'll live happily ever after, won't we, dear?"

* * *

They laughed when I sat down to play the modernistic piano. How the devil was I to know it was only a bookcase?

* * *

"Yes, Abie, I would say you took the vords right out of my hands.

* * *

"How did John happen to die?"

"Well, you see, he had a bad habit of going to sleep in every gutter in Europe."

"I see; something ran over him."

"No, he finally got to Venice."

—S—

Jones, who could hardly be called a lily, was dying and he was a little afraid of what his wife's friends might say about him when he was in the dim beyond and no longer to be reckoned with.

"Don't believe a word of what they say about me," were the words on his lips as he died.

She didn't. They all said what a wonderful husband he was, that he was so liberal with money, and that a better man never lived.

—S—

Advice to the frosh: When you meet the Dean on the campus while cutting a class, be nonchalant, light a Murad.

Sing a Song of Fratneys

Oh, Mary Magee
Was a girl who was svelte,
But she lost her poise
When she dated a Delt.

A sad story this
And I pause to cry,
When I think of the blokes
Who pledge ol' Chi Psi.

Now Tommy was a Beta
And he was big and strong.
But he went out with a tiny (?)
Kappa,
And she done him wrong.

Let's sing a song of Tri Delt
And eyes that brightly shine.
Let's sing a song of Tri Delt,
And the girl who once was mine—
and his—and his—

Here's to the girls of Alpha Xi.
They live way out in the woods.
But here's to the girls of Alpha Xi—
They've certainly got the goods.

The Psi U's are a jolly bunch,
And dearly love their frat.
Their house is gayly painted white—
There must be a reason for that.

Wave the flag for Alpha Gam
And send a cheer on high.
They really are nice girls—
They just don't give a damn.

Park is indeed a jolly hall
With side booths nice and wide.
And when they turn the lights down
low
You can't tell who's inside.

A turtle is a funny bird,
He drinks his whiskey straight.
He's rowdy as an Alpha Sig
(Another Eta Bete!)

—S—

"Don't give that bird another seed,
remember the depression."

THE BOOK OF ETIQUETTE

(As *Emily Post* probably wishes
she had done it).

CHAPTER I

We must all have our best manners with us when we go to rushing parties, for if we don't we won't get bid—and what makes you think you will enihow, dearie? One reader asks, "Do you eat the lettuce with the salad?" To you, dear lady, we reply—no, indeed, you save it, and take it home to the canary. If you don't have a canary, give it to some one who has.

Snappy repartee is also a social accomplishment that aids one in making a favorable impression at a function of this sort. You can't go wrong on these answers:

Q. Where do you live?

A. Sometime in July.

Q. What are you majoring in?

A. Two inches of rain fell in Ohio last week.

Q. Are you a freshman?

A. I think he did.

Other answers sent on request. Send stamps—I ought to write a letter soon.

When asked what your favorite sport is, don't answer truthfully. Say tennis, golf, swimming, or some other innocuous game. Everybody knows the right answer—but wait until the chaperon has gone to the Star Course.

CHAPTER II

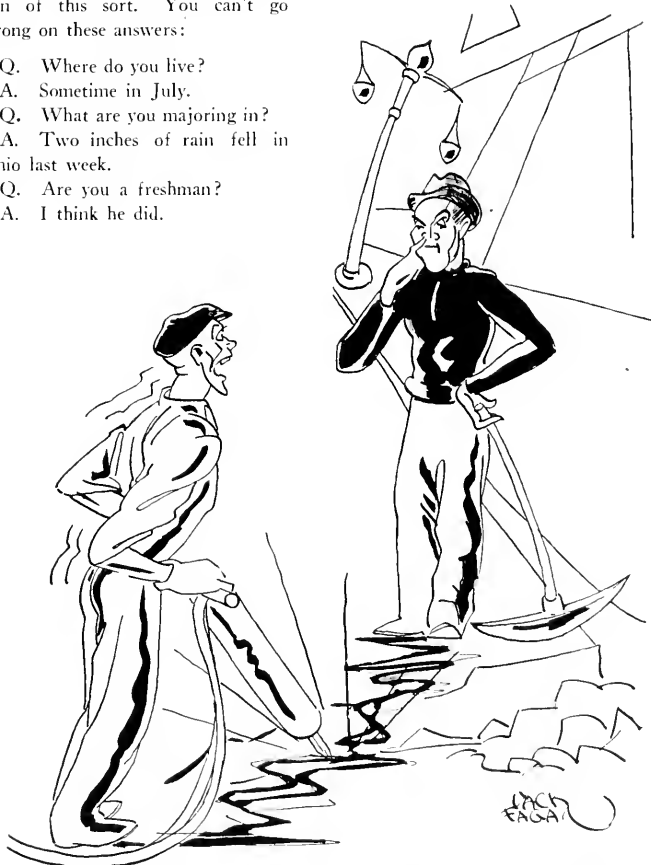
(Omitted by request of the Hospital Association).

CHAPTER III

(Not written yet).

CHAPTER IIII

(I'm getting tired of this).



"I don't like him—he's so damned loud!"—*California Pelican*

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CAMPUS DEFINITIONS

Sorority—a bored-ing house.

Fraternity—place your father belonged to.

Prehn's—home to 99% of the students.

Park—gymnasium.

Uni Hall—relic of the Civil War.

Feldkamps—social club.

Broadwalk—that's it.

Virginia—place to hold hands.

Humor—stuff like this. (sez who?)

—S—

First: Why did Sir Galahad boast of the strength of ten, or was it tin?

Second: Must have gotten a hold of some rotten liquor and was off his head.

—S—

First gossip (over the back fence): And did you hear of Mrs. Adams being arrested for being found in her hotel with her paramours?

Second S. S. (scandal slinger): Well, it just goes to show what happens when you associate with these dern foreigners.

—S—

Preacher (concluding sermon): . . . and as you go forth into the world remember—the wages of sin is death."

Well known voice from the rear: Thank heavens, we're sure of getting paid for something during this depression.

—S—

Joe: "What did you do all summer Bill?"

Bill: "Say, I hiked from one end of town to the other looking for a job, and then studied up on Ec between times—what did you do?"

Joe: "I just loafed around too."

—S—

Most Austin jokes are as funny as they were when they were Ford jokes.

Once upon a time a farmer said to his son, "My boy, they say that you can take a boy out of the country, but that you can't take the country out of the boy." The poor lad, taking the remark to heart, left the farm and went to the w. k. city. There he wandered from house to house, destitute and forlorn. Finally he got a job shining shoes (the depression, you know) in a dirty little shoe shining place, where he is to this day. His father stayed home and made hay—and that, boys and girls, is why people still say, "Farmer, make hay while the sun shines."

—S—

Cab Driver: "Where to?"

Stew: "You're driving the hack aintchu?"

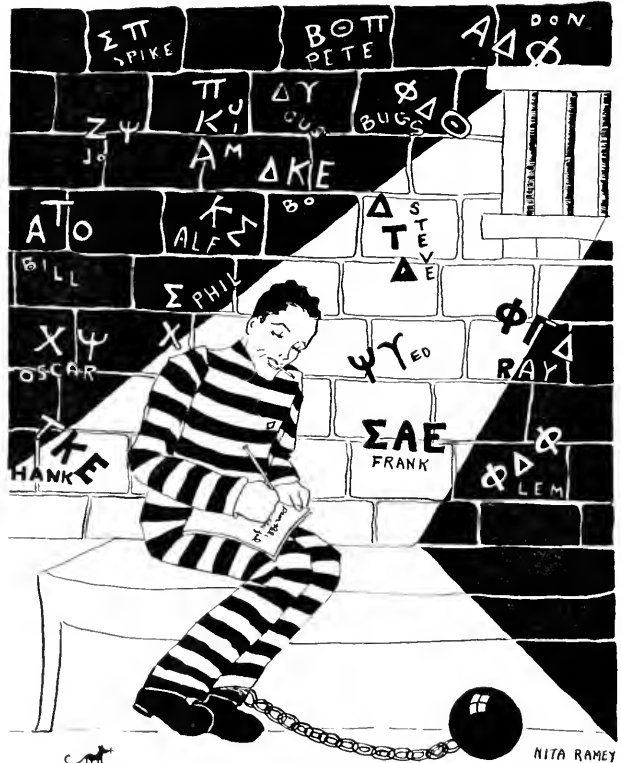
Blow Hard!

And then there is the old, old story of the new, new Austin. It was this way: Mr. Lanvin Pecksniff drove his little car (???) up to the gas station. His order was, "A pint of gas and four drops of oil, please."

After having fulfilled Mr. Pecksniff's wishes and Mr. Pecksniff's gas tank, the attendant asked, "And shall I sneeze into your tires while I'm at it?"

—S—

Automobile licenses in Illinois will be orange and blue this year, the University colors instead of, as someone has said, the pedestrian's colors—black and blue.



Yours in the Bond

NITA RAMEY

Gangsters?

(Well, at least racketeers)

The two of them drifted into town one day and settled for a while in a boarding house on a dingy back street. Three days work and they moved into an imposing mansion right in the midst of things. They were smooth talkers and accomplished much in a short time. These fellows from Chicago are slick! Besides they resorted to no dirty work, just talked on and on, persuading their victims.

Their apprentice year with the new crowd passed swiftly. Many a man they bagged during their novitiate. When they had won their spurs, they became the leaders of the outfit—the brains of the gang.

Then they set to work; victims were enticed into the lair; the coffers were soon filled, overflowing. The outfit was prosperous.

Often late at night one heard, "Come on, Jim, let's go to bed!" "No, Bill, I've got work to do." And Bill might be heard moving around in the small hours. What he did was a mystery, for no apparent results were accomplished. So it went, mysterious trips, late hours, and an increased financial condition.

Four years went past—the outfit was breaking up. Each year some drifted away. Finally the territory held nothing for even such as they. Bill and Jim had come to the parting of the ways. Their farewell was brief as befitted men of their type—strong men, big both mentally and physically, built like football heroes, hard as nails.

"Well, Bill, I'll see you again sometime!"

"Sure thing. Next year maybe."

Gangsters? No, just a couple of Betas!

—S—

Have you read the latest? "The Old Soak" or "Ten Nights in a Bath tub."

THE MAIL

comes
& i look to see
if by chance
or b'gosh
a poor lonely
frosch
got lied to
like
hell
when she said
he was swell
i mighta
known
that's the
way
itud be.

—S—

Lou of Lennox tells a story which brings tears into the eyes and insurance into the minds of all who hear of it. An iron worker was located near the top of one of Chicago's highest skyscrapers performing his art. He had noticed an aeroplane circling above him, but failed to take much heed. Suddenly he heard an awful outburst of whirring coming from the direction of the plane, and, looking, the iron worker saw with his own eyes what most of us read about; the aviator had fallen out of the cockpit and speedily headed earthward. About the time when the aviator got down to the level at which the iron worker was peering from, this poor iron worker, so engrossed in what he had just seen, fell out of the building on which he was working, and for the distance of about eighteen floors (down, please) the aviator and the iron worker were just about neck and neck. Finally, when the two had fallen down as far as about the fifty-sixth floor, the aviator pulled the ring of his parachute release and after a second or two, commenced his slow descent—safely. The iron worker, still tumbling at a terrific rate of speed, saw this, and directing his accusation at the aviator, shouted, "Ya damn' sissy!"

WHY I DIDN'T PLEDGE

Place check next to your reason

I didn't like the house.
I didn't like the members.
I didn't like the meals.
I didn't like the house president.
The house was too far from campus.
The house was too near to campus.
I wasn't bid.

—S—

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, we shall start the program by broadcasting our Sleepytime fairytale.

"Once upon a time there was a good little co-ed—"

—S—

A diplomat is *not* one who tells a woman she looks the same as she always did after she has just paid a grand to have three chins lifted.

—S—

"I know," said the little violet, "The stalk brought me."

—S—

Just think of the fortune that awaits the discoverer of an antiseptic able to cure athlete's brain.

—S—

"When can I be expecting a payment on your bill?"

"Always."

—S—

To a Democrat, a post office is just a place you get mail out of.

—S—

A large number of events have been given too much publicity.

What if Lady Godiva had worn bobbed hair?

Coming Distractions

As reviewed by Marion Irrmann

Rushing and registration are now but a dim memory, and the old grind is on again. But for those who just can't seem to study all the time, and when even the nightly sessions get boring, the theaters in Champaign are providing a grand antidote for whatever ails you during the month of October. There are some stellar attractions coming that you can't afford to miss. Just imagine how you're going to feel when someone says, "'And have you seen Garbo's latest'—wasn't it simply gr-rand!'", and you have to face an aghast look of surprise when you haltingly murmur, "I don't know—I haven't seen it."

The Virginia is starting the month of October with an unusual picture, "East of Borneo." The action is laid in the wild jungle country of the Malay Peninsula, and concerns an Oriental rajah, an American woman, and her former husband. Exciting events follow in close order—a volcano in full eruption—the death battle between a ferocious tiger and a native—the fall of a gorgeous pagan palace which obliterates a town and annihilates its people. Rose Hobart and Charles Bickford play the leading roles, and their love story provides a gripping drama.

Following "East of Borneo" comes Helen Twelvetees supported by Ricardo Cortez in the melodramatic thriller of the year—"Bad Company." The lovely Helen succeeds in getting her husband out of the beer racket by the clever method of shooting the gang leader herself—

but, fear not, not a hair of her fair head is touched, and the show comes to the approved happy ending.

From the 8th to the 10th Lionel Barrymore's feature picture "Guilty Hands" will come to the Virginia screen, and we predict a record attendance for this show. It's a "perfect murder" story—until the time Kay Francis appears on the scene. From then on—but to say more would only break the suspense—you'll have to find out for yourselves.

Later in the month—and what a treat—comes the one and only Greta Garbo paired with the fascinating Clark Gable to thrill you with their performances in "Susan Lenox—Her Fall and Rise." And after that, that incomparable comedian of the banjo eyes, Eddie Cantor, in his latest success, "Palmy Days."

The Rialto presents as its first offering during October "The Star Witness," featuring Walter Huston, Charles (Chic) Sale, and Frances Starr. Chic plays one of his unforgettable characters—Gran'pa Summerrill, the Man Who Knew Lincoln. It is Gran'pa who frees his kidnapped grandson, rounds up the criminals, gives some live tips to the cops, and finally turns star witness—but this is only the barest outline of a story so exciting and at the same time so human that it makes description quite impossible.

The R-K-O Orpheum is soon to show "The Brat"—a show composed of 20 per cent drama, and 80 per cent comedy. Sally O'Neill takes the part of the hoydenish Brat in the

clever play about the conceited author and the Bowery girl he picks up as a heroine for his next novel. Frank Albertson, an engaging and talented young juvenile, scores admirably in this gay, whimsical, and surprising picture.

"Shanghaied Love" which appears after "The Brat" is a story of the old clipper ship days when seafaring men were as primitive as the denizens of the jungle, and almost as brutal. An intriguing love theme is coupled with mutiny and fist fights, and together provides an evening's entertainment which proves highly enjoyable.

And here's something that ought to appeal to you—and you—and you. Laurel and Hardy have made their first feature picture, and have called it "Pardon Us"—and you surely will after you've seen it. It's a riot of laughs as this grandest of screen comedy teams crash prison gates—then walk right out again! They made their first mistake when they tried to sell hooch to a policeman, but you'll make no mistake, if you're looking for laughs, in seeing these funny boys in their full-length talkie.

In case you've accidentally missed some of the best shows of the year, you've still got a chance to see them at the Park. During October such hits as Marion Davies in "Five and Ten," Janet Gaynor in "Daddy Long Legs," Polly Moran and Marie Dressler in "Politics" and Norma Shearer and Clark Gable in "A Free Soul" will hold forth, and if you miss them again—well, it's just too bad.

EDUCATION

Little girl: "I know something I won't tell. . . ."

Adult: "You'll get over that when you get to college."

—*California Wampus.*

—S—

Bill collector: I tell you I'm gonna keep comin' back until you pay this bill!

Profligate: Well, well. I wish you many happy returns of the day.

—*Longhorn.*

—S—

Two wrongs often make a riot.

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

—S—

"There's Mussolini!"

"The Duce you say."

—*Chicago Phoenix.*

—S—

Mlle. Lupescu, known in fame
Is very seldom seen,
Roumanians discredit her
For she finessed their queen.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

—S—

The ultimate in woman's clothes—
to feel the coolest and look the
hottest.

—*Cornell Widow.*

—S—

Our idea of a good professor is one
who never learned the alphabet
farther than D.—*Cornell Widow.*

—S—

The tourist guide was getting tired. He had to answer too many dumb questions. "And where did you say that this rock came from," asked another traveler. The guide politely replied that a glacier brought it down. Then up spoke the inquisitive one again, "And where did the glacier go?" "Aw," said the guide, "It went back after another rock." —*Indiana Bored Walk.*

Ole, the night porter, was testifying before the jury after the big bank robbery.

"You say," thundered the attorney, "that at midnight you were cleaning the office, and eight masked men brushed past you and went on into the vault room with revolvers drawn?"

"Yah," said Ole.

"And a moment later, a terrific explosion blew the vault door off, and the same men went out past you carrying currency and bonds?"

"Yah," said Ole.

"Well, what did you do then?"

"Aye put down my mop."

"Yes, but then what did you do?"

"Vell, aye say to myself, 'dis bane hell of a way to run a bank!'"

—*Mugwump.*



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Number, Please!

As girls go, she wasn't bad at all; you know, nice build, good looks, and all that . . . but, what a memory! When but a little girl, she used to come to classes with her lessons unprepared, not because she couldn't do them, but simply because she had forgotten all about them. As a result, she was forced to leave school at an early age, and go into business. She chose to be a stenographer, but because she continually forgot to mail important letters, she was fired. Her next position was with the Western Union, but when she got the dots mixed up with the dashes, her employer decided that she was incompetent. Not to be outdone, she obtained a job with the New York Stock Exchange. However, her fate was no better here than in former employments, and she lost the position because of her peculiar and regular habit of quoting the wrong price for the wrong stock at the wrong time . . . resulting in some considerable chaos and loss of profit to her employer. She just couldn't seem to catch on to things quickly; and once she had caught on to them, she misinterpreted their meanings. Rarely did she understand what she was supposed to do, and when she finally comprehended, she infallibly did it in the wrong way. There seemed to be no hope for her future—until she came to Williamstown. Here the tide turned! Failure turned to success, and her hopes and dreams of a permanent position came true. She became a telephone operator in the Williamstown Exchange.

—*Williams Purple Cow.*

HITCH HIKE HOAX

Frank, Paul, Eddie, Frank, Bill, Louie, and Frank were gathered together in the back room. (Tom's room). Arthur was idly turning the pages of the dictionary, while Larry, Mike, and Buck lay on the floor in alternate attitudes of slough and despond. Pete had his feet on a desk. So had Jeff. Joe, slightly boiled, wandered in from the outer reaches of the hall, fell on the waste basket and began to pick his teeth.

"Well, well, well," said Arthur, in the matter-of-fact tone often used by the Rover boys and others. 'Here is the word *miß* and what it means is *tiff*. How's that? And over here is *fornix*. What do you say that is?"

"It has a familiar sound," muttered Joe from the depths of a toothpick, "but I can't place it right now."

"Well," said Arthur, pleased at this show of intellectual curiosity, "it means a *lamella*, composed of white fibres beneath the corpus callosum. It is also an arch.

"Change the subject, let's talk about sex," said Squiffy from the corner.

"All right," answered Arthur, "here's *major*."

"You major bed now sleep in it," shouted Joe with a whoop, and he began to laugh heartily. Tiring of laughing alone he fished a police whistle from his vest pocket and began to offer a few imitations of Elizabethan bird-calls in his best police-whistle manner. After being cut about the head and shoulders with flying missiles, and sustaining other bruises and injuries, Joe brought his piece to a close and put the police-whistle back in his pocket.

"And here's *haggadah*," began Arthur with a triumphant look at Joe, who was carving a chair leg.

"A healthy hen should lay a haggadah," said Jake exultantly just as he was leaving the room. Arthur looked a bit dismayed but continued to peruse his book.

"Let's talk about something else, say, sex for instance," suggested Squiffy from another corner.

"Here's a tricky word that means the Hero of Babylonia. His name was *Gilgamesh*."

"Gilgamesh, now lie in it," said Joe who was getting tighter all the time. He was reading "Over the Hill" (third part of six) from the Saturday Evening Post.

"And here is a new word," went on Arthur. "It means privacy, secrecy, or clandestine, and comes from the Scotch. The word is *hugger-mugger*."

"*Hugger-mugger* like she huggedger you back in your cradle days," sang Luke out of a deep sleep, and everyone joined in on the last part of the chorus.

Arthur was on the verge of tears but he kept on. "All right, you're so smart, take on *lacedaemonian* if you dare."

"*Lacedaemonian*, now lie in it," came Joe's happy voice from the closet, where he was making a few major alterations in Arthur's new suit. "Clippers just in the back, please, and a bit off the top," he called out, as an afterthought.

Arthur was a near wreck but he tried once more. "Here's a word you bums will choke on, *smaragdite*."

"We'd better talk about something nice and clean, like sex," said Squiffy.

—*Michigan Gargoyle*.

—S—

SLINKY SAL

I'm Slinky Sal
The Athlete's pal.
I'm an authority
On dietetics
And cosmetics,
And clothes from gay Paree.

I'm in a house,
And on my blouse
I wear my house's pin.
So none defame
My honest name
With tales of gin and sin.

I wouldn't drink,
Only I think
One sips to be polite . . .
I wouldn't neck,
But then by heck,
One can't put up a fight.

And so you know
I always go
Out on my reputation,
As being nice
And free from vice, . . .
But still I'm a temptation.

—*Californian Pelican*.

—S—

I'd like to be a skunk
The yarns of his temper are bunk
But get in his way
And tease him some day
Others have tried it—how they regretted their temerity!

—*Michigan Gargoyle*.

—S—

Old lady (to street-car motorman): "Please, Mr. Motorman, will I get a shock if I step on the track?"

Motorman: "No lady. Not unless you put your other foot on the trolley wire."

—*Williams Purple Cow*.

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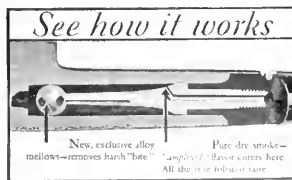
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(Above, No. 33, Smooth)



And for cigarette smokers: New Tobacco Yello holder

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Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Sept. 27-30
Elmer Price's Pulitzer Prize Play

"STREET SCENE"

With Sylvia Sidney, Estelle Taylor, William Collier, Jr.

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 2, 3

"EAST OF BORNEO"

Rose Hobart, Charles Bickford

The most exotic, romantic, love drama filmed

R-K-O ORPHEUM

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY
September 29, 30, October 1, 2
JOHN GILBERT in

"THE PHANTOM OF PARIS"

With this brilliant cast: Leila Hyams—Lewis Stone
—Ernest Torrence and Jean Hersholt

SATURDAY, SUNDAY, MONDAY, OCTOBER 3, 4, 5

"THE BRAT"

With Sally O'Neill, Frank Albertson, Wm. Collier, Sr.,
June Collyer. In a break-neck comedy with laughs
popping all over the place

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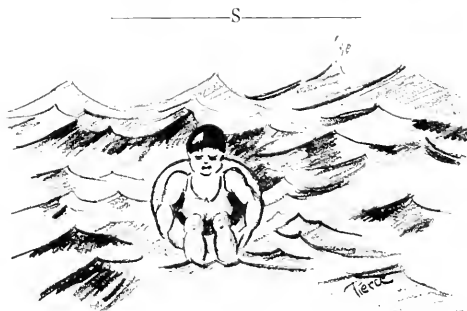
RUSH WEEK BLUES

(To be released in February)

... We just must get that girl. Isn't she darling? Well I don't like the way she does her hair on the left side. That doesn't matter; we have got to get her. You don't know what a pull she would give us in Grapeville. I just know we aren't going to get a one. If we don't get some cute pledges, I'm going to stop school. I want that girl from Belton; I want her. (Here it was Lucile's voice that broke. Shrieks, gasps, and wild laughter!) I know this is silly for me to act this way but I just can't help it. Oh I do want that girl from Belton. She is such a peach. Lucile, did you see that girl that sat by Dorothy? Wasn't she good-looking? A regular knock-out, and they tell me she has over fifty thousand in her own name. Don't give a damn; she's not the type; she's not our kind. Yes, and she's got a Kappa sister, and I'm sure she'll go Kappa. Nellie Glenn certainly is getting a good rush, three others; but you know I think she'll bump all of 'em for us. Ssssss, she's a nut if I ever saw one and awfully wild. Kitty, kitty, kitty! You know I don't mean it that way, but she isn't the type even if she does get the men. Her people are the loveliest in Cedarhill. Say wasn't it choice the way she kissed us when she left last night? Those Alphas who were standing in the doorway sure looked sick. (Then from the sofa Lucile screams anew.) I want that girl from Belton; I'm crazy about her. She's our kind. We've absolutely got to get her. It'll be the mistake of her life if she goes Phi Phi. I know; I'll get Buddy to put in some good moments. He could persuade our ribbons to grow on 'er with that line of his-- I've experienced more subtle ones, but never a line like that boy's got. For Gawd's sake, phone 'im then, Linda. (She picked up the receiver.) Well, if it's come to this, I'll have to break down and tell ya, Lucile; I'm going to throw in the wrench; I jus' can't see her; I'll ball her! (And Babe did)) . . .

—Texas Longhorn.

—S—
"Get out," said the landlady, "and don't you dare darken my bathtub again." —Cornell College Ollapod.



Mamma's Buoy

A Study of the Influence of Term Papers on Letter Writing

Tuesday.

DEAR MARY BELLE:

I have just finished the hottest book (1)—you simply must get it for it tells everything. My dear Aunt Susie (2) found me reading it and was quite horrified.

I'm so thrilled—Ned just called up and asked me to the Prom (3). Did you hear that Jack said, "Alice is the best looking girl in this school" (4). Sorry, but I must stop, I'm writing this in the Honors Room (5).

As ever,

DODO.

(1) "*True Confessions*" by Lizzie Love. Publishers—Trashy Stories, Inc. New York. 1931. Vol. I—p. 53-67.

(2) Footnote—*Susie Wentworth*, aged 54, relic of Samuel Wentworth. She is regarded as Mid-Victorian and the bane of her long suffering relations. She has a tendency to mind everyone's business but her own.

(3) Footnote—*Prom*, an annual event for which long gloves and a man are necessary.

(4) "*Women I Have Known*" by Jack ———, a speech delivered extemporaneously in the Main Corridor, Edmund Hayes Hall, January 19—3:06 o'clock.

(5) Footnote—*Honors Room*—a room designated by the Powers That Be as a place for study but used mainly as a place to air one's knowledge and to waste time and Papa's hard earned money.

—*Buffalo Bison*.

S

SORORITY PSALM

1. The Style is my Master; I shall not stray from it.
2. It maketh me sit in uncomfortable positions; it leadeth me to make my hair grow.
3. Thou prepareth a table before me from which I may not eat lest I ruin my figure; thou anointeth my lips with rouge; my skirt slippeth downward.
4. Lo, the Master hath decreed the burning weed; my breath is foul; my tongue is scorched.
5. It maketh me vent scorn upon males of little or no fraternity; it keepeth me from being seen with them; so it maintaineth my rating.
6. Thou conformeth me to a single standard so I may be like unto my sistern; thou keepeth me from indulging in things my sistern do not; thou maketh me deadly conventional and lacking in enterprise and originality.
7. Yea, I shall ever be of care that I smirch not the good name of my house; though I put away my produce at times thou wilt make me take great care not to be caught.
8. Surely discomfort and torture shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of STYLE forever.

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot*.

WHEN YOU DANCE

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rhythmic tunes*



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THEATRE

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THE CHAMPIONSHIP COMEDY
OF 1931

THE FOUR MARX
BROTHERS
—IN—
"MONKEY BUSINESS"

Starting Sunday, October 4
ANOTHER BIG HIT



"THE
STAR
WITNESS"

with
"CHIC" SALE
WALTER HUSTON

IT MIGHT HAPPEN TO YOU

The Way of a Woman

Freshman Year.

College is *wonderful*. Everything is just as I dreamed it would be. I am pledged to Gamma Gamma and I think it is the best sorority on the campus; the girls are unusually sweet to me.

The men I have met are interesting, all except a large blond fellow who laughs during math. lecture because I never understand the problems. He's terribly annoying; I know I shall never like him. Everyone calls him Bill,—this is, everyone except me. I call him William because he hates it so.

Sophomore Year.

Back to the old grind. I was glad to see the crowd again but I do wish Madge wouldn't borrow my stockings, and why does Betty persist in wearing a red hat?

Freshmen amuse me: they *do* enjoy life. I must be nicer to them, for the sake of dear old Gamma Gamma.

William is again in one of my classes. Could anything be more distasteful? We fight all the time; he doesn't approve of the men I date. My affairs, I told him, do not concern him in any way.

Junior Year.

Things have been very successful this year. I received four bids to the Prom, and that averages two more than any other girl received at the Gamma house. I went with William, not because I wanted to, but because someone

must keep him out of trouble and (as he suggested) it might just as well be me. We had several quarrels during the course of the evening. I discovered William is a marvelous dancer—but still a very disagreeable person.

Senior Year

I can't realize that these few months are the last I shall ever know of college life. I am going to miss it all so much: classes, friends, the sorority.

William said since he had scolded me during the past few years, didn't I think it would be a good idea if he continued to do so, and he said, too, that I'm the kind of a woman who needs the kind of a man like him. For the first time, we agree. William is a *remarkable* fellow. I always knew it, even if it did take me four years to realize that I love him!

—Carnegie Tech. Puppet.

S

SKQUMP, THE BAFFLER

The authorities were baffled. Not that the authorities aren't usually baffled, but this was a particular baffle. The baffler was Skqump. Skqump had been brought up from earliest childhood to be a baffler. He also liked olives. When Skqump was a child and visiting Aunt Agatha, she asked him what he wanted to be when he grew up. Did Skqump say, childlike, that he wanted to be a fireman? No. Did Skqump say that he wanted to be an airedale? Also no. He wanted to be a baffler. And he was a baffler.

Murders had occurred in the past month with increasing frequency. The wave-length wasn't so long, but the frequency was increasing. Only young and gorgeous women were the victims of the ripper. The only distinguishing features of the murders was the finding of olive pits in the ears of the dead women.

(What! You think you have solved our mystery from the clue in the first paragraph? Don't you know that every author, like Edgar Wallace, leaves false clues about? Well, we didn't. But you have solved our mystery and the killer is our own Skqump.)

Mind you, good people, a murderer who stuffs the ears of his victims with olive pits. Ghastly! The police were quick on the trail of the olive pits. They followed the long winding trail over four continents and were just venturing into Australia to sell Fuller Brushes when the trail vanished. Disappeared. Absolutely and completely gone. Great was the chagrin of the police.

The terrifying murders continued, but no more olive pits were found. Only smudges of olive oil were found, smeared over the ears of the deceased women. Even to this day the police are still baffled. But we have solved this great mystery through the use of logarithms and Castoria. What is the solution? you ask. What, echo the police, is the solution? As we were about to explain the solution is three parts Castoria (shake well before using) and part logarithms. Or, in simpler terms, we confess. Skqump now eats stuffed olives.

—Penn. Punch Bowl.

Murphy: Is this suit all wool?

Clerk: Certainly, sir, feel how uncomfortable it is.

—*Arizona Kitty-Kat.*

—S—

If the principal parts of swim are swim, swam, swum, would the principal parts of dim be dim, damn, dumb? I wonder.

—*Cornell College Ollapod.*

—S—

"Whenever I drink coffee, I always get the spoon in my eye."

"Why, you uncouth ape! Don't you know enough to put it in your saucer?"

"Sure, that's just the trouble."

—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

—S—

DEFINITION

A co-ed is a girl who can stand under the mistletoe and never get a thrill.—*Alabama Rammer-Jammer.*

—S—

MAN

Ah, Mighty Man,
With classy brain,
And still he's not so much.
The smaller fry

Must think him vain,
And sneer at him and such.
The deer has fawns,
The frog tadpoles,
The squids have little squids.
It seems they all
Have better goals,
But all man has is kids.

—*Californian Pelican.*

—S—

The weighing machine was out of order. A fat lady clambered on and inserted a penny. An inebriated gentleman standing in the vicinity saw the scale register 75 pounds. "My Gawd," he whispered, "she's hollow!"

—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*

SCOTCH TELEGRAM

Bruce's hurt.

Erased afford.

Erect it.

Analysis hurt too.

Infectious dead.

—*Minnesota Ski-U-Mah.*

—S—

A New Yorker received this telegram from San Francisco:

"Regret to inform you of your mother-in-law's death. Shall we embalm, cremate, or inter?"

He wired back:

"Take no chances. Embalm, cremate and inter."

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

—S—

They laughed when I said that I could crack a joke, but they stopped when I cracked it.

—*Penn. Punch Bowl.*

—S—

Sinclair Lewis showed an audience in a recent lecture how to write a great American novel. We hope they will do as much for him some day.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

—S—

"Why do you find that insane asylum so attractive?"

"I don't know, but I think it's the nuts." —*Harvard Lampoon.*

—S—

"Have a drink of this, darling," said Catherine de Medici; "I made it myself." —*Harvard Lampoon.*

—S—

Neighbors are people who live in the same apartment and hope the party gets noisy enough for them to come around to make a complaint and get asked in.

—*Arizona Kitty-Kat.*

Customer: "I don't like the flies in here."

Waiter: "Sorry, sir, there'll be some new ones in tomorrow."

—*Penn. State Froth.*

—S—

Say, I've got an original joke. Where did you get it from?"

—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*

—S—

And as the gold-digger said when her sugar daddy handed her a couple of thousand dollar bills, "Ain't that just two grand!"

—*Ohio Sun Dial.*

—S—

Our idea of the height of something—ham at the Phi Bete banquet.

—*Cornell Widow.*

—S—

WHAT PLATE GLASS WINDOWS ARE USED FOR

1. To look through.
2. To wash.
3. To break.
4. To see if your slip shows.
5. To pay for in installments.

—*California Wampus.*

—S—

The only thing harder than a diamond is paying for it.

—*White Mule.*

—S—

Rev. Good (at baptism): His name, please?

Mother: Algernon Phillip Percival Reginald Mortimer Duckworth.

Rev. (to his assistant): A little more water, please.

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

—S—

"It" is the heart of "Politics."



Jane Fauntz, who, because of prowess at swimming, art work, and cutting monkey shines (they tell me that she slid down the bannister of the grand staircase out at the library one night), has gotten more publicity during the one short year she was a freshman than the average big shot senior ever achieves, now busts out twice in College Humor this month. If you don't know the girl, just look for the swellest case of sunburn you've ever seen, and dollars to doughnuts it will be Jane.

Harold Bowen will be the art editor of the Siren this year. The boy is good, as you probably know if you noticed any of the little names down in the corners of last year's covers. He comes from Cerro Gordo.

Ted Griesenauer is one of the thousands to come to this institution of labor and learning from Oak Park. Once upon a time he was known to the public of our contemporary, the Campus Scout, as that dizzy blonde, but he is hanging his hat in the Siren office now.

Another luminary of the Scout in other years, George McDewitt, has done a ballad for us in the Robert Service style for which he is famous. For those ancients who can remember back that far, he wrote under the name of the Friar. George comes from Iowa, and probably knows that song as well as you do.

Marion Irrmann has been working for the Siren for years now, and if she can't write movie reviews to suit even Mister Balaban and Katz there isn't anyone who can. She lives in Chicago—howja guess it?

Nita Ramcy, the other of those red-headed Ramey girls, is the A. D. Pi on the staff this year—there has been at least one for years and years. Last year Joyce Newbill did the

honors. Nita will be the woman's editor.

Hot Springs, Arkansas, has donated Bernie Moretsky to the Daily Illini, and Ralph Milliner to us. The casting of any bread upon the waters in that direction slips my mind, but I must have.

The Illinois Agriculturist will gain what the Siren loses in the person of Harve Kring, its newly appointed editor. Harve is an AKL, Ag student, and was a runner-up in the race for the sports editorship of the Illini last spring. He is another of the boys who consistently hit the ball.

—S—

The extent of a girl's knowledge does not concern most men very much. What bothers them is how she learned it.

—S—

To be or not to be, that is the infinitive.

—S—

"For heaven's sake!" said the old Scotchman as he dropped his penny into the collection box.

—S—

He: "What number is this, please?"

She: "You ought to know, you called it."

—S—

She: "Why the black stripes on the tie?"

He: "Oh, business is dead, business is dead!"

—S—

There must be something in a name. Both Earl Carroll and Prince Carol fall for the same sort of women.

THE FRATERNITY MAN (A History in Two Scenes)

Scene I

Aged 12 years. Can't go out to play—must take care of baby.

Scene II

Ten years later. Flunks exams—same reason. —Purple Parrot.

—S—

"What has four legs, is dead, and can jump as high as a tree?"

"Well, what?"

"A dead dog."

"But what about the jumping?"

"A tree can't jump, either!"

—Williams Purple Cow.

—S—

Her dad: "Would you love my daughter just as much if she had no money?"

Her man: "Why certainly!"

Her dad: "That's sufficient! I don't want any idiots in the family!"

—Washington U. Dirge.

—S—

"Officer," said a 300-pound lady "could you see me across the street?"

"Madam, I could see you three blocks away." —Lehigh Burr.

—S—

"Hello, is this the City Bridge Department?"

"Yes, what do you want?"

"How many points do you get for a little slam?"

—Carnegie Tech. Puppet.

—S—

An Englishman on a visit to the West decided to go horseback riding. The hostler who was to attend him asked: "Do you prefer an English saddle or a western?"

"What's the difference?" he asked.

"The western saddle has a horn," replied the attendant.

"I don't think I'll need the horn," said the Englishman. "I don't intend to ride in heavy traffic."

—Williams Purple Cow.

Get Started Correctly

Secure all your books and supplies now. Get each day's work regularly and give yourself a chance at good grades and campus activities.

We can supply you with all you need

THE CO-OP

On the Square

On the Square

(Continued from Page 7)

in the library for weeks and that is one place a student is never found. Being a student, I am never found in the library. Merely the rules. Syllogism.

Internationalism registers its mark on every campus. Here at ours we find it on every hand. One prominent young woman in New York society was being shown our campus one Sunday afternoon and she remarked that it resembled some great lawn she had once seen near Venice. That was probably because it was raining on this particular Sunday afternoon and it had been raining for five days consecutively. That young woman died here recently, and her will was written in Greek. Her sister-in-law now owns a restaurant. Well, there is something to *that*!

But I know when there has been enough said. That was about at the beginning of the story in this case, so I shall trouble you no further, but just wait! I'll get back at you later

when I write some more! More? (You groan). Yes, MORE! But that's just like some people I know. They smoke a cigarette just as *long* as they can before throwing it away. Now me, I'm different. I smoke a cigarette just as *short* as I can. Which reminds me of—

MOST EMPHATICALLY
THE END.

—S—

Freshman: You know last year the doctor told me that if I didn't stop smoking I'd be feeble-minded.

Sophomore: Why didn't you stop?

—*Beanpot*.

—S—

There Are Such Animals

"My dear, you surely haven't spent all afternoon at the Tri-Delts?"

"Yes, auntie. They said such things about everyone who left that I didn't dare come away."

—*Alabama Rammer-Jammer*.

AFTER CLASS

"And just tell me truthfully, Professor Green," she said, "apple polishing doesn't go over at all, now does it?"

"Well, just tell me truthfully, Miss Smythe, what do you think about it?"

"I think," she said simply, "I think that professors are too intelligent to fall for that sort of thing."

"Well—he-he—I hope they are," he said, adjusting his tie.

—*Californian Pelican*.

—S—

Fourth for Bridge!

Okay!

That's great! Now all we need's a third.

—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern*.

—S—

"Now to get down to work," said the pent-house dweller.

—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern*.

LUNATIC'S LULLABY

Once upon a time, 'twas in the land of slime,
I took a happy walk with a porcupine.
The bugs were there, eating alligator pears,
And the Thetas were out on their fifty-fourth tear.

"Two-thirty," he cried, as he fell with a thud,
And the gold-fishes climbed underneath the rug.
"There'll be no stew in this house tonight,"
And the Pi Phi went out for another pint.

The left-handed pillow turned white as a sheet,
And a holler went out from a fifty-cent seat.
"There's a light on our starboard," the captain cried,
But the Chi O just giggled—she was so pie-eyed.

The calendar jumped and turned 'round so fast;
September kicked April right square in the rear.
The rails came along and the train jumped loose,
For the D. G.'s were smoking back in the caboose.

'Round and 'round the canary swam;
Who knows where, who gives a damn.
Spit's a horrid word but it's worse in the eye.
Don't shoot, I'll marry that poor Alpha Chi.

The hands in the clock took time out for lunch,
As the banana hollered "I'm through with this bunch."
If you see any sense in this mad repartee
You belong to the Tri-Delt sorority.

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*

—S—

Did you hear of the Frosh who walked through the new
art museum and stopping in front of a mirror, exclaimed,
"It must be a Rembrandt. —*Owl.*

—S—

Generous host: Have a drink?

Guest (slightly under the weather): No, have you?

—*Cornell Widow.*

THE BRIEF-CASE BOY

Be gentle with the brief-case boy.
He isn't trying to annoy.
And if he gripes you in your classes,
Deny that impulse! Leave his glasses
Just where they are. Don't shove his nose in,
Perhaps he isn't really posin'.

The brief-case boys aren't snappy dressers,
But oh! how they impress professors!
The rounded shoulders, turned-in toes,
The spectacles on tip of nose,
The front row seats, the earnest faces,
The little hand-raised eager races
To be the first in recitation,
Of any professorial wit—
Immediate appreciation
(If it's a joke, they just intuit
The point, nor look as if they knew it
In cradle days) . . . their looks sardonic
When other students seem moronic . . .
These things are only symptomatic
Of natures just a bit erratic.
Their lack of interest in the sexes
Just goes to show they have complexes.
And those obnoxious mannerisms
Are just defensive mechanisms . . .

Be gentle with the brief-case boy,
He isn't trying to annoy,
Don't show your gripe or you may rue it.
And if by chance he seems to do it,
Perhaps in your fifth year or so,
He'll read a course you take, you know.

—*California Pelican.*

—S—

Nurse: Mr. Jones, you are the father of quadruplets.
Jones: What! One of them things that runs around
on four legs? —*Buffalo Bison.*

**WHITE LINE
LAUNDRY
HOME OF KAPTAIN KLEAN**

Things That Scorch Us Scarlet

Guys who get their photographs snapped with a pipe in their hand and their collar open.
Mugs who try to imitate Amos and Andy.
The wits who can't forget Animal Crackers.
Editorials by collegiates opposed to necking—mugging; if you must.
Editorials by collegiates not opposed to huddling.
Editorials by collegiates.
Cheer leaders who take themselves seriously.
Alecks who crack about Rudy Vallee.
Clucks who bellow, "Oh, yeah?"
Alecks who don't crack about Rudy Vallee.
Crutches who answer, "Yeah!"
Smarties who twirp about Brinkley and his goats.
Notrie Damn and the "Fightin' Irish."
Femmes who have to have their jokes blueprinted.
Guys who salt their poker chips away in their vest pocket.
Snacks who open on suspicion.
Crocks who make smot creeks about Austins.
Hypocrites who really have the sorority at heart.
Guys who end this sort of stuff with a slam about this sort of stuff.
—Kansas Sour Owl.

Student (at masquerade): Do you think I can pass for an Indian chief?
Prof: Sir, I wouldn't pass you if you gave me a whole tribe.
—Cornell Widow.

Ever since initiation, Willie has been a member of the standing committee.
—Ohio Sun Dial.

DEFINITION

Love is like hash—you have to have plenty of confidence in it to enjoy it.
—Alabama Rammer-Jammer.

Our idea of true justice is when a stenographer spits some gum out of a forty-eight-story window and steps on it when she goes out.
—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.



MR PEANUT
REGISTERED PATENT

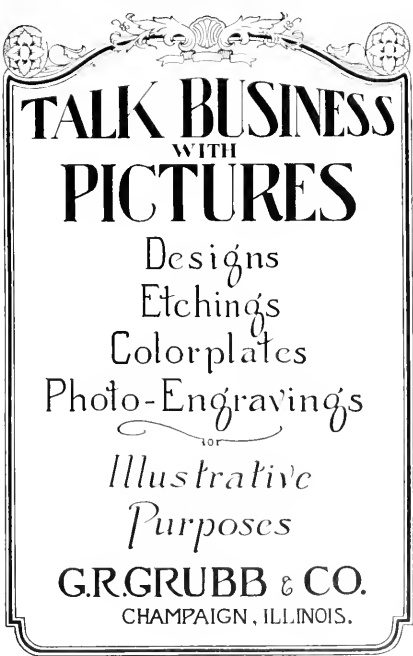
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The familiar glassine bag of Planters Peanuts contains more calories than a beef steak costing 60c at most restaurants. And Planters cost only 5c! They are "The Nickel Lunch."

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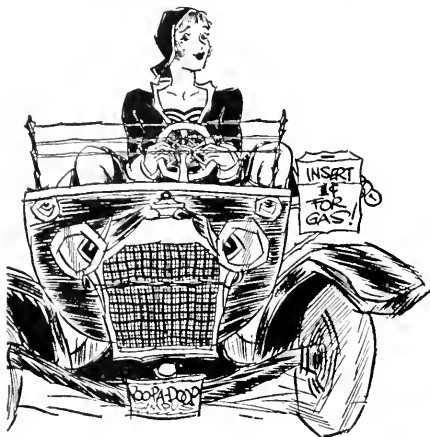


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CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS.

CO-EDS!



Soon She'll Be Calling Amoebas By Their First Names



Maybe, but she also keeps on speaking terms with the other animals on the campus.

Classrooms may teem with stern professors earnestly intent upon taking life seriously, but the Greek gods and goddesses of the campus demand a touch of gayety in their education. Something young, vivid, sparkling and exuberant.

Dick Hyland's *Diary of a Football Player* is one of the literary surprises of the season. Leonora Baccante's *Can't We Be Friends?* is another. Every co-ed will want to read new things by Katharine Brush, O. O. McIntyre, Margaret Banning, Achmed Abdullah and Noël Coward—to mention but a few.



SPECIAL TO COLLEGIANS

9 Months (the school year) for \$2.00

COLLEGE HUMOR
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I've sold my Greek pony and am using
another fellow's. Here's the \$2 for
nine issues of COLLEGE HUMOR.



Name

Address

City.....State.....

TRAGEDY

Our heart goes out to the man who joined the navy to see the world and then spent four years in a submarine.

—*Alabama Rammer-Jammer.*

—S—

"I'd like to buy a pair of garters.
"Single or double grip?"

"Doesn't matter. I want to make
a sling shot!" —*Pitt Panther.*

—S—

You can lead a horse to Vassar,
but you can't make her think.

—*Yale Record.*

—S—

People live who scorn the AUK
Because he couldn't sing or talk.
But I have just one wish consummate:
I would to God he were my room-
mate.

—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

—S—

At gay parties in the days of old
it was only the bravest who dared
to say, "Joust once more!"

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

—S—

Sunday school teacher: "What is
it we always think of on Christmas
Eve?"

Small boy: "The old man dump-
ing the Christmas tree over and
burning the house down."

—*Ohio Sun Dial.*

—S—

They are making a college movie
of Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*, call-
ing it "How Hester Won Her A."

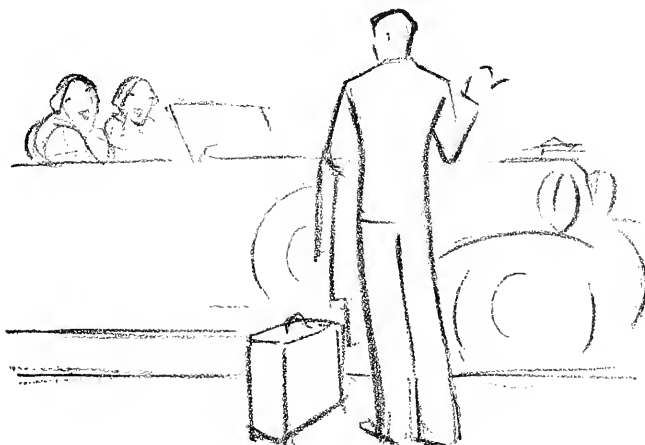
—*Arizona Kitty-Kat.*

—S—

Helen Morgan: "They laughed
when I sat down at the piano—."

—*Minnesota Ski-U-Mah.*

Clothes and Accessories in the True University Manner



YOU BE THE JUDGE » »

We'll even furnish you a bench to sit on

In presenting this case we will proceed in the usual manner and offer character witnesses.

Please notice the young men who shop at Rosen's for we are justly proud of the company our clothing keeps.

Then let us show you our wonderful selection of smart togs for men.

» » » and what attractive prices

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"MEN'S STYLISTS"

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DOWNTOWN
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Of course **CAMELS** are milder **THEY'RE FRESH!**

HAVE you noticed how men and women everywhere are switching to the fresh mildness of Camels? Always a great favorite, this famous blend is more popular now than ever, since the introduction of the new Humidor Pack.

If you need to be convinced, make this simple test yourself between a humidor fresh Camel and any other cigarette:

First, inhale the cool fragrant smoke of a perfectly conditioned Camel and note how easy it is to the throat.

Next, inhale the hot, brackish smoke of a parched dry cigarette and feel that sharp stinging sensation on the membrane.

The air-sealed Humidor Pack keeps all the rare flavor and aroma in and prevents the precious natural tobacco moisture from drying out. Important too, it protects the cigarette from dust and germs.

Switch to Camel freshness and mildness for one whole day, then leave them — if you can.



● Don't remove the moisture-proof Cellophane from your package of Camels after you open it. The Humidor Pack is protection against dust and germs. Even in offices and homes, in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked.

CAMELS

Mild . . . NO CIGARETTE AFTER-TASTE

SIREN



HOLIDAY NUMBER

L. PIERCE



*“They keep tasting better
and better to me!”*

NO matter how many you smoke!
It's a fact. The last Chesterfield of the
day is just as mild and sweet—as cool and
comfortable—as the first. Every Chest-
erfield is like every other Chesterfield!

The tobaccos themselves give the
answer. Only mild, ripe, sweet tobaccos
—the smoothest and ripest grown—go
into Chesterfield.

And the paper—notice how fine and
white it is. It's the purest that money
can buy! Burns without taste or odor.

All this care—to make Chesterfields
taste better and milder. And they do!
The millions of Chesterfield smokers—
men and women both—say it in their
own way: “They Satisfy!”

Let's go—
Everybody!

A Good Time for All

Jack COURTRIGHT

And His 11-Piece Band

Music As You Like It

NOVELTY DANCES EVERY DANCE NITE
SPECIAL NUMBERS BY REQUEST

EVERY

Friday and Saturday

9:00-12:00 P. M.

Admission **\$1.00** *Per Couple*

COLLEGE HALL

AFTER THE DANCE COME TO COLLEGE INN

The best meals on the campus at reasonable prices downstairs

Ten Tips on Decorating Christmas Trees

1. Be sure and get a tree that is too large for the room. Nothing starts off the ceremony right like chopping off part of the tree and probably part of your finger with it.

2. Follow all of the bystanders' advice on placing the tree in different parts of the room. In the course of this dragging of the tree around the room, break a few valuable vases and smash a lamp or two.

3. After placing the tree forget where the ornaments are and start a two hour search for them. Break a few of them in getting them out of the attic and put yourself in heavy with the family since all of the stores are closed.

4. Short circuit the lights when you are putting them on the tree, and blow all of the fuses in the house forcing the family to be in the dark for a half hour.

5. Make so much noise that all of the kiddies awaken and nearly discover you in the act. Grin and say that they scared Santa away and use up another half hour trying to get them to bed.

6. Get the tree all decorated before you find that you left the big star off the top.

7. Try to stand on a box placed on a chair and while leaning away over try and put the star on the tree.

8. Fall over into the corner on top of the tree and smash everything after two hours of hard labor in getting it decorated.

9. After everyone has gone to bed in disgust and left you in the ruins of the wrecked tree, start all over again.

10. Get to bed at 6 A. M. to be awakened ten minutes later by the kiddies, *to see what Santa did!*

—Ohio Sun Dial.

—S—

Father: "Why were you out so late last night?"

Tech: "After the dance Mary wanted some popcorn, and we had to drive all over town to find any."

Pop (excuse it, please): "And I suppose you used the hairpins I found to pick your teeth."—M. I. T. Foo Doo.

RECOMMENDATION

I only laughed
When they said you were bad,
I didn't care what
Reputation you had.
I scorned the ones
Who said that you
Didn't believe
In being true.
That didn't matter;
You were fine that far.
But why didn't they say
How stupid you are?

—Penn State Froth.

—S—

AND AFTER ALL

A young lady was seated in a Pullman train on her way to Providence. She opened her bag and took therefrom a cigarette. Just as she was about to light it, the conductor came along and said, "Sorry lady, but we don't allow smoking here."

A few minutes after that a middle-aged gentleman came into the car and sat down in the seat opposite her. He also took out a cigarette. She saw him do it and attracted his attention.

"Pardon me," she said pleasantly. "I don't think you better smoke here for you see—"

"Lady," he returned, "I wish you to understand that I am a cultured English gentleman of fine family. All my ancestors have been gentlemen before me and always did the right thing at the right time. We always speak perfect English and our manners are of the best. I hope you don't mind if I smoke?"

"No. I don't mind, but the conductor might."

"Aw nuts! To hell with the conductor."

—Brown Jug.

**WHITE LINE
LAUNDRY
HOME OF KAPTAIN KLEAN**



What Big Ears We Have

Paging Lydia

They have more damn fun over at the Pi Phi house. One of the boys called up over there the other night, and asked if he might speak to Lydia Pinkham. The pledge who answered the phone really hasn't been around an awful lot, and so she dutifully went out and looked around for this sister she hadn't met yet. There wasn't any Lydia in the house, so far as she could discover, so she decided that it must be a guest that was wanted. After she had gone all over the house paging Miss Pinkham, one of the sistern took pity on her and told her to tell the man calling that Miss Pinkham was out for the evening, and that she had requested that he call later.

Blow Hard!

The Delta Zeta house mother was taken in just about as neatly last year. Someone called, and after informing her that it was the Illinois Power and Light company calling, asked if she would go out and see if the street light was burning in front of the house. She went out, just like a good little girl, and returned to report that it was burning. Then the meanie at the other end of the wire suggested that she try blowing it out.

Thetas Again

Even the Thetas aren't exempt from the boys who will be boys. The funniest telephone conversation of the century took place the night someone called there for no good reason. A pledge answered the phone, and was asked very pleasantly if they had any over-night bags there. In the notorious Theta manner, she asked him to

repeat his request. It was repeated.

"Sir," says she, "This is the Theta house"

"I know it," floated back over the wire to her just before the click came announcing that he had decided that, having had his fun, it was time to hang up.

Hello Harry

The Lamda Chi's get playful with their telephone now and then too. Last spring one of the boys fixed up the cutest little note and left it on another man's desk. "Call Harry at 7-2010. Important," it said. So when the brother got home he rushed down to the phone and put through his call—he didn't know who it could be, but that was all the more reason for finding out in a hurry. The conversation went something like this:

Voice on phone: "Yes?"

Lamda Chi: "May I speak to Harry?"

Voice on phone: "Just a moment please."

New voice on phone: "Yes?"

Lamda Chi: "Hello, Harry. I got your message asking me to call you—what was it you wanted?"

New voice on phone: "I'm rather afraid you have been fooled—this is Harry Woodburn Chase speaking."

Sure, you knew it all the time when it was, but the point is that the Lamda Chi didn't.

Dates for All

It took a genius though, to think this one up. One day a couple of years ago the bulletin boards all over the campus were plastered with the advertisements of a new dating agency. These advertisements informed the public that five hundred co-eds had filed their picture with



the agency, and that if dateless males would call six hours in advance they would be fixed up with a swell date—for a consideration, of course. The advertisement spoke in glowing terms of the quarters of the agency in a downtown Urbana office building, and gave a telephone number with the request that those interested call for further particulars. A Miss Rennerd was running the thing.

You can probably imagine Dean Maria Leonard's consternation at the first dozen or two calls that got through to her because "Miss Rennerd" does sound a lot like "Miss Leonard" over the phone—you should have just been around to hear the phone nearly ring off the wall that morning.

More Fishies

Theme, with variations. Jane Fauntz has a fish story remarkably like Dr. Seibert's classic. Jane was visiting at the home of some nabob some place or another. We say nabob, because he had a swimming pool and a fish pool too, and anyone who can afford that must be a nabob. Anyway, Jane had done her diving for the people and was being entertained. The Judge—he was a judge—insisted on showing her the grounds. When they got to the fish pond he explained all about it to Jane, telling her that there were twenty fish in it. He wound up his tale with—"But damn it, Jane, if they weren't so bashful I'd have two hundred."

Nonchalance

A timely story has it that one of the freshmen in a house up on the avenue had his folks down to sort of see the house he was living in, being as how he thought it was pretty swell and all of that. The tour of inspection was pretty complete. His mother wanted to see everything about the place, and Aunt Susie was just as bad. Our little freshman friend was just as anxious that they should see

everything as they were to see it, and so as a fitting climax to his efforts he ushered them into the shower room. One of the bretheren was in the shower, quite as naked as the day he was born, but did this nonplus our hero? With all of the poise and aplomb in the world he brought his female visitors over and introduced them to the astonished and bewildered brother, who rose to the occasion and how-do-you-do'd just as if he had some clothes on. Which one of the pair should get the carload of Murads, there now, that is the mystery.

Little Cut-ups

It is a rare High School Press Association meeting that doesn't have its funny story. This one happened just as the meeting had got well under way and the visitors were being entertained in the auditorium of the Union building. Some of our boys and girls were cavorting about the lobby, doing their darndest to set a bad example and to get in the hair of one Mr. Allen. It was this group that four trusting high school girls approached asking: "Can you tell us where the Union Auditorium is, we want to go to the entertainment." They were introduced with much pomp to a phony madame chairman of the event, and then informed that there really weren't any seats left on the main floor, but that there were plenty in the balcony. If you know your Union Building as thoroughly as you ought to, you know that there isn't any balcony, and that the steps that look for all the world as if they went up to a balcony go up to the rooms they rent out to help pay the rent.

Right in the lobby of his own little Union Building, Bob Crathorne went up and impersonated a high school boy so well that the girl who was registering the prep school journalists put his name down in the book. She never would have known if he hadn't gotten a bit kittenish and put answers like "us" in the blank which asks who

prints the publication, and "Why, of course" in the one that asked if the paper accepted paid advertising. He claimed he was from Kewance, but at least six people say that he told the girl he was from Chicago, and was the editor of the Chicago Fire, she'd heard of the Chicago Fire hadn't she?

Potpourri

And just in case you've been too awfully impressed by them, the Theta pillars are really made of tin—just good old fashioned tin. And they go "Clong" if you happen to bump into them. Another illusion gone glimmering. . . . The Gamma Phis have a girl who plays a sloop-phone, and carries it around in a little suit case or something. Last year it was a bass viol. . . . It was Herb Hill who made the famous crack about the Phi Delt's not being the only fraternity in town that had crockery in its back yard. Herb has graduated, so it can be told—and the Alpha Phis in the Chi Bete yard can't give him the cheer he so beautifully earned. . . . The best simile of the month concerns the Alpha Delt rugs, said rugs being so thick that they look as if lawn mowers should be used on them. . . . The next best one is about an A. K. L. being as pure as God taking a bath. . . . Chalk up a long mark on the wall for Ed Kol-fenbach, one of Mr. Newman Hall's little boys, who was out for football three weeks before the last two games of the season. He got a letter, which ought to prove something or other. . . . Mr. Goldman announced it in class the other day that he thought the Siren was lousy. . . . Sticks and stones may break my bones. . . . One of the rooms over at the Kappa Sidge house has a big sign on the door VENUS DE AHLO ARMS. . . . The Scout never seems to have a contrib from the famous Burlap sisters, the two bags from Urbana, any more. Maybe they don't know any new filthy jokes—maybe.

How to Eat on Nothing a Day

Monday

Lunch—Ask Joe to eat with you—pull the old gag about leaving your money at home when you changed your clothes.

Dinner—Drop in on the Dekes about five minutes to six, very hospitable boys, the Dekes—"Stay to dinner? Oh, no, I couldn't think of it. If you'll think me rude if I don't, if you insist—"

Tuesday

Lunch—Wait until three o'clock and then order up heavy at Feetlebaum's. Get a fancy babe to sit with you and then develop a man to see, leaving the check, the first time an affluent looking male stops to talk to her.

Dinner—Walk a Theta home, and then don't budge until the second dinner bell rings. It works best if you make fluttery motions at leaving.

Wednesday

Lunch—There are always plenty of Woman's League cookies down at Illini office if you know the right people well enough . . . not very filling.

Dinner—This being free for all night at the fratney clubs, you be diplomatic and take your choice. The meals is good at any of them this night.

Thursday

Lunch—The Rotary club hasn't much chance of knowing whether or not you work for the Illini, now has it?

Dinner—Order up plenty on a bill that has at least two other people's dinners on it. When your turn comes

to pay, nonchalantly present a five dollar bill and say, "change this, please." Ten to one you'll get five dollars worth of change and a receipted bill.

Friday

Lunch—Apples, fudge, and angel food cake. The laundry bag has arrived.

Dinner—The rest of the food in the laundry bag. Additions to this meal are made after nine o'clock when houses having dancing leave eatables on the buffet.

Saturday

Lunch—Don't get up.

Dinner—Salvation army soup kitchen on Neil street—there are lots of apples on the trees out by the golf course.

Sunday

Dinner—Thank God, this is another jst day . . . Sachem steak fry. Steak tough, coffee swell.

Supper—Egg sandwiches over at Joe's apartment. You can get enough milk bottles as you go along the hall to buy the stuff at the grocery store . . . six cents a throw for them.

These Work for a While

1. Go out and get pneumonia. This is good for three weeks in the hospital. Don't bring this on yourself if you don't like canned peaches.

2. Throw rocks through the windows of the Police station. The meals here are very regular even if they aren't so hot. What do you want anyway?

3. Marry a town girl. It will be a month before her father breaks your plate, and two months before he breaks it over your head.

4. Find yourself somebody's misunderstood wife, who is also a swell cook. This is awfully indefinite.

—S—

The little boy was interested in raising moths, and so his mother sent him down to the library to read up on the subject. He stayed there all afternoon, and when he returned he was lugging a big book with him. His mother picked it up and read the title—"What Every Mother and Expectant Mother Should Know."

—S—

And then the old maid laughed right out; "He! He! He! He!"



"My Gawd, and you a millionaire!"

The Depression House Dance

Prosperity is just around the corner and all of that, aint it the truth Mr. Hoover, but let's play games and pretend that only three of the banks at home have gone bust, and that father has had a ten per cent cut in his pay, that most of mother's customers are doing their own washing anyway this year, and that the installment men have taken little brother's red sled back—that's enough to get one into the right mood to start thinking about these inevitable before holiday house parties.

It would be very clever to give a depression dance, just a take-off on the forty or fifty other depression dances, you know. The truth of the matter is that it is dirt cheap to have one—just move all of the second floor furniture down to the first, including the third floor rug, the one with the hole in it right where you always catch your toe in it every time you come in the door. The food problem is simple. Plenty of punk beer and sandwiches from yesterday's ham solves it in a jiffy.

The music problem looms up pretty large. One way to fix that is to have the hall pretty dark and stretch a rope across so that all of the women will trip on it and break their legs. Wearing hobnail shoes and kicking them in the shins might do the trick. If that fails, make the hall dark enough so that they won't want to dance anyway.

Now that it is nice and cold out-of-doors, the liquor problem is simplified a bit. That is if you can get the radiator caps off the cars. Then you can always make the swellest apple-jack right out in your own back yard. Just let some cider get good and hard and then let it freeze. If you paid more attention to your chemistry than to the blonde next to you, you'll remember that the alky in it won't freeze. Figures out swell, doesn't it?


If you are dumb enough to import a date, you ought to have to worry about where you are going to put her over night. But then you were probably smart enough to be "Pals" with a babe who will let her go sleepy-bye at her house . . . if that

fails you might get a nice big packing box some place and play house.

Don't worry too much about how the place looks, or how terrible the music is—you'll do all of your dancing at another house anyway. That is, if you go at all.



The nightie before Christmas



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The Editorial We.....

It's just about this time of year that there's a great weeping and gnashing of teeth from fraternity row, what with all the prize pledges washing out. Take the one that Bro. Zoolack (you take him—we don't want him) kept hidden in a corn-crib three miles south, so that no one else could get at him during rush-week—the boys have almost killed Bro. Zoolack for not keeping him there forever to die the life of a tatted hog. What did he do? Nothing besides eating the commissary into a terrible deficit, and then falling for a little Kappa (of all things!) who made him promise that he'd never play that nasty game of football again. But then, the fraters think he might flunk out—especially if Bro. McCan continues to tutor him in Ec.

And then the little lily one of the well known drinking clubs pledged in order to raise the house average—about three nights ago he put half the actives under the table. This was not only a terrible blow to their judgment, but to their pride as well.

But then, there's one consolation—some of the legacies didn't turn out as badly as they might have. And it seems that Pledge Bro. McSquitter's old man (good old Howie McSquitter!) acquired a lot of dough after he left the state Uni—and paid up his back bills to Gelvin's (what was on the campus in those days).

And the fact that Pledge Bro. Cuttitt's pere turned out to be a purveyor of the illicit brew doesn't bother the Helter

Skelter Whoopsilon boys a bit—although it isn't mentioned at Wednesday night dinners.

All in all, the Frat Club boys realize that they're stuck. As badly stuck as they were back in '30, '29, '28 and so on back indefinitely—although that's not spoken of either, even by the alums—for one can't tell who one's next boss will be. Despite this sad and terrible state of mutual hate, love, drinking—and very unmutual singing (how could we tell he had adenoids?) there's no hope.

The pledges also realize that they're stuck too.

2 2 2

It is such jolly fun to laugh and laugh when something happens to a group that holds itself up as being so infinitely superior to you—and so did we ever laugh when we got hold of the story of the way in which our worthy contemporaries on the Green Caldron printed a tale in their little magazine which had already had the honor of appearing in Harper's or some such magazine under another author's name. We once knew a silly old lady who held her head very high and ignored many of her friends because she knew that every one of them knew her true worth—she walked with her head very high in the air, and was unfortunate enough to walk right smack into a piece of fresh concrete sidewalk one day. It happened in the most congested shopping center of the town, and all of the people who had been contenting themselves with casting about remarks about silk purses and sow's ears got a chance to relieve themselves of a great big giggle.

We wonder if the Mister Johnson who so beautifully suggested last spring that the Siren be dropped in the nearest ash can because of its general literary unworthiness will come around so we can show him some of the little credit lines that we put under the parts of our text that have been printed in another magazine—to say nothing of how we will give him the bird. We won't be mean enough, though, to tell him the little fable about the old frog who tried to blow herself up to the size of a horse, and then went and blew up right in her own face. We'll save that for the next time they get to riding for a fall.

2 2 2

They call us Cow College, and you know it as well as we do. Why? We have heard that in the case of one of our neighbors it is because most of the students there would like very much to go to swankier and costlier Eastern schools and can't afford it—so they console themselves with superior feelings and with making noises about the general inferiority of their contemporaries.

We get ourselves written up in the New Yorker in about the same spirit that Mr. Menken mentions people in

his little Americana section. All of which goes to show that if we intend to be the smoothies we set ourselves up to be, we'd best be smartening up a bit.

We still do the things that they did when Green Street was the Row. We still think that bigger and better are the ultimate in adjectives. We still believe in Homecomings. We still have a dog eat dog fraternity system. We still have contests to elect co-eds as the most popular girl in school so that she may go to a football game. Campus clothes still look out of place on a city street. We still join things for the sheer joy of joining. We still have the majority of the students placed in a position where they must either join a Greek letter house or live in a pretty awful rooming house. We are still uncouth in an unsophisticated way. We have a political system that is notorious over half the country. Our Union has the bigger and better fever to a point where it doesn't feel obligated to function noticeably unless it can do so in a glorious way. Many of our students are from the intellectually starved backwashes of the hinterland and Chicago. We still think that we are the salt of the earth. Maybe we are.

2 2 2

We have been almost tearing our hair in our frenzied denunciations of those Greek letter societies known as honoraries, but you should just have seen us when we saw by the papers that this campus was graced with a chapter of that very well advertised association, Rho Dammit Rho.

Last spring we heard a story concerning the efforts of one BMOC to get into Kappa Bete. It seems that he definitely spurned Mawanda, but did everything in his power to tube his way into Kappa Bete. We should have admired him greatly if his refusal of Mawanda had been based upon a genuine belief in the silliness of such an organization—but to refuse it because he felt that he must choose between it and Kappa Bete. Not being a member of that great and noble organization, we have no way of knowing whether or not he ever did make the grade, but we sure hope he did. Being a member and having to pay seventeen dollars for the privilege ought to be punishment enough in itself.

The sponsors of Rho Dammit Rho have, with their tongues in their cheeks, created a very noble and a very satirical club. But it is with fear and trembling that we see that there is already a chapter here—and that we see the hints that there are probably more on the way.

2 2 2

Erriemay Masxay to you dear readers, and we'll probably be seeing you around the town New Year's Eve—if we can rake and scrape enough money to get a table right at Ben Bernie's elbow. We haven't swept under the bed and shook the teapot yet, but we're going to.

Honoraries — *a strange interlude*

It's just about this time of year that freshman eyes begin to pop with awe, sophomores get sucked in, juniors start politicking, and seniors begin to think of what's going under their name in the Illio—that famous graft book.

And what's it all about? Well, do you happen to know anything about fly-fishing? It seems that a favorite trick of the Compleat Angler is to tie a small bunch of ribbons around the fish-book and thus get the curious fish. Thus, by hypothesis, the ribbon gets the sucker. But on campus it's different. Here the sucker gets the ribbon—for every time a fish succumbs to the wily lures of the alert pledge-master a triumph is signalled by sticking a sprig of rib-

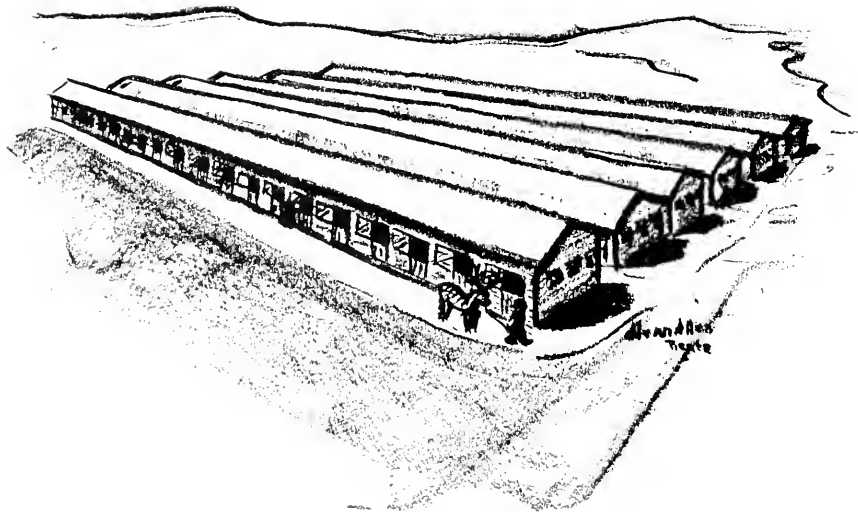
bon in the victim's lapel, just as the ancient matador would stick a gay bandillero into the bull's neck.

But the suckers still increase—why? As our master's thesis we're working on the problem—and we'll give you the results as far as we are able, in respect to (or in disrespect to) the various tongs now operating on the campus.

FLY BAITA CATCHA—a heterogeneous conglomeration of bespectacled brachycephalic homunculi who see all, hear all, and induce us to believe that they know all. For the nominal sum of 25 fish they are permitted to advertise their intelligence to the world by means of a big brass billboard worn on their watch chain.

SILVER IGGLE—we used to think the boys belonged to the air corps, but since the abolition of that outfit we know that the little silver boid the boys wear stands for something else. Silver Iggle comes from the Latin or Roman mass battle formation. It is still a mass—between the ears. Just a bunch of boys.

PHI ON UPSILON—a home ec. tong. Requirements are to be able to serve twelve people from one head of lettuce; know the antidotes for all kinds of hangovers—and also know how to produce them. Six weeks in this tong and the woman is the master of the home. All the members love children. They make nice week-end pets.



The Salvation Army reindeer stables

SCORCH—The reward of every good female apple-polisher. Object: To get more work out of women toiling in activities. Compensation: half a yard of orange cloth.

ADELP-HIC is a literary society, which, according to the old-timers, was quite the thing in the gay '90s. Their membership is limited to those people who can dance, sing, make a speech, or in general to anyone who has the requisite ten skins. If the members can't talk the futures into joining by any other method, they remind them of the beer-party the Adelpians held (and some did not hold) in the Chi Phi smoke house some years ago, and that there will be another as soon as prohibition has been repealed. That gets 'em.

TAPPA PIE STIGMA—is almost as good as Adelp-hic, or as bad, or better, or worse. Anything said for one goes for the other. They too hold sway on the fourth floor of Uni. and believe us, anyone having the ambition to climb all those stairs has a right to be a member—and probably is.

PISTOL AND HOLSTER is a military assassination whose motto is: "We furnish the cannon fodder for the nation." Their badge contains five stars, standing for Health, Heart, Hand, Hoof, Horn. With the membership comes a pin suitable to hang on the second choice.

PI DELTA HELPUSALONG—a publications sassiety. Their excuse for existence is a patriotic orange and blue pledge ribbon (almost as nice as the PiYs, as one sweet young thing said), a fee of \$17.50, and a swell gold bangle. If you join you have the privilege of belonging to the same club as several faculty members. This honor is usually reserved to members of any tong on the campus. Yes, it's a national, and just like the Deks, its eastern chapters are excellent.

POTHOLE POT SWIGMA—the signal corps frat. If they can't boast of anything else they can say that they have more Greek letters in their name than any other club save Row Dammit Row. Their pledge symbol is a hank of haywire worn around the shoulder. It should be worn around the neck and twisted tightly, the end then being neatly draped over the nearest telephone pole.

THREE STAR HENNESSEY—the female pre-med frat. Cousin of the Band of X, three times removed.

PI LAMBDA PICA—Object: sure bid to Scissor-Grinder's.

THE NAKED TRUTH—not a movie, but the pet club of the military engineers. Their motto is, "We explode everything." Also known as the Pie exchange. Their purpose? God only knows, unless it is to get another key.

—S—

The stout and dominating female had kept the immediate section of the train in acute discomfort by her attempts to boss both train officials and passengers. Suddenly she discovered she had forgotten her destination, and set off for the conductor. She returned soon, looking very dazed.

"What's the matter?" someone asked with evident relish.

"Why, I asked the conductor where I should get off," replied the bewildered Amazon.

"Well?"

In a hushed tone she answered, "He told me."

—S—

Any History Instructor: "Whom did Luther side with, the nobles or the common people?"

Any Dunkluk: "Luther was disgusted with the peasants, so he threw in his lot with the upperclassmen."

—S—

This little co-ed likes all jazz music, but she's nerds about the "St. Louis Booze."

Ten Commandments for Pledges

(1). Borrow your roommate's clothes—it shows her that you like them.

(2). Tell them all about your dates—they like to know that you're popular.

(3). Tell the members how the Sigma Phi Nothings begged you to pledge—they will appreciate you more.

(4). Cut classes—encourage your own individuality.

(5). Ask the unpopular members if they have a date for three weeks from Saturday night—they like to know that you're interested. If you have a date don't be bashful about telling them so.

(6). Ask the members to carry your books for you—it will get you in closer touch with them. (And how!)

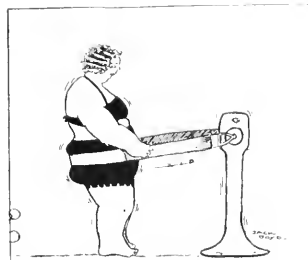
(7). Kick about the food—maybe your influence will do some good.

(8). Don't bother about the time when you come in from a date—if it's too late, you can always ring the bell.

(9). Don't study—nobody loves a bright girl—and if you do all of these, you will inevitably

(10). **FLUNK OUT OF SCHOOL**—which will be the best thing in the end.

—S—



Five Yards Around End

An Alphabet of Sororities

Apologies to O. Nash
Are due for this bit o' hash.

To be an Alpha Chi O
On houses you must spend do.

Alpha Delta Pi's
Are now on the ris.

Alpha Delta Thetas
Aren't strong on datas.

To be an A. E. Phi
Shed a tear, heave a si.

Now come the Alpha Gamis;
They are not all hams.

The A. O. Pi's
Are really "gis."

Here's to the girls of Alpha Phi:
They're really nice girls; si?

An Alpha Xi Delt
Doesn't need gelt.

A Beta Phi Alpha
Is not really awfa.

Beta Sigma Omicron
Is on West Oregon.

Look at any Chi Omega;
All are flavored with nutmega.

When I see the girls of D. D. D.
I laugh; just "he, he, he!"

Now we come to Delta Gammas;
They are mamma's little lammas.

A Delta Phi Ep
Has too much pep.

A Delta Zete
Is ne'er up late.

The Gamma Phi Betas
Are really man-hetas.

Kappa Alpha Thetas
On this campus ratas.

To be a Kappa Delt
You gotta be svelt.

To be a Kappa
You need a fat lappa.

Here's to Kappa Sigma Tau
Those girls can neck: hau, hau!

The Lambda Omegas
Are really good eggas.

Now we come to P. L. S.
Not as well known as the res.

Just a Phi Mu,
What to do?

Here's to the girls of P. O. P.
They rate with some, but not with me.

Long live the Piis!
Just a flock of gadflis!

All little Sigma Alpha Iotas
Know about the music notas.

Here's to Sigma Delta Tau
Motto: "Any man at au'".

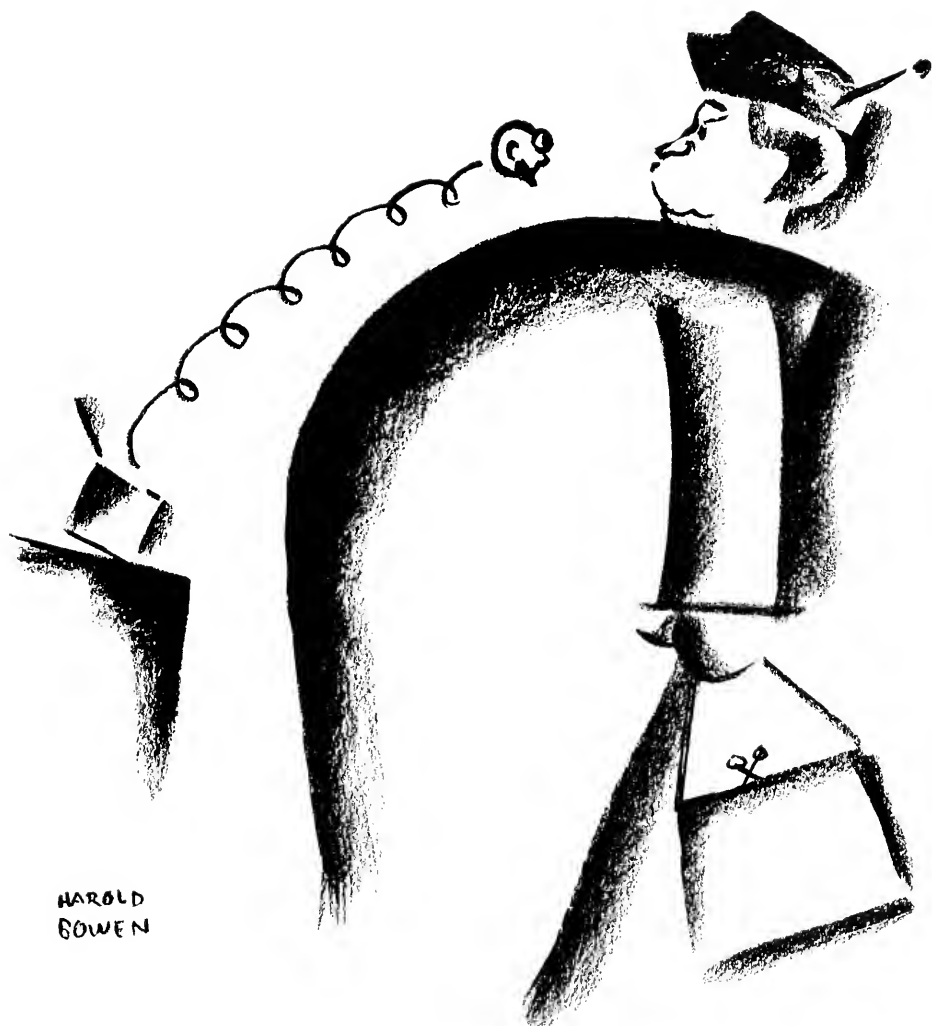
Sigma Kappa's next on the list:
Poor little girls, can't be mist.

Sigma Phi Beta
Is quite lata.

Theta Phi Alpha gets a look,
Not a scorn; just a look.

Let us praise the Theta U's;
Praise is all we have; no news.

At the last are Z. T. A's.
Here's the end. 'To Allah all praise.



HAROLD
GOWEN

"OOPS!"

The All-American Joke

As the current trend in collegiate "humor" publications seems to be the interpretation of certain stories or events according to various literary styles, ranging from that of Milt Gross to that copy-reader's nightmare, James Joyce; it is obvious that as a publication ever alert for the new and curious with which to delight our numerous readers (seven by the last census, including one small laddie who thought he was getting something to put on his bicycle) we must conform to the fad. Wherefore, ladies, gents, we present the Great American Joke as interpreted by Great American Comics.

As two purist would have it:

"Who was that lady I saw you with last night?"

"That wasn't no lady, that was my wife."

As Joe Cook would elocute it:

"That wasn't no lady, that was in the winter of '93 which you may remember if you weren't too young at the time I was but then I always did have a good memory and that's as much as you can say of any man as I oft remarked to my good friend, Bringham (Up) Young, lighting a fresh cigar on a Chrysler (Chrysler Building, to you, suh) which was then located on the corner of a little street which was bathing its feet in the East River at the time, those being the days when a man could bathe his feet and no question asked (or answered either).

As Groucho Marx would put it:

"That wasn't no lady, but who am I to tell? Perhaps some day the Great Mystery of Life, the Great Veil, will be rent asunder and who will be able to pay it on time, asunder or any other day of the week?"

As Robert Benchley, Donald Ogden Stewart, or Frank Sullivan might put it:

"How do you know it was a lady?"

As Ogden Nash might whistle it: "I tell you that wasn't no lady. That was only my chamber-mady."

As Russ Columbo might sneer it:

"That wasn't no lady, that was Bing Crosby." And finally, as the college wit would type it:

"That wasn't no lady, that was a Piñy, a Kappa, a half-dozen assorted Alpha Gams, and two AKL's who wandered in by mistake."

—S—

They were twins and the only way you could tell them apart was that one resembled the other more than she did herself.

—S—

It later developed that the traveling salesman was married at the point of death—there was a shotgun behind him.

—S—

The three ages in the development of a game:

1. Croquet.
2. Hockey.
3. Polo.

—S—

"I Can't Write the Words," jittered the Frosh as he handed in an E paper.



"Where's Joe?"
"Oh, he just stepped out for a beer."

Sky C-Mah

See the Happy Moron

He thinks that

All of the college lite movies are a pretty funny way of telling lies about the way things really are on a campus;

That grades don't mean very much anyway, and that he never did get a break from the curve system;

That being elected to an honorary is an honor;

That the authorities can't keep a native of the state out of here, but that they just sit around and try to think up ways to throw him out after they have let him in;

That the Dean's office can tell him just what he did last Friday night at eight o'clock if it wants to;

That Tiger Rag is a pretty swell tune;

That a girl of the right sort is a good egg, and that she should prove it by letting him mooch his cigarettes from her;

That all of the good houses are north of Chalmers street, and that the sororities that amount to anything are on Wright street;

That an intelligence test tests intelligence;

That all co-eds are homely, and that none of them are virgins;

That most instructors pass out grades on the ceny meeny miny moe system;

That he is very, very drunk after one beer, and that drunken men must break up the furniture to prove their drunkenness;

That hanging a pin means that you are only engaged sorta;

That the BMOC who pays for anything is rarer than the dodo, and that BWOC, well, they pay and pay and pay;

That you get more for your money if you buy A;

That nerts is a funny word;

That an athlete can have just about any babe he wants for the asking;

That Thetas are tall, Kappas too damn snooty, Chio's short, and that the rest of them will be getting a break when he gets around to putting them into their little pigeon hole;

That he could get drunk if he drank a mixture of Coke and cigarette ashes;

That he belongs to a brotherhood and not an eating club;

That most of the members of the English faculty have ruffles on their under-panties;

That the depression is to blame for all of the stupid pledges in the house;

That the small eastern schools are the best, and only the riff raff with money goes to Harvard and Yale;

That having a lot of keys is just dandy;

That a Phi Bete never amounts to a damn after he gets out of school,

and the stupidest students are always the howling successes in the business world;

That he will get only fifteen dollars a week for his first job after he gets out of school;

That most people get married in June;

That Hoover is a pretty lousy president;

That the Old Line has all things politic sewed up tight;

That the girls he knows are the best looking in town;

That the no-cut system was devised as a special order for professors who love to show their authority;

That he likes beer enough to suffer the consequences;

That all Independent leaders show rank favoritism to Independent men, and Greek leaders take care of their own just as religiously;

That Jewish students are exceptionally intelligent;

That he should read the Scout every day;

A WELL FILLED XMAS STOCKING



That he should give any show of emotion the audible bird;

That girls really expect a thorough mugging after every date, and talk about the man if he makes no advances;

That girls have much filthier minds than men, and that their sessions make those of the male look like a Sunday School picnic;

That Jean Harlow is pretty passionate looking;

That the Delts are always drunk and the Betas are lilies;

That a good fraternity pin isn't jewelled, but is a black enamel and gold affair called a "Badge."

That the Zeta Tau Alpha house is just too darn far out in the country;

That a house dance with any lights is a flop;

That all of the collegiate clothes are worn by high school children;

That it costs a woman more for clothes than it does a man;

That it sounds very snooty to call a sorority a fraternity, and that it is rank heresy to call a man's house a frat;

That blondes are chisellers;

That reading the New Yorker proves that you are sophisticated;

That all dirty jokes are funny;

That sororities black-ball rushees because they eat the lettuce of their salad;

That though the Independent students he knows are enlightened, the most of them are a pretty uncouth lot;

That he could save a lot of money if he lived out of the house;

That his room-mate wears his clothes more times than he wears his room-mate's;

That he should never admit that it is a new suit that he has on;

That women are very stupid about a lot of things, and stupidest of all where driving a car is concerned;

That every one else is a moron.

—S—

Glorified by Ziegfeld.

Scandalized by George White.

Mortified by Earl Carroll.

—Alabama Rammer-Jammer.

WILD ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN

The Ostrich

The ostrich sticks his head in sand;

He is a funny one.

He does it not because of fear,

But 'cause he thinks it's fun.

The Lemur

On palmy Madagascar isle

The lemurs run and play.

They're always wide awake at night

Because they sleep all day.

The Dodo

The dodo is no more—poor bird!

With folly is it linked.

It wouldn't grow some feathery wings,

And so it is extinct.

The Chimpanzee

They say we are related to

The fuzzy chimpanzee;

I wonder if he knows my aunt—

I'll write to him and see.

The Elephant

On elephants I won't play jokes

Or pull their tails, for yet

Although they may appear quite dumb

They never do forget.

The Monkey

The monkey's chatter sounds as though

It's awfully full of static.

He may be kind enough to some,

But I think he's erratic.

The Tiger

The tiger has a cat-like tread

And slinks about in grasses.

He eats with relish men and boys,

But does not like molasses.

How Our Language Came Into Being

Exhibit A: *Campus*.

When this school of teeming millions, make it thousands then, all right make it hundreds, anyway when it had only just recently come into being, there was not much to it but a few would-be distinctive buildings and places for the engineers to spit. (Spit is a horrid word, but so is engineer).

At this time some general (step right up and choose your own general, folksies) brought his troops to the Twin Cities, which were then one child, and don't expect me to explain biological phenomena. Going back a few chapters we find that the army or settlers or whatever the historians have decided upon had no place to settle down. That would seem to definitely eliminate the possibility of settlers. Ah, but wait.

The gen., or head cheese, (ah, cheese of police, says you) then perceived with joy our noble collitch. At the same time the people perceived it also. Wasn't that a happy coincidence? (Stop that horrid noise, Alfredo).

Upon perceiving this welcome sign of civilization (they hadn't seen any engineers yet) the people shouted with one accord, slightly off key, "Camp us here."

It so happened (as they say in cigarette ads) that a party of tourists were snooping around at the time, and, hearing the mighty shout, they looked about them.

"What is this place?" asked Minnie the Moocher.

"Well, as there are no signs around and the guide-book doesn't say; I think we are safe in believing what the man says."

"What do you mean?"

"Why," with a sweeping gesture, "campus here."

Cousin Egbert Says—

In merrie England, they have a quaint, but nevertheless, merrie sense of humor. In a tumbled-down shack, not in Athlone in sunny Erin, but in the west end of Lunnum, is the famous twisting room. Here it is that your dyed-in-the-wool, Rule Britannia, English joke is manu-



factured. A typical example is that twisted version like the following:

An Amurrican (as the English say) was selling goods to a bally ol' Lunnum. Looking out of the casement (English for window) the Yankee (all Amurricans are Yankees) said, "Wot's it doing out?"

The subject of King George replied, "Why, hit's snowing."

To which the Yank replied, "Oh, that's sno' matter." (Clever, eh, wot?)

The Englishman, deuced pleased with the retort, took it home to "the little woman."

"Look out the casement, m'dear. Tell me 'ow the beastly weather is." "Why, Reggie, it's snowing."

"Perfectly immaterial, m'dear, perfectly immaterial." (Ripping? No end!)

And then there is the Englishman who when asked for the definition of a Sooner hound replied that a Sooner hound was "one that rahther eat than run." (Jolly clever, eh?)

But revenge is sweet, even on Eng-

lishmen. Listen, there's no catch to this one.

A man from the States (an Amurrican) was over in England. Every-where he went his pronunciation was corrected. You know, Cholmondeley pronounced Chunly, Worcestershire pronounced W'shire, and so on tar into the night.

He invited his friend to visit him. Touring the United States, they came first to Niagra Falls. The English man waxed enthusiastic. "Ah, Niagra Falls! It's marvelous! At last I've seen Niagra Falls."

Here was the American's chance. "No, my friend, no. Not Niagra Falls; Niffles, sir, Niffles."

But to digress, are the English any worse off than some Americans, or even Irish?

Here are two stories, known as the shaggy dog twins. You figure them out, we can't.

No. 1. In front of a leather



goods store a pile of luggage. On the bottom was a large trunk priced at \$30; next came a smaller trunk for \$20; a suitcase was next, priced at \$15; then a small grip, \$10; at the very top was a Boston bag with the sign, "This size for \$5."

Down the street came a tramp, old, tired, and dirty, followed by a shaggy dog, also old, tired, and dirty. He stopped in front of the luggage piled in front of the leather goods store. First he gazed at the large trunk, then the small trunk, next the suitcase, then the grip, and at last, the

Boston bag with the sign, "This size for \$5." Looking down at his shaggy dog, after a moment's reflection, he sighed, "So do I."

No. 2. A woman whose husband had been dead for many years lived all alone in a frame house with only a shaggy dog for company. He was one of these veritable floor mops of a dog. Some people call his kind poodles.

The woman was in the habit of trading at an old German's meat market. Never, however, did she allow the dog to accompany her to the market. One day the dog followed her, and the good soul did not have the heart to turn him back.

In the market, the butcher gazed at the shaggy dog a minute and said, kindly, "It's a very shaggy dog you have there."

The woman retorted, "Not so shaggy, not so shaggy."

Ah, but, the worst is yet to come. Here it is, all tied up with white paper and red ribbon for Christmas:

Two polar bears were on separate icebergs. One was a female bear and the other a male, or, if you prefer, one was a mama bear and the other a papa bear. Anyway, there they were on the two icebergs which were drifting towards each other. (No, this is not a story like that of Dr. Seibert and the little fishes, or were they big fishes, or maybe it wasn't Dr. Seibert.) There they were, the two bears drifting towards each other on separate icebergs. At last, now we approach the end, the icebergs came together. The two bears jumped into the water, both yelling, "Radio!"





Well, here it is, another month and the neighbors haven't signed a petition asking us to leave this fair community—so far. Perhaps our libelous scandal column is innocuous—or perhaps the delicate minds of the Illini and Illinae are far too pure to grasp the erudite remarks.

2 2 2

And speaking of erudite—did we tell you the latest campus Winchell? It seems that one BMOC was visiting a friend of a different nationality. And it also seems that this friend had a week-end guest (either way, Charlie) also a different nationality, and that this guest was wearing the pin of the BMOC's club. Curiosity aroused an investigation which brought forth the following:

- (1). The pin did not belong to the week-end guest.
- (2). It belonged to his girl friend, who had given it to him.
- (3). She was a chambermaid at a Chicago hotel.
- (4). It had been hung on her.
- (5). The initials on the back of the pin showed that the rightful owner was another BMOC who was, whisper, whisper, a senior on the Illusion last year.
- (6). General confusion reigned.

2 2 2

And speaking of confusion—we wonder if the very long Christmas Holiday so soon to begin will be anything like Thanksgiving.

You (and you, and you) should all have stayed over the vacation with us. Everybody was all confused with the great number of ways to kill time over the vacation. It is estimated that everybody tried to pick someone up, or tried to be picked up at the skating rink—with little or no success; that everyone went to Feedlebaum's at least twice—and found no one there; and finally that every-

one went to the Yumca stayover party on Friday night.

2 2 2

And you should have heard all the stayovers gather 'round the cup that does not cheer and sing "There's no Place Like Home"—"That's why We're All Here." Yes, Charlie, it was a wild night over at the Yumca. Everybody in polite society was there—a Gammaphi slung out ice-cream, three marvelous musicians made merry (whyinell cudnt they have practiced sumner elst?), and last—but far from least—the Burlap sisters, the two bags from Urbana, were galloping all over the place. And one pledge with a little button was giving the girls the treat of dancing with a real high class Greek. Did they ever go for him! We saw two pledges of one of the "better houses" also, but after a few dances they removed their lapel adornment.

2 2 2

It was estimated by the wandering reporter that about 90 per cent of the girls attending were picked up before the decorous closing hour at 11:30. It was also estimated that a great number of men were disappointed when they found out that their town-girl dates did not have a car. But then, a far greater number were disappointed when they found out that the girls meant what they said when they had mentioned earlier in the evening that they had to be in at 12. It is also estimated that there were informal dancing parties in no less than seven of the local eating clubs following the revelries.

Notice in the Daily Illusion: "and so everyone departed after a glorious evening of joy and revelry of dancing to the strains and stresses of Leopard Noise and his all-Unstrung band. Everyone is looking forward with pleasure to the New Year's celebration that the two Yumca tongs are going to throw."

Oh yeah?

2 2 2

We've quit trading at one of the local dispensaries of sodas, cokes,

sandwiches and drugs because of a dream of ours which they shattered so rudely. We'd been at the Libe studying all day, had a headache therefrom, and had retired to said dispensary. In keeping with our scholastic attitude we politely asked for five grains of monosalicylic acid of acetic acid dextro to which the budding pharmacist wheezed back at us, "D'yuh meen yuh want ti' grains' o' aspirin buddy?"

2 2 2

We have wondered about a lot of things—whether the Phi Delt statue is getting cold—and whether the Phi Pi Phi house has cooled off from its latest fire—and when the Sigma Kappa fire is going to be (probably postponed until after the Holidays when the gals will have new pajaw-maws)—and why so many mugs could get dates during vacation—and can't now—and if the depression is the reason we get only one straw in Feedlebaum's — and whyinell we "stayed over"—and life in general—

2 2 2

And speaking of throwing parties—we learned of a new drink over the vacation—it's called "Wall-flower" because it's never been cut.

2 2 2

This ought to be pretty interesting to those houses that have at every house party resigned themselves to either locking their cups up in a nice dark closet upstairs or taking a chance on having them neatly lifted in the gloom. One of those inspirations that come once in years hit over at the Sigma Phi Sigma house, and here it is. They just tied a nice stout black silk cord through the handles of the cups, placing a big one in the center of the mantel and working down to an enticingly small one at the end—one of those that girls just would love to have you get for them so they can use it for an ash tray.

The really exciting moment of the Sigma Phi Sigma dance that night came when the whole row of cups came tumbling down from the mantel—imagine the embarrassment of one couple that was dancing by that fireplace.

Coming Distractions

As reviewed by Marion Irrmann

Romance of all kinds! That's what Manager Martin tells us he has booked for the coming month at the R-K-O Virginia theatre. From December 17-19 there'll be "Flying High"; while most people take aviation seriously these days, this comedy doesn't. The principal protagonists are Bert Lahr, America's most imitated comedian, in his original stage role of Rusty Krause, and Charlotte Greenwood as Pansy Botts, the waitress who advertises that she wants to marry an aviator . . . and does! Need more be said?

Watch out for the "Corsair!" From the 20th to the 23rd it will sail across the screen of the Virginia, carrying you along on its dangerous voyages. It's the story of a college football hero turned bi-jacker in order to gain the quick wealth he believes his girl desires. Bombing, sea fights, revenge, plotting—they're all in this story!

Then this same theatre is getting three pictures that may make you become a Christmas stay-over—first is "Cuban Love Song" with Lawrence Tibbett and Lupe Velez. You've seen and heard them both in many another smash, now how would you like to see Tibbett as a swashbuckling marine, singing that glorious song "The Halls of Montezuma" and a new one—"The Cuban Love Song," and the fiery Lupe Velez dancing this rumba that you're all talking about. Come around to the Virginia on the 24th, 25th or 26th and put that "extra something" into the holiday.

From December 31 to January 2, that weird show, "Frankenstein" will be there. Remember the story? It tells of a young scientist who brought a human monster to life by electricity

and surgery. This will undoubtedly be the most eerie film you'll see in many a month. Colin Clive of "Journey's End" fame takes the lead, while Karloff takes the part of the monster. The story was written in the 18th century by Mary Shelley, the wife of the poet.

And lastly, from January 3-6 the Virginia presents Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper in "The Champ." The hero of "The Big House" plays the father of "Skippy" in a combination that is really an event of the screen season. Beery is seen as a defeated fight champion, who takes his small son to a border resort where he tries to achieve a comeback. To all others he is a "has-been" but to the boy he is the greatest man on earth. And, when the time comes, the old fighter makes a sacrifice for the boy's future that proves him the best man of them all.

The Rialto presents something new on December 17, 18 and 19, with the coming of George Bancroft in "Rich Man's Folly," adapted from Charles Dickens' story "Dombey and Son." Bancroft plays the part of a shipbuilder who has but one religion—ships. It takes the death of his son and his marriage with a rather designing individual to bring him back to the consideration of what is left of his family, rather than his beloved ships.

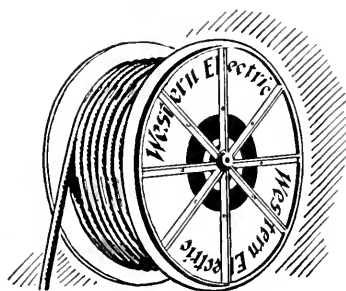
Then from December 20 through the 23rd Joe E. Brown will show the folks at the Rialto just how a "Local Boy Makes Good." As a college bookstore clerk he writes a series of letters to a girl at another school, little thinking that they will be mailed. But they are! And how he makes good his written boast that he's a track star is something that

you shouldn't miss. He never knew he could run until the day he almost speared the track star with a javelin, but when he was chased for it—well, that's the story!

On December 24, 25 and 26, Gene Russell of the Rialto has secured Ruth Chatterton in "Once a Lady," the story of a mother's love for her daughter. Visualize the story: a charming lady vagabond of Paris married into a disapproving English family . . . fighting to hold the affection of a daughter poisoned against her by an entire household . . . struggling against temptation and a plea for the return to gayety placed before her by a handsome man of past amours . . . keeping a secret tryst as her husband reads that she has been killed in a train-wreck . . . remaining "dead" rather than bring him shame . . . is that enough to make you want to see it? It should be!

Park presents some you may have missed, but still want to see: "Virtuous Sin" on the 16th; Chevalier in "Smiling Lieutenant," 17, 18; "Big Gamble," with Bill Boyd, 19; Robert Ames and Ina Claire in "Rebound," 20; "Up Pops the Devil," 21, 22; "The Royal Family" with Fredric March, 23; "Huck Finn," 24, 25; "Sundown Trail," 26; "Honeymoon Lane," 27; "Skyline" with Tom Meighan, 28, 29; "Tarnished Lady," with Ruth Chatterton, 30; "Secrets of a Secretary," December 31, January 1.

And may we wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and add the hope that the old man forks out enough shekels so that you may enjoy these new shows! See you at the theatre!



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Even the method of insulation is not insulated against improvement at the Western Electric telephone cable shop. For a generation wires have been wrapped around with a narrow ribbon

of paper but now the wire has the paper made right on it while passing through an ingenious paper making machine. . . . This new revolutionary process saves time and lowers the cost of cable. But perhaps the



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insulating*

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new ideas*

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THE BELL SYSTEM

MERRY XMAS
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RIALTO

THEATRE

Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Dec. 17, 18, 19

GEORGE BANCROFT

—in—

“Rich Man’s Folly”

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
December 20, 21, 22, 23

JOE E. BROWN

—in—

“Local Boy Makes Good”

From “The Poor Nut”

By J. C. and Elliott Nugent

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Four years of technical training plus six years of practical experience insure a *thorough and accurate* job in the repair of watches and jewelry at the Nugget. Come in now, before the holidays, and have your watch cleaned and checked. To give the best service a watch should be cleaned once a year. *Prices are in tune with the depression.*

NUGGET

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W. E. NEWHOUSE, *Proprietor*

Protoclyptomesia, or My God, How Wonderful

By TED GRIESENAUER

Early in that century, the word itemized many, many Romans, who were, at that time, quite Romanic. The theory underlying the whole was quite simple and very easily grasped, so that is exactly what happened; namely, mankind in general was in a turmoil as to what to do. Then came the dawn as is the usual custom for that phenomenon. Baxter rode forth and shouted out his newly discovered hypothesis, much to the ardent disapproval of the sleeping queen.

But, believe it or not, she didn't sleep long because lo, there came to pass a remarkable change in the makeup of her man, who, by God, turned out in the seventh chapter to be the king. He was really the court's jester, but the reason for that is that he was jester gigolo. So saying Baxter decided it was about time. By now it had become then. So he ups and tips over the Phi Tau jug and what do you suppose he found? Right you are! (Hey, Elsie! A prize for the man with the tie! He found an end). And this is the text of this marvelous narrative. (Is it a narrative)? End.

But therein lies the chief difficulty. No one has as yet been able to think of the best name for it. That is, no one except me, and the name I give to it is protoclyptomesium, meaning, of course, end. It is a word derived from the old Egyptians. Proto means “E.” Most instructors know that. Clypto means “N.” I don't know where the connection is, either. And (by now you have surely guessed) Mesium means “D.” Isn't that the simplest thing you ever have seen? Now, ain't it? Be frank with yourself; I'll be, no; I don't care.

That brings up another point. (Typographical error: should read “point”). Dare. That's a word for you! How I just love to sit and look at that word! Virginia Dare. We won't go into the good of that, etc., etc., but the questions now is concerning wine brix. I am fully convinced that there should be a law or something, and then again I am Republican, so I guess that lets *that* out. The Democrats (waiting at the gate) are in favor of a measure something to the effect of the following: we want no more laws or rules; but we do want to pass just one final decree prohibiting the passage of all rules and other things people are supposed to break. There's politics again. Oh, well.

Who do you suppose is responsible for all the wars and peace pacts and treaties and “Help-a-Vet” apples? Heh-heh! Well, I don't know, too. Perhaps a simple problem, the answer to which you must solve, would be exceedingly beneficial in an endeavor to find out what's what and just why why is why. It is not expected that you will have a ready answer, but it will be granted universally that there is an answer. Hint: “Sober as a judge.” (Which judge?)

And as for the rest, pooh-pooh-pe-doop. Who cares? not even the lilies of the field; not even the lilies on Chalmers street. In fact, not even he who gets slapped.

Baxter and his white horse couldn't get there in time so the man with the iron hand asked the inn keeper's daughter the following ask: "Where, prithee, may I findest my room?"

The inn keeper's daughter, being a beautiful daughter, knew the score and so she answered the following answer: "Up, M'lord; up. Go thou up till thou comest to even the far story. Wilt thou have me go with thee as thy guide?" (Guess the answer).

Anyhow there was going to be a big wedding; the beautiful daughter of the inn keeper married the man with the iron horse and the white hand. At the wedding there were many congregated. It was a congregation. The minister administered and the two damn fools reacted. Finally when the minister asked that fatal question of horse with the white man and the handiron, he did it so? "Wilt thou have this woman as thy wedded wife?"

The guy which was all mixed up by now answered: "I wilt."

There is no use going into the fambly life of these two individuals because they were going to be written about a little while late anyway, and so it really doesn't matter if they lived happily ever after or not. If you are curious, just mail a card stating what phase of the married life most interests you and if so, why not, and then put your address on one side of the paper and then, aw, well, I forgot what else you are supposed to do, but anyhow, you get the drift. Yea, who won't in a little while if this cold spell continues?

Which proves that there is such a thing as a Santa Claus. Time again to remind you that this is a—about that quaint old historical backgrounded hazard, clyptomesium, preceded by proto.

"Why is everyone so happy?" shouted little Audrey. But everyone knows why. The answer is profoundly.

THE END (Protoclyptomesium).

S

Bobbie, a little child who hails from a very large family, was allowed to go see his sick father, on one occasion, on the promise he would be very quiet so as not to disturb his father. Bobbie sat in silence and looked at his father for a while, then said: "Well, Dad, I guess I had better go. Have I bothered you any?"

"No, son."

"Are you sure, Dad?"

"Yes, son."

"Well, can I come back sometime, Dad?"

"Why sure, son."

"Well, Dad, before I go, won't you please let me see the baby?"

—Mugwump.

S

"Do you go to Princeton?"

"No, it must have been something I ate!"

—Amherst Lord Jeff.

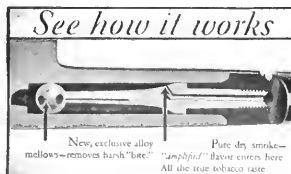
NOW EVERY MAN
CAN SMOKE A PIPE



NEW
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no other pipe does it

Completely different from any other pipe, past or present. New alloy now removes harsh "biting" properties from smoke. Amplifies the true tobacco flavor. Years work in our own laboratory and tests by a great University made possible the way to mellow smoke. This secret—our sole property—cannot be duplicated. Beware of imitations, all genuine pipes stamped "Drinkless." Smooth \$3.50, Thorn \$4. (Above, No. 07, Thorn)



And for cigarette smokers: New Tobacco Yello holder



—Penn State Froth.

"Quick, Henrietta, the fleet!"

The Scotchman, invited to a party, was asked to bring something. He brought his relatives. —*Boston Beanpot.*

—S—

On the highway just south of Hitgstown, in New Jersey, is a direction sign bearing the legend: 2 miles to Dutch Neck. The question is, is it worth the trip?

—*Cavalier.*

Blonde Cutie (to elevator boy): "Boy, sixteenth floor please, and I'll give you a kiss."

Elevator Boy: "Sassay, h-h-how about gggoing up t-t-to the i-f-fortieth?" —*Ohio State Sundial.*

—S—

They call it Inertia gin—it keeps you spinning after you shut off the juice. —*Cornell Widow.*

BRING HER TO—

REFRESHING
DRINKS

THE TAVERN
' CHAMPAIGN, ILL. '

TOASTED
SANDWICHES

After the Show or After the Dance

East Green and South Neil Streets

Six Ways to Sell Christmas Cards

1. Try wearing a military uniform when going on your selling trips. You have no idea how much you can learn about life by impersonating an officer.
2. Begin your canvass with a statement about how everyone realizes the importance of Christmas. If the customer replies with a "Vel, keed, I'll tal you," move on to the next house.
3. Be sure to tell your prospect that you are only a college boy working your way through school. This novel story is sure to get attention.
4. Begin by introducing yourself. For example—"How do you do? (This should stump him). My name is Tzingelbead Meyendeldoocha..." The prospect will realize immediately that you are no ordinary sort of fellow.
5. If unable to get the attention of the housewives by any of the above methods, go down to any street corner and start agitating against unemployment. If you are any good at all you soon should be able to round up a gang who will stage a demonstration against unemployment at the drop of a hat. The noise (of the demonstration, dearie, not the hat) should be enough to get the average housewife away from her washing for a few moments.
6. Plan your sales talk like a sociology lecture. You know, start in with a discussion of how the ancient Abyssinians used Christmas cards as eyeshades in their big poker games and how Napoleon whiled away the idle hours at Elba by skimming Christmas cards across the water until finally he cracked under the strain. Don't wake the customer up by slamming the door when you leave.

—Ohio Sun Dial.

CONVERSATION

The music ceased and the babbling of voices took the place of the shuffling of feet.

"I think the orchestra is good tonight," she said.

His expression was vague.

"Yeah—sorta."

"Oh, don't you like it?"

"Yeah—I like it all right, I guess."

She paused before asking him another question; he was always quiet, but she had never wondered why. There was something suspicious about him now. She looked at him carefully. He wasn't exactly staring, but neither was he looking at anything. His handsome face was rather uninspired. He wasn't in a reverie; rather he seemed to be thinking very deeply about nothing at all. She hoped she was wrong. One shouldn't judge too hastily. She mused a bit, wondering if she would remember him as intelligent or just as good-looking.

"I suppose you *have* heard orchestras that are a lot better, haven't you?" she asked.

"Oh—it's *something* to be good-looking, isn't it?"

—Penn. State Froth.

❖BUS SPECIALS❖

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R-K-O
VIRGINIA THEATRE

DECEMBER 17-19—THURSDAY THRU SATURDAY
"FLYING HIGH"

With
 Bert Lahr and Charlotte Greenwood

DECEMBER 20-23—SUNDAY THRU WEDNESDAY
"CORSAIR"

With
 Allison Lloyd and Chester Morris

DECEMBER 24-26—THURSDAY THRU SATURDAY
"CUBAN LOVE SONG"

With
 Lupe Velez and Lawrence Tibbett

DEC. 31-JAN. 2—THURSDAY THRU SATURDAY
"FRANKENSTEIN"

With
 John Boles and May Clark

JANUARY 3-6—SUNDAY THRU WEDNESDAY
"THE CHAMP"

With
 Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper

—Free Adv't—

She was discussing Spengler with the president of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, yet little did she realize that he had—

"SCHOLAR'S HAND."

This peculiar disease, whose evidences can only be seen in slight feelings of the skin between the fingers, comes from too many nights in close contact with Books. Its most propitious breeding ground is in the stacks of libraries or reading rooms lined with Books. Continual turning of pages and handling of books is dangerous.

Guard yourself against contracting.

"SCHOLAR'S HAND."

—California Pelican.

—S—

Morry: "Why all the celebration?"

Ed: "The India-Rubberman's wife just gave birth to a bouncing baby boy."

—Penn. State Froth.

—S—

Frater: I came within an ace of winning the game.

Pledge: Then why didn't you?

Frater: The other fellow had the ace. —Beanpot.

Emily Bost's Own List for a Genteel
 Casting Away

Remember, girls, the days of nonchalant, haphazard casting-aways is a thing of the past. Would you go off to college with nothing but a pair of beach pajamas? (Editor's note: It all depends on what you're going to college for, Emily). By gar, I'm not going to write anything for this darn magazine if this ill-bred editor doesn't stay out of this. As I was saying, one should be even more careful about choosing one's wardrobe for a casting-away than one would be in choosing a trousseau. (Editor: All right, all right, but oh! what an opening for a swell crack!) There are those who say that one should take only very serviceable clothes that are calculated to hold up under the wear and tear of island life, but when you consider that three weeks is as long as any sensible girl should need to stay, one need not be so particular about how sturdy your clothes are. Here is a little list that I have gone to a great deal of trouble to draw up.

- 12 sport suits.
- 3 afternoon dresses.
- 5 evening dresses.
- 12 sport hats.
- 3 of those floppy afternoon hats.
- 1 bathing cap.
- 1 beach ensemble.
- 1 bathing suit.
- 7 pairs of gloves.
- 14 pairs of hose.
- 17 pairs of unmentionables.
- Shoes for every costume.
- Purses, gloves, etc.
- 3 parasols, and one honest to gawd umbrella.
- 1 raincoat.

Sunburn cream, face powder, vanishing cream, lipstick, tissue cream, eyelash curler, eye shadow. (Editor: Sometimes called lampblack).

Well, I think that about covers the ground. If you are really going about this seriously, girls, and are feeling the depression pretty badly, you can boil the whole list down to just the bathing cap. Now don't quote me as saying this, but that is what I would do. (Editor: Hurrah! I knew you had it in you, Emily).

—Texas Loughorn.

—S—

"Now you all's gone and done it. How am Ah gonna raise dese here chillen up to be good and respectable with youins talking the way yo do in front of them?"

"Now Mirandy, waht did Ah say in front o' them thaht wuzn't right?"

"Well when we wuz down there at the corner talkin' to them men you walk right up to that Santy Claise theah and sahys 'Well, old fellow, Ah sees you is living with Claribelle again.' Now whaht's them chillen agonna think?"

—Ohio Sun Dial.

Presents the College Man Would Like to Get

1. Packard roadster.
2. Russian pajamas.
3. Dunhill pipe set.
4. Fraternity ring.
5. Portable typewriter.
6. Straight "A's."
7. Kappa Beta key.
8. A trip to Europe.
9. Raccoon coat.
10. A book of Valley Dale passes.

WHAT HE GETS

1. Red necktie.
2. Flannel pajamas.
3. Woolen underwear.
4. Ear muffs.
5. A book of Mrs. Browning's poetry.
6. He gets to go on props.
7. Bedroom slippers.
8. Colds.
9. A call from the Dean's Office.
10. Hell.

—Ohio Sun Dial.

S

"DEAR MOTHER:

"I arrived safely day before yesterday. So far I have had a delightful time. The boys up here are so nice and polite. I met the President of the Y. M. C. A. Cabinet last night and he has been very nice to me.

"We danced until 12:30 last night and then everyone went to bed, so that we would feel good for the baseball game today. The chaperons are an old gentleman and lady of, I should say, about fifty years. I talked with them for quite a while last night. That's about all that I can write now, as I am in quite a hurry.

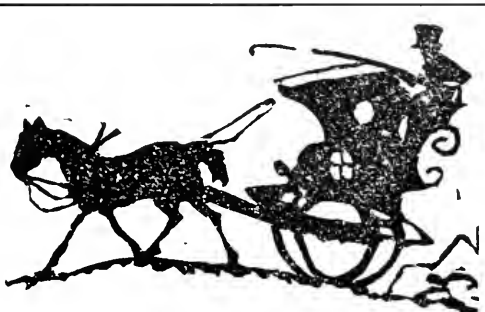
"Love,
HELEN."

"DEAR DOT:

"My Gawd, what a place! I have never known such a rush. Met the college bum last night and he is simply darling. I am afraid that I am falling for him. Imagine the girl of a thousand affairs falling in love. And as for Jack, the poor dear, I haven't seen him more than twice since I arrived.

"Kay Johnson, that frightful creature, is here and she looks a mess. She passed out last night. The chaperons are a young couple who have scarcely been married for a year. They might just as well not be here for all the attention that anyone has paid to them. I have a thousand more things to tell you which don't go so well in print, so I will close and give you the dirt when I get home.

"Fondly,
"HELEN."
—Banter.

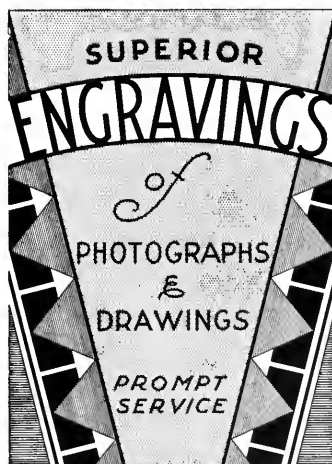


No, You Dont Want »»»

this design: you want your own for an individual Christmas card this year. College publishers will make up any design you or your house may wish at prices ranging from \$6 to \$10 per hundred, cost of cut, paper, and envelopes included. Unusual designs already made up in French fold or flat card style are available at our office.

COLLEGE PUBLISHERS

606 East Green
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G.R. GRUBB & CO.

Engravers

CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS.



Crocodile

A scaly lad
The crocodile
Lived in ages past
His two-fold hide
In zipper style
Made people stand aghast,
His greatest pride
(And only use)
Was epiderm for purses
But recently
(Through some abuse)
He donates stuff for verses.

—*Californian Pelican.*

—S—

Suggested Practical Courses

French 64: The "Follies Bergere," with field trips.
English 97: How to swear without repeating oneself.
Chemistry 99: Preparation of alcoholic products.
Psych. 29: How to see double without getting drunk.
English 11: (See Honest Jawm Menditall).

—*Penn. Punch Bowl.*

—S—

The luckiest fleas were those in the ark. They had a dog apiece.
—*Williams Purple Cow.*

To Jeanne

You stretch your swanlike arms
And sift the mellow stardust
Through your fingers,
Your alabaster cheeks
Softly caress
The billowy curves of a chartreuse moon.
The nebulae playfully
Gambol among your soft
Silvery hairs,
And seraphs gently kiss
The lobes of your ears.
Have you forgotten that you are standing in the mud?

—S—

Painless?

"I am sorry," said the dentist, "but you cannot have an appointment with me this afternoon. I have eighteen cavities to fill." And he picked up his golf bag and went out.

—*Notre Dame "Juggler."*

—S—

Who said prohibition was ruining business? Look what it has done for the padlock industry. —*Yale Record.*

—S—

Capt.: "Your name?"
R. O. T. C. student: "Joe College."
Capt.: "Your rank?"
R. O. T. C. student: "I know it."

—*Carnegie Tech Puppet.*

—S—

Miss Gladys: "You appeared very abruptly with your errand. You must not come so suddenly into the room when Mr. Smithers is spending the evening with me."

Bridget: "Sudden! Sudden ye call it, an' me at the keyhole three-quarters of an hour!" —*Mugwump.*

—S—

We wish to apologize for calling the Hotel Utica a second-rate hotel in our last issue. It is not a second-rate hotel. We are very sorry. —*Hamilton Royal Gaboon.*

—S—

"What would you say if you walked into your room tonight and saw an elephant asleep in your bed?"

"I'd say, 'take your trunk and get out, you bum!'"

—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

At the—

PARK

In Champaign

And the

PRINCESS

In Urbana

You Always Get

Your Money's Worth

of

Good Entertainment

"Quality—Service—Economy"

Owned and operated by

Alger Brothers Theatre of Illinois

..... Words and Music.....

Santa Claus usually has a headache along about this time, what with trying to find presents that will please any and all of the people lucky enough to get their names on his shopping list . . . he ought to jump up and down and clap his hands when someone tips him off to the number of swell records released this month.

All of the recording companies seem to have gotten into a huddle and decided that "Time on My Hands" was a pretty snooty tune. Brunswick decided to make its version a female torch singer affair, and did a pretty neat job of it too, if you want our ideas on the subject. Connie Boswell does the singing, and you can dance to it. Russ Columbo in his "own, inimitable, exclusive style" sings it on the Victor record. You can dance to this too, though the crooning may get in your hair if you really take your dancing seriously. "Good-Night, Sweetheart" is on the reverse side, also by Mr. Columbo. Rudy Vallee did the American version of this song, just in case you didn't know it.

Dear old Santa would make a hit with any Wayne King follower if he left his record of "You're My Only Sweetheart." Being as how it is one of these waltzes that says one-two-three, it ought to be a dancing favorite in the already fat album of King renditions. "Blues in My Heart," a Columbia record of Fletcher Henderson's, is very nice indeed. Lots of trumpets and sweet poignant melody. Ted Weems has done "I'm for you One Hundred Per Cent." Parker Gibbs singing the vocal refrain, for Victor. It is, as you would expect from a Weems' record, very hot, with lots of piano solos that fairly sizzle. And then as the beautiful contrast to that, there is the Victor recording of "Call Me Darling" by Leo Reisman. This seems to be a waltz season, and an old fashioned waltz season at that. Paul Whiteman offers "When the World Was New" on the other side . . . and you'll probably notice as quick as we did that it sounds an awful lot like "When You and I Were Seventeen." Jacques Renard does a sweet one for Victor in "I'm Sorry, Dear" that has an ending like a Whiteman record begins, if you get what we mean. "Bend Down Sister" is probably the last of the Hollywood spirituals, but it is pretty hot. If only there hadn't been so many of them, we could almost rave about the piano solos in this one.

Seriously, though, there are enough good things this month to help out anyone's shopping. The new long-playing records offer an opportunity to give something that shows perfect taste on the part of the giver . . . whether it be a Beethoven or Schubert symphony, a concerto played by a master violinist, one of the modern compositions, a musical comedy number, or a popular dance recording. The world of music is large, and the field of choice is infinite—thank heavens!



**GET
YOUR BAG**

Get your Bag of Planters Peanuts and you have helped yourself to a wholesome delicious meal. Planters Peanuts are concentrated food. The familiar glassine bag of Planters, costing 5c everywhere, contains as many calories as a lunch of chicken salad and white bread that would set you back 40c in most restaurants. That's why Planters Peanuts are called "The Nickel Lunch."

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U. S. A. and Canada

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*With an Air of
Distinction*

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Collegiate, humorous, Illinois Seal, and Illinois etching specials

Select Gifts for Everyone

Our store that makes fine gifts at reasonable prices an art

Featuring 25c and \$1 Gifts and Gifts for "Him" or "Her"

STRAUCH'S

At Campus

709 South Wright

TOM MERLO

Expert Shoe Repairer and Dyer

Special Christmas Offer
TO STUDENTS

25% Discount

On all work done during
Christmas vacation

404 East Green Street

ISNKNIT SEW

"Can she knit?"

"I should say sew."

"Can she sew?"

"I should say knit."

—S—

"Why do you look so pained?"

"I'm lazy."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"I'm sitting on a cigarette."

—S—

Phi Eta Sigma, would I get sick?

—S—

Rudy Vallee: "I will now sing, 'I give up,' by popular request."

—S—

They laughed and laughed and laughed as I sat down to play at the piano, and after they had all left, I left too.

—S—

My father's worth a million.

That's a lotta bullion.

—S—

Chiropracter's song, "I'm kneading you."

"Say, young man, what do you mean by giving me seats in the second balcony?"

"All of the seats in the first balcony are sold, sir."

"Oh, that's another story."

—S—

"My dad was killed by hard liker."

"What happened to him?"

"A cake of ice fell on him."

—S—

"They nearly broke my heart in the fraternity, paddling me so much."

"What a funny place to have a heart!"

—S—

With the recent ruling of a half-hour extension for week nights and an hour extension on the time limit of Sundays, there are various questions which the general public would like to have cleared up a wee dribble. One of these questions might be worded this way: In case of a tie at the crucial hour, what's the score and who gets the added point?

—S—

And then there is the case of the senior, who just hadn't been around because he asked if the new woman's gymnasium was the President's home. It actually happened.

—S—

Irate father (to slightly inebriated daughter entering at three a. m.): "What does the clock say?"

Daughter: "Tick tock and dogs say bow bow and cats meow."

—Washington U. Dirge.

—S—

Then there is the sad plight of the young man who was told he didn't have to attend class except for exams. Well, he just cut an exam, which proves something.

—S—

Sullivan is griping; he has reason to gripe; here are the facts: in one of our courses we find there are two kinds of butter; namely farm butter and creamery butter. The text goes on to explain: Farm butter is made on the farm and creamery butter is made in the creamery. Whoa, Prince!

Her soft, warm body glowed pleasantly in the gentle light. Skin velvet to the touch appeared like satin on the curves of her sleek, beautifully proportioned form. As he bent over her, his desire knew no bounds. Since a year before, when he had first met one of her kind, he had looked forward to this moment. This time he would not, he could not, be thwarted. His eyes glowed down upon her. There could be no wrong in a thing so natural, so beautiful, so satisfying as this. With one mad, consuming movement he grasped her leg and drew it toward him.

"How ya comin' on that leg, Gus?" inquired a voice across the board.

"Oh, boy, some chicken, I'd say."

—S—

Prof: "What do you know about the Germanies?"

Co-ed: "Not a thing, sir, I date Swedes."

—S—

Her: Oh, don't make me yawn.

Him: My name ain't Yohn, it's Yim.

—Texas Battalion.

—S—

Professor: Hamlet was a queer person who tried to revenge his father's death.

Student: Yeah, just an odd fellow trying to get even.

—Cornell Widow.

—S—

Our idea of an unbeatable combination is Methuselah's age and Solomon's wives.

—U. of South Mountain Goat.

—S—

A fish out of water is blissful compared with a student out of spirits.

—Harvard Lampoon.

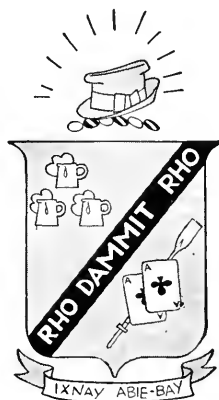
—S—

A member of the Salvation Army upon finding a rather inebriated Englishman asleep upon a park bench shook him rudely.

"Look here my good man," he said, "Do you want the gates of heaven shut for ever upon you?"

"Shall right, shall right. Jusht long as they don't shlam the damn things. —Ohio State Sun Dial.

Lux et Veritas



NO BYLAWS. NO DUES

Mystery, brotherhood and a stein of ale! Rho Dammit Rho leads all Greeks with two hundred chapters flung from coast to coast and back again. By January, 1932, we predict a chapter for every dormitory, fraternity and boarding house in the United States and Canada. And if all goes well, there will be a national convention of old Rho Dam in the National Headquarters Pent-House atop the COLLEGE HUMOR building, Chicago, next summer. All you need is a nose for beer!

And the January issue of COLLEGE HUMOR is bursting with new features:

**Columbus Comes Across
Students See Red**

O. O. McIntyre

Here Lies Love

Doctor Seuss

Ad Finitum

Ad Finitum

Rah!

College Humor

1050 N. LaSalle St., Chicago



Happy New Year—Oh Yeah?

Predicted Vacation Statistics

No. of students in school.....	11,000
No. who will take books home.....	9,900
No. who will study.....	500
No. who will be engaged during vacation.....	250
No. who will get married.....	0
No. who will remember New Year's Eve.....	7,000
No. who will hear about it later.....	4,000
No. who will worry about exams.....	8,000
No. who will not worry about exams.....	3,000
No. who will need to worry about exams.....	3,000
No. of men who will give neckties for Christmas.....	6,000
No. who will exchange neckties.....	6,000
No. who will make resolutions.....	11,000
No. who will keep them till January 3rd.....	1,100
No. who will break them before school starts.....	1,100
No. who will get fur coats for Christmas.....	1,200
No. who will wear them first day break.....	1,200
No. who will go home to rest.....	11,000
No. who will come back to school to rest.....	11,000
Total.....	103,596

The total closely approximates the number of headaches that will be suffered by students during the vacation.

Lo, the Poor Indian

With apologies to Leigh Hunt

Lo, the poor Indian, (may his tribe decrease)
 Awoke one night with his hair full of grease,
 And saw, within the moonshine in his room,
 Making it smell, and in need of a broom,
 The landlord writing with a pen that's old:—
 Exceeding gin had made the Indian bold,
 And to the landlord in the room he said,
 "What cha doin'?"—The landlord scratched his head,
 Answered, "The names of those who've paid their board."
 "And that means me?" said Lo. "Nay, nay, not so."
 Replied the landlord. Lo spoke again more low,
 But with a grin; and said, "I ask you, then,
 Put me down as one that owes but ten."

The landlord wrote, and vanished. The next night
 He came again with a great big flash-light,
 And showed the names who needed a new address,
 And Lo, the poor Indian's name, led all the rest.

—S—

A penny for your thoughts.

Football Player: No, I can't afford to take a chance on
 my amateur standing.



**I
isn't
Christmas
yet—
but this will
do
for the present**

After all, isn't it about time your parents were made acquainted with the facts of life? And we don't mean inside information on the birds and flowers, either. We mean your crying need for a car of your own this Christmas. If you agree, why not break the news now—when holiday spirits will dull the shock of facing one of life's sterner moments?

You can make the ordeal easier for them by requesting one of those shiny new Chevrolet sixes. No mortgage

on the old homestead will be required to give you this car—because Chevrolet prices are among the lowest of any on the market. The fact that it costs less to operate than any other car will also help to ease the blow. And you won't lose anything yourself by suggesting a Chevrolet, as it is smart enough and fast enough to uphold successfully your reputation as one who knows how to pick 'em. So brace yourself and do your stuff. Remember, Chevrolet expects every man to do his duty.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

The Great American Value for 1932

omething worth cheering about

If you really want to know how hugely enjoyable a fine cigarette can be, just try Camels in the Humidor Pack!

It isn't only that Camels are made of the choicest tobaccos—fine Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos expertly blended. . . .

It isn't only that these fine tobaccos are cleaned by a special vacuum process that whisks away all the peppery dust.

It's that *all* the goodness of these fine, clean tobaccos — *all* the rare fragrance, *all* the delightful aroma — reaches you factory-perfect — prime, mild, *fresh!*

The Humidor Pack does that — seals within germ-safe, moisture-proof Cellophane *all* the natural freshness — seals it so tightly that wet weather cannot make Camels damp, nor drought weather make them dry.

So just try Camels—fine cigarettes kept fine — as a relief from stale, parched, dried-out cigarettes.

Then you'll see why millions of folks like you are finding the cool, smooth, throat-friendly pleasure of Camels something well worth cheering about!

Tune in CAMEL QUARTER HOUR featuring Morton Downey and Tony Wons — Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard — Columbia System — every night except Sunday



Smoke a **FRESH** cigarette



Smoke a
fresh
cigarette



● Don't remove the moisture-proof Cellophane from your package of Camels after you open it. The Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. Even in offices and homes, in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked

CAMELS

Mild . . . NO CIGARETTE AFTER-TASTE

THE LIBRARY OF THE
FEB 10 1932
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

SIR



Say, Pal—
Howja like to make

Five Bucks?



THIS is the exchange number of the SIREN, and as usual, some of the titles to the cartoons got lost. Now we may not be smart at thinking up titles ourselves, but we sure are bright enough to know how to get somebody else to do it for us—and so boys and girls, we are giving YOU the chance to win yourselves five shiny new dollars. All you have to do is to think up a swell title for this cartoon, fill in the blank below, and either bring it or mail it to the SIREN, Illinois Union Building, before February third. And if you ask us, that ought to be a darnsight easier than it was for us to scrape that five bucks together—remember, though, before February third!

Title

Name

Address

Our Business is Your Business

Because your electric, gas, transportation, water and telephone service is so necessary to the convenience and comfort of your daily life, it is in truth a semi-public activity. For that reason, the company supplying these services is known as a "public utility."

The individual community is known by its utilities. Good lights, abundant power, good telephone service, pure water, good transportation tell a stranger within the gates more about the city than can the spoken words.

A public utility organization that is successful reflects its success throughout the community. It pays dividends to the people in the community with increased and improved utility service.

This company is endeavoring to pay a daily service dividend in return for the good things it enjoys with all the people in this community.

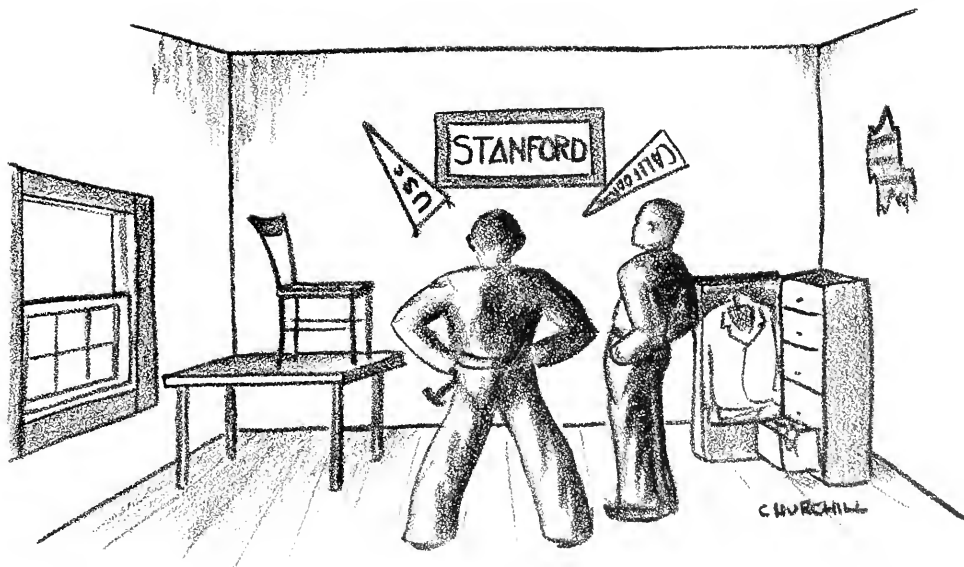
Illinois Power and Light Corporation

Somebody suggests that all the girls in the dean of women's office smoke Chesterfields. They had to be good to get where they are! —*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*

"We're having a three-piece orchestra for the dance."

"Three-piece?"

"Yes, piano, player, and bench."—*California Wampus.*



"Sort of homey, isn't it?"

Stanford Chaparral



Everybody
Says—
“Buy”

Well, we bought a whole bakery—The Federal Baking and Pastry Co. Now we have better facilities than ever for making bread, pastry, cakes, rolls.

Porter Baking Co.

101 North Neil Street

Phone

2254

Call Alpha First

“The Home of Quality and Service”

Dial “5171”

For hi-grade coals, kindling and fire-place wood. Special prepared screenings and coals for stokers.



Alpha Coal and Material Co.

25 East Springfield Avenue

Phone 5171

Phone 7-2706

A Speakeasy Stomach and the Care and Feeding of a Gastric Ulcer

By HARRIS SQUIRE

At last, ulcers have been brought within the reach of everyone. Good ole Prohibition. Have you ever envied the person who always orders milk and snugly sips it while he tells you of how it all came about? Now you, too, can have an ulcer in your heretofore uninhabited stomach by following this simple formula.

How acquired—Drink two bromo seltzers every morning with plenty of causation the night before. Continue this for about two weeks or until your stomach has a feeling of distinct resentment, or, better yet, no feeling at all. Now comes the important step. Melt a small size can of Sterno and slowly add a bottle of high grade rubbing alcohol. Allow this to cool and then down it quick. You may find it a little hard at first but then it tastes as well as the average grade of ready-mixed that you now get, and it works much quicker too. Repeat until the desired is obtained and before long you will no doubt hear the faint plaintive cry of your first ulcer.

Care—While the ulcer is in this early stage of development, it is a good time to learn what each of its little cries mean. A short urgent bark means that the ulcer wants milk. Never neglect this call for the ulcer will keep it up till it gets what it wants. It may even go so far as to emit a very embarrassing burp.

The most heartbreaking cry of all is the lonesome sob of an ulcer for its mate. In such a case quit drinking your milk entirely and go back to the original formula. You will find that an ulcer comes more easily after the first one and you will have little trouble in providing him with a mate to relieve his loneliness. If you are of restricted financial circumstances it would be best to suppress your ulcer's desire for company, as you will find it rather difficult to keep two little ulcers in ease and luxury. Your doctor will tell you to take soda bicarbonate. Don't do this. You are merely humoring your ulcer and you might lose him altogether.

Be able to talk glibly and endlessly about your malady. Never forget that it is a mark of distinction, not everybody can support an ulcer. And you now have an excellent excuse for breaking dates, refusing drinks, cutting classes, and sending poor grades home to parents.

—U. of Kansas Sour Owl.

—S—

Walter Winchell tells the one about the gentleman who entered a fashionable Broadway restaurant and ordered a steak. After sawing, hacking and battering the steak for some several minutes, he called the waiter.

“Here, take this steak back,” commanded the customer.

“No can do,” was the bland retort.

“Why not?”

“Well, lookit! You bent it.” —Ohio State Sun Dial.



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What Big Ears We Have

NO NOOS

Surely the Boogies will excuse us for a moment if we repeat en toto the one end of a telephone conversation we heard the other night. A freshman woman was covering her society beat for the world's largest college daily. Proceed:

"Got any sassiety noos?"

"What? A party?"

"Any girls there?"

"Anybody in charge?"

"Everybody?"

"Whassat? The Farallones?"

"Hey, is that right?"

"Catch anything?"

"Well, has anybody been married lately?"

"Oh, you?"

—*The California Pelican.*

THE HIGH-NOSE

Speaking of practical jokers we have one at our own dear school who has an excellent sense of humor. Al Cheney is his name. Once he dressed up in an old outfit and battered hat and went down to Mullett-Kelly's. There he began to wander around the store looking in boxes, under showcases, around clerks and other forms of still life, and in packages. Upstairs he went and back in the office, still prying into things. Mr. Kelly, attracted by his very obvious inspection of the store, followed him to the front door. There, he turned to Mr. Kelly and said very seriously:

"Nothing but a damned fire-trap!" and walked out.

And then there was the time he went into Schubach's jewelry store with Tommy Waddoups and began to gape at the diamonds. The clerk, a young lady, came up to them and said in her most politely cordial manner:

"How do you do?"

Al turned to Tommy, indignant

at the brazenness of the young woman.

"I haven't met her socially," he remarked as he left the store.

—*Utah Hum-Bug.*

ARITHMETIC

The night after that afternoon of the Dartmouth-Yale game the majority of the undergraduate portion of that grid-graph audience was around to storm the Nugget. They did a pretty thorough job of it too, packing it to capacity. A couple of Paleops, however, came to the aid of the Nugget. One of them, in full regalia, leaped on the "stage," and proceeded to make a plea to Dartmouth Men, as Gentlemen, to walk out to the ticket window, and pay their way.

The results were hardly successful. Only about fifty or so of the mass of tree-holders were induced to submit to fresh-awakened consciences and ideals of gentlemanliness. The great majority stayed glued to their seats. Further entreaties, augmented by threats of "no show till every man pays," sent a few more to the ticket-window during the next fifteen or twenty minutes. It was a tough session, and our Paleop was not getting the best of it. Finally in desperation he mounted the platform for the last time.

"There are six hundred men in this place," he reasoned, giving the impression of rapid-fire computation, "and only two hundred tickets have been sold."

For a moment, the appalling Facts produced a deathly silence. Then a stentorian freshman throat sounded solemnly forth from the midst of the audience:

"Some . . . man . . . here . . . hasn't . . . paid . . . !"

—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*

DEPRESSION NOTE

Perhaps you've noticed those silly looking weighing machines in a few of the State street restaurants. There's one in that good old Spaniard's hut and one in the Parrot chop-house. After a lot of experimentation we've found a way to beat the game. Take a piece of paper, an envelope serves very well indeed, and fold it about the penny slot, pressing the paper against the holes you'll find there. Be sure you don't neglect that elusive one down at the bottom and a little to the left. Then have somebody (the weigher) stand on the scales, and you blow lustily in the slot. *Voila, C'est la depression!*

—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

STANFORD TALE

A timely story has it that the dining room floor down at the Stanford Alpha O house needed painting lately. It seems that the morning after the job was done, the house cook loaded a tray with breakfast, and quite forgetful of the sticky floor, marched onto it, promptly getting stuck there. The result was that the breakfast went uneaten, the cook had to wait until the girls came downstairs, and the story got into a local newspaper.

Two boys in Berkeley read the article and were very sad. They wanted to do something about it, and finally pooled their meagre resources to buy the poor Alpha O's some breakfast. Off to a delicatessen they went, and with considerable discrimination, picked out the finest and the driest fish that the market afforded. This they wrapped up with extreme care, and mailed away to Stanford, sending with it a brief letter.

The letter, as we heard later, sounded something like this:

"Dear Alpha O's: We read in the paper that you had to go without breakfast. We were very sorry. Alpha O's are bad enough anyway, but without breakfast they are worse. So we are sending you a fish. It is a good fish and we hope you like it. If you don't want it now, save until some other time. If you don't like fish this way, try them in the can. Hoping we may be of service again, we remain

A. FISH.

A. FISH 2."

—California Pelican.

COMEBACK

A mother who can answer even half her child's questions is one person we really admire. We'd like to tell you about the poser but to one on the train when we were leaving the station in Boston. Seeing the Charles river, the child asked, "What's that?" and the mother, who was trying to read, answered, "Oh, it's the ocean." Unphased, the child pawed at her book and insisted, "Why is it the ocean?" And then the mother came back with an answer

that would have held Walter Winchell, "Oh, it's *got* to be one."

—Williams Purple Cow.

SUPER SALESMANSHIP

There's a story going around about one of the better campus actresses whose sphere is only that back of the footlight, but who wandered away by mistake, one day, and got into the box-office. We'll call her Millie; that's not her real name, but it will do.

The regular attendant was busy for a moment, so when a nice old lady stepped up to the window, Millie went to wait on her.

"Would you like to buy some tickets?" asked Millie.

"Why, yes," exclaimed the old lady, taken aback.

"Would you like two real nice seats in the eighth row?" inquired the embryo manageress.

"That's fine."

"Would you like two real nice seats in the eighth row on the aisle?" was the pleasing question.

"Of course," the nice old lady replied, "but in what section are they?"

"Would you like two real nice seats in the eighth row on the aisle in the center section?" beamed Millie, agog at the spell she was weaving.

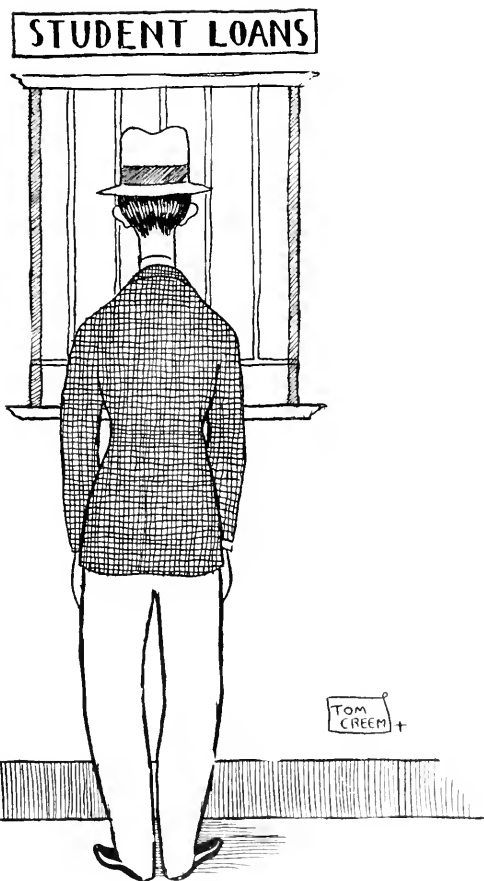
The nice old lady was too overcome to answer. She started fumbling in her handbag for the money, got it, and pushed it under the window.

Millie took it, put it in the drawer, and surveyed the rack once more. She giggled. She laughed.

She turned back to the window.

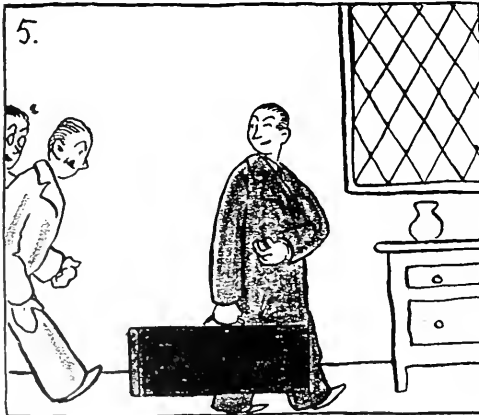
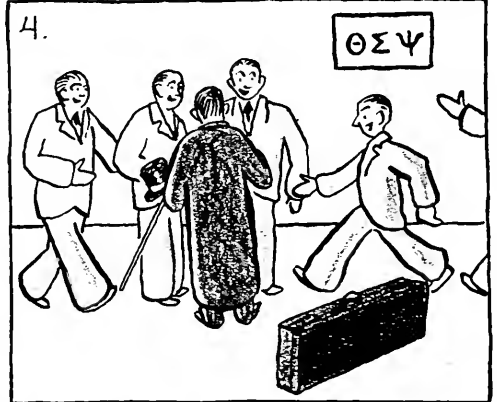
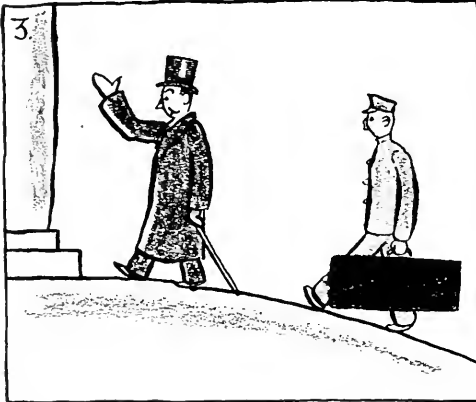
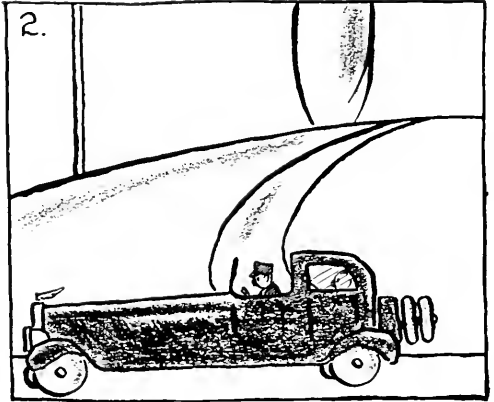
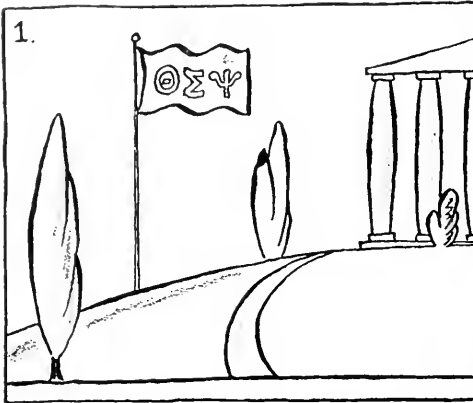
"Oh ho," she breathed, "I'm so sorry. We haven't any."

—Michigan Gargoyle.



Do you finance week-ends?

—Yale Record



The return of the alumnus

—Penn State Froth.



—Nebraska Avenger

"Sorry, but Felice just left for the Pi Phi house party"

YOU FORGOT YOUR—

It was on a hot summer day. A young lady, walking along the edge of a pond, felt the desire for a plunge into the cool inviting waters come over her. She succumbed to her desire, divested herself of her garments, and felt greatly invigorated by her plunge. After her first, she took another, and finally decided to swim about. Five minutes later, while she was still enjoying the cooling effects of the water, a youth emerged from the wooded section which surrounded the pond, surveyed the beach, and, needless to say, espied the raiment of the aforesaid young lady. Seizing his opportunity, he seated himself nonchalantly about ten feet from the clothing and began to stare abstractedly at the water. Soon the young lady perceived that she would have difficulty in emerging from her folly. She swam and swam, but the youth showed no signs of evacuating the beach. At last she swam around a wooded point, came onto the land, and commenced to search in which way she might make a modest ap-

pearance. Her search was rewarded by what she supposed to be an old dishpan. Grasping this, she held it before her and walked out onto the beach. Not satisfied with the recovery of her garments, she determined to tell the youth what she thought of him.

"Do you know what I think?" she began.

"Yes," he answered, not one bit abashed, "you think there's a bottom in that dishpan, but—"

—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

—S—

Musician: Have you any guitar strings?

Storekeeper: No, but we have cough drops.

—Hamilton Royal Gaboon.

—S—

Optimists will tell you that every casket has a silver lining.

—Texas Ranger.



Nebraska Avenger

"Let's go to a good leg show tonight, Bill"



humor

The Illinois Siren

VOLUME XXII, EXCHANGE NUMBER JANUARY, 1932, No. 4

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Our two cents worth

FRAT CLUBS

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their "frat." With the open season for pacting in full swing, the "Red," the "Green," and all the other machines are preying on the poor Sophomore with an efficiency that would make Tammany Hall blush with envy and William Hale Thompson turn over in the grave where he belongs, if he isn't in it yet.

Few of the members of the class of 1934 yet realize that the fraternity men are about twice as worried as they. They know nothing of the interior decorating going on in each House to make it seem more attractive, or of the bills for these "improvements" which they themselves will have to pay in the end. They know nothing of the initiation fees,

the annual dues, and the multitude of assessments grotesquely out of proportion to present financial conditions. Only after the shouting and the tumult die, and the hat men and the kings depart, will they realize what they have let themselves in for.

Evening calls and dinner invitations are being matched by movie groups and week-end parties, "just to meet the right men." According to latest bulletins, no House has signed up more than twenty men, but they will pretty soon, all of them, when they begin to lose confidence in themselves. To hell with the Sophomores. Meanwhile the Juniors are "selling" their fraternities with that same vigor and success which will make them accomplished bond salesmen after graduation.

Right in the thick of things still, the class of 1933 has not had time to realize the absurdity of it all. They forget that at this time next year they will probably be eating their meals in Commons as so many of their predecessors have done.

Extraordinary has been the spread of the Newport Complex, manifesting itself in the white shoe, the grey flannels, and the crushed felt hat; but the fraternity that set this fashion, insuring success at the exclusive summer colonies, Park Avenue, and the polo fields, can take only twenty of the hopefuls, so the rest must resign themselves to the socially useless machines that cater to hard drinkers, "leaders," athletes, sport managers, publications men, and popular bridge players.

The noble secretaries of the delegations have been receiving a surprising amount of mail lately, all the letters saying, "Jake Higginbotham is one of the nicest boys I have ever met. He has a charming disposition, gentlemanly manners, an intelligence far beyond his age, and extraordinary potentialities. Unfortunately he was dropped on his head when a baby, which sad accident has resulted in a number of idiosyncrasies that have robbed him of the popularity which he rightly deserves. Please look him over, as you have only to see him to realize his worth." (Signed) John Smith, Kappa Kappa Kappa 1927, clerk in Higginbotham and Co."

It is about time that the prospective neophytes came to their senses and learn that it costs more for the fraternity men to play pool and pingpong than it does for the varsity teams to play football and hockey; that they spend more hard earned money for the hours they pass per day in their Houses than for triple the time they pass in their college rooms.

But it is not to be expected that any one will do anything about it, because the habit of "joining" is right in the blood of America. The same weird robes, solemn meetings,

long-winded incantations, pompous vows—all the artificial glamor Americans cannot do without—characterize all the Junior fraternities just as they do the Elks, the Moose, the Masons, the Shriners and all the other aggregations that feature our land. Kappa Kappa Kappa is just the first step on the path toward these.

And last of all, the Sophomores who join up this fall will probably be the last to join up at all. Despite the vaguely worded assurances to the contrary on the part of the authorities, there's not a chance in Hades of the fraternities surviving the House Plan, and you know it. "Justify themselves?" Pardon my snicker. It's as easy to prove their doom as fit tat toe. The success of the fraternities depends on their grills. The success of the new colleges will depend on their dining halls. It is the survival of the fittest. You may pour money into your fraternity all you will, but it is all going to pay off mortgages, and anyways, what can it do against the Harkness millions?

—*The Yale Record.*

S

The exchange issue of the Siren is presented for your approval, boys and girls, and we do hope that you get as many chortles out of the finished product as we did out of the makings as we did our picking and choosing for it. The University of Washington Columns originally published the article which we have used under the title *The Siren Builds The Union Building*, and we take this opportunity to thank them and the other campus publications whose material appears in these pages . . . read it and laugh, boys and girls, read it and laugh . . . incidentally we'd like to hear how you liked our hand crocheted cover . . . and the money we are promising for the contest on the inside of the front cover isn't wooden.



"Home, Butch"

—Michigan Garagole

*Yale Record*

Beatrice Lillie, caught in the act of turning away, shocked by the nudity of the gorgeous little show girls

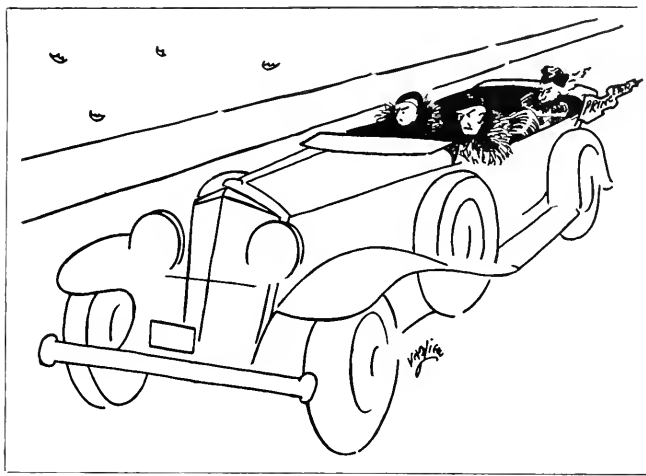
PLUMBED

It was the heat of the rushing season, and the doorbell of Stigma Pi Stigma rang loudly. The brothers all jumped and the seniors were rushed in the closet. Brother Kallikack was nearest the door, and with a gesture all his own he opened it wide.

Framed in the opening was a wonderful fellow — a Slav. His clothes didn't fit and his hair was uncombed. But deep in his eyes lurked the message that he'd live in the house.

"How are you, I'm sure," Brother Kallikack bubbled, reaching an arm and dragging him in. "Meet the boys, and won't you come into the library?" Three stalwarts joined the pair, and the Stigma Pi Stigmas were alone with their man. A quick movement and off came his trousers. Another, and off came the shirt. "Just in fun," giggled Kallikack. "We like you. You like us." A black-jack whirled through the air, and the half-naked figure slumped into his chair.

He came to in the middle of a crowd. Feeling his head, he weakly declared, "My tools are outside. Where's the plumbing I came here to fix?" —*California Pelican*.



Good! They've got to be good

Princeton Tiger

Year's Worst Pun

Have Eugenie new hats?

Yes—and they Empress me greatly.

—*Washington Dirge*.

—S—

'33: I don't see why you flunked me in your course, professor. I knew it backwards.

Prof.: That's the reason.

—*Cornell Widow*.



"I'm sorry folks, but I've lost the mountain!"

—*Wisconsin Octopus*

VERSE

There was a young sculptor named Phidias,

Who made statues perfectly hideous. When he carved Aphrodite without any nightie

We had to take liquor to stiddy us.

—S—

MORE VERSE

Four and twenty Yankees feelin' rather dry.

Slipped across to Montreal for a bit of rye.

When the rye was opened, the Yanks began to sing,

"To Hell with Mister Volstead— God Save the King!"

—S—

WORSE

Poppy loves Mommy,

Mommy loves men.

Now Mommy's full of buckshot

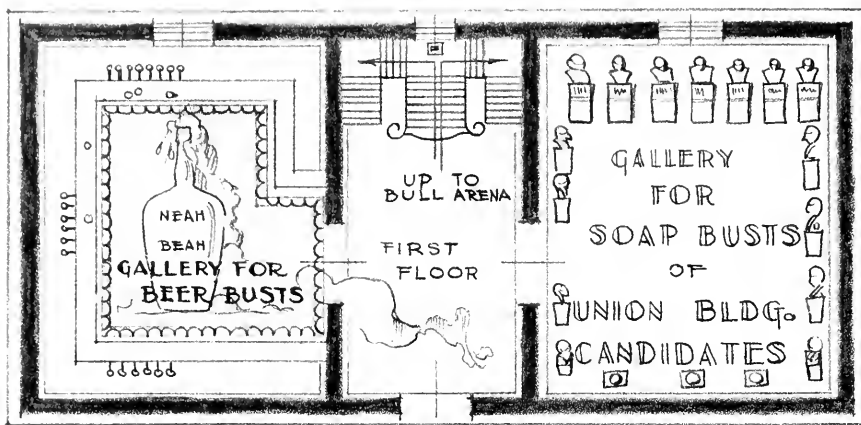
And Poppy's in the pen.

—*Washington Dirge*.

—S—

Gus Burp says: Then there is the girl who said she would not go to hear the lecture on appendicitis because she was tired of organ recitals.

—*Washington U. Dirge*.



The Architect Envisions the First Floor

The SIREN Builds • *the* Union Building

Dedicatory Address by PROF. SIMON FUNGUSGROWTH

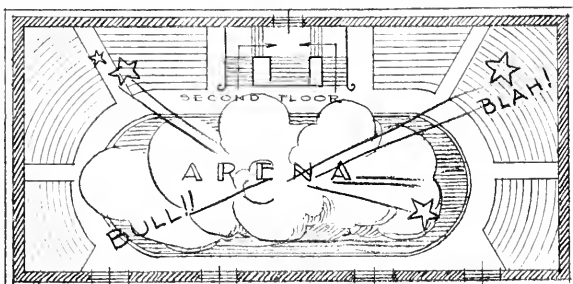
WELL, here it is, folks. Here's your old Union Building. After all these years, here's Soap Hall. What a happy day, for Illinois! The Siren did it, folks. The Siren was glad to do it.

Abraham Lincoln first grasped the situation by the ears, quite a while ago, when he declared: "Our Student Union Building, it must be deserved." George Washington, the father of his University, also said, nearly as effectively, "The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah!"

Some years later, a man named Munsing cried, in the midst of a sales campaign, "The Union Suits." And, of course, we hope it does. Cast your eyes about you. Quite a building isn't it? (Yes, the first door to the right, madam.) If you see a thing missing, just let us know.

What's that? The basement? Oh, yes, to be sure, the basement. As a matter of fact, Architect Sproule hasn't had time to draw the plans for the basement, but that's not important. All it will house is the Men's Swimming Pool, and Smoking Rooms for Women, so there's no hurry.

But now, enter the building with me, dear friends, and I'll endeavor to describe Soap Hall, our newest structure,



Architect's Plan for the Second Floor

in detail. As we enter the first floor of this imposing edifice, we see on the right the Gallery for Soap Busts, on the left the Gallery for Beer Busts.

Let us pause for a moment of silent prayer, friends and fellow students, as we revere the memory of those candidates who have gone before us, always bearing foremost in their minds their ardent hopes for this Union Building.

Let us bow our heads before these soap busts of Billy Arnold, Johnny Morris, Bob Crathorne, Gay Knappenberger, Jack Downey, Bob Kennedy, and Jimmy Railsback (Jimmy is probably in the gallery for Beer Busts even now).

May I say at this time that the heads of these busts are made of Ivory soap?

Now, let us pass on upstairs to The Arena, where I will finish my speech. A beautiful thing, is it not? Cast your eyes at those mural decorations. Just one bull after another. So symbolic. This will be the scene of all political speeches in the future, dear friends.

But now, if you'll pardon me, I'll run for an office.

The Guy on Top

This huge statue, "The Student Toreador," will be executed by the renowned sculptor, Gutzan Lotsuven. It will not only beautify the building, but will serve a useful purpose; Mr. I. C. has kindly consented to install a whistle in the mouth of the statue. Its blasts each noon are pretty apt to vie with the Chimes—thank goodness—but at least we'll know right away when an emergency exists.

Emergency whistle signals will be these: One long blast will indicate Communism; two blasts will indicate Optional R. O. T. C.; three blasts will indicate that the Senate committee on student discipline have caught a Rhetoric 1 student copying again.



The Exterior

Soap Hall will be the finest example in the nation of Procterau-Gamblian architecture. That type of building most nearly symbolizes the stage of student political life, the experts say. And when the Siren builds a building, it's with the advice of the experts, we'll have them know.

As Mr. Brisbane says, look at that exterior, study it carefully. Do you see anything peculiar about it? Do you see that man climbing the stairs to success? Well, neither do we, but Brisbane would ask you about it. Personally, we think the guy is up a stump. Did you ever in your life see such a lovely exterior?



And here is the front of Soap Hall, the new Union Building

History Makers

At the right is seen the very simple financing plan for Soap Hall. (Why didn't someone think of this before?) Go ahead and clip it out. Hang it on your wall, if you want, or just send it back to The Siren. But remember, it's a history maker.

The Siren's Own Financing Plan

(Please check the appropriate words)

DEAR SIREN:

I like your	<table border="0"> <tr> <td>guts</td> <td>Therefore I'm enclosing</td> <td>my regrets</td> </tr> <tr> <td>plan</td> <td></td> <td>\$50,000</td> </tr> <tr> <td>poetry</td> <td></td> <td>a case of beer</td> </tr> </table>	guts	Therefore I'm enclosing	my regrets	plan		\$50,000	poetry		a case of beer
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plan		\$50,000								
poetry		a case of beer								
To	<table border="0"> <tr> <td>show my contempt</td> <td>for</td> <td>the whole thing</td> </tr> <tr> <td>pay</td> <td></td> <td>Soap Hall</td> </tr> <tr> <td>encourage you</td> <td></td> <td>your efforts</td> </tr> </table>	show my contempt	for	the whole thing	pay		Soap Hall	encourage you		your efforts
show my contempt	for	the whole thing								
pay		Soap Hall								
encourage you		your efforts								

Yours for no reason at all,

Philanthropist.

Open Letter to Mr. Percy
Zilch, Editor of "Ballyhoo"

Dear Mr. Zilch:

We realize that magazines have to steal a little material from each other once in a while and we try to be pretty lenient about it, but we feel that you have gone a little too far in your August issue of "Ballyhoo." I refer, of course, to your joke "No Lady" (also "Retort Courtous," etc.) which ran as follows: "Who was that lady I seen you with last night?" "That was no lady, that was my wife." That joke, Mr. Zilch, was pilfered from the "Ancient Wheezes" number of "Dirge," published in December, 1912. Our version was headed, more aptly, "No Joke" and ran as follows: "Who was that magazine I seen you with last night?" "That was no magazine, that was 'Ballyhoo.'" Your thin disguise, Mr. Zilch, has not deceived me. The two jokes are the same, and inasmuch as we hold the copyright, our solicitors, Zilch, Zilch and Cohn, will institute proceedings against you unless we receive compensation by September 10th.

Remember, Mr. Zilch, wrapping stale jokes in cellophane does not make them fresh. It is futile to lock the stable door after the horse is stolen. So there.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I am,

SAM ZILCH,

Editor of "Dirge."

—Washington U. Dirge.

—S—

The piece concluded, the orchestra was silent.

"I say," said the conductor, leaning over to whisper to his piccolo player, "What key were you playing in?"

"Skeleton key," returned the piccolo list quickly.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Fits anything."

Note: I wonder if he plays a credit instrument too?

—Washington Dirge.

"And Mary, when I'm gone, bury me without my skirt. You can have it for yourself."

"Yes, but Auntie, think how you'll look on Judgment Day, traipsing around with Uncle with no skirt."

"Ah, don't worry about that. I buried your uncle without any pants."

—Harvard Lampoon.

—S—

The British general stood at a window and watched the Indian mob march along carrying their banners and slogans. A sardonic smile twisted his face as he read the mottoes and pronounced:

"What's sauce for the geese is sauce for Ghandi."

—Harvard Lampoon.

We Have to Have One of These
Every So Often

Perspiration stood out on his forehead. His breath was coming in short pants. The continuous exertion made him feel as if his inner muscles were tearing asunder.—Now the end was plainly in sight! If he could only reach it. He felt his entire body quiver as his breath came forth in spasmodic exhalations. Nearer and nearer came the end, his goal. His eyes were raised to heaven in a silent prayer for divine aid. Closer and closer came the finish—now it loomed up ahead of him—now here it was—the end at last! Then with one mighty blast, Oswald Zilch ended his first trombone solo.

—Hamilton Royal Gaboon.



"We don't want to influence you, Jones. This is something you'll have to decide for yourself."

—Washington U. Dirge

Two Young Men With a Common Experience Compare Notes

"She's a damn good sport, all right, and a swell looker."

"You said it. She's a knockout!"

"Do you s'pose she pets?"

"Well, I'd say she might under the right circumstances. Most of 'em will."

"Yeah—you said it. But I guess she's not promiscuous."

"No, I guess not."

"I think she's a girl with quite a lot of character."

"Yeah—I guess that's right. She's got a lot more to her than most of these janes, I guess."

"Yeah—you said it. She told me she'd rather sit home and read than go out with somebody who doesn't interest her."

"Yeah? Well, that's more than most of them will do. Most of 'em will go out with any Tom, Dick, or Harry that asks 'em."

"Yeah, that's a fact. It beats me. They never discriminate."

"They haven't got the brains to."

"I guess that's it. She's got brains."

"Yeah, you said it. Talks damn intelligently about lots of things."

"Yeah, she understands you when you talk sense."

"That's a fact. Most of 'em are bored stiff unless you're telling 'em they're beautiful all the time."

"That's a fact. She's different. She's got something to her."

"Yeah—you get something out of an evening with a girl like her."

"You're right and, gee, she's a swell looker!"

"I'll say so! Do you s'pose she necks?"

"Well, I'd say she might under the right circumstances."

"Oh, sure—they all will."

"Yeah—you said it!"

—Cornell Widow.

—S—

Webster says that taut means tight. I guess I've been taut quite a bit in this school, after all.

—Green Gander.

A fraternity house sent their curtains to the cleaners. It was the second day that the house stood unveiled. One morning the following note arrived from a sorority across the avenue:

"Dear Sirs: May we suggest that you procure curtains for windows? We do not care for a course in anatomy."

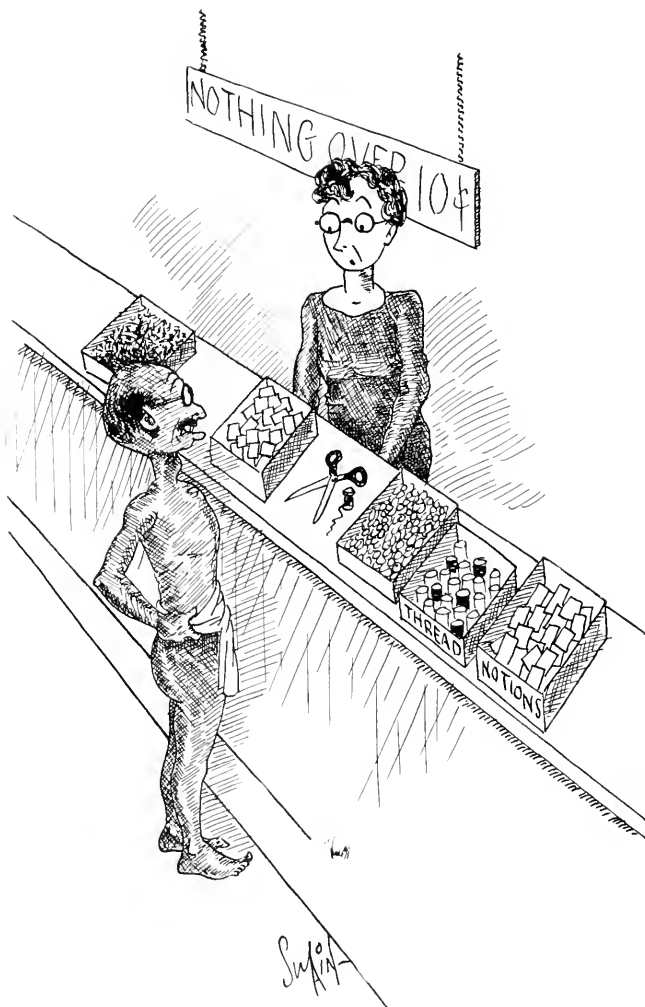
The chap who left his shaving to read the note answered:

"Dear Girls: The course is optional."
—Ski-U-Mah.

—S—

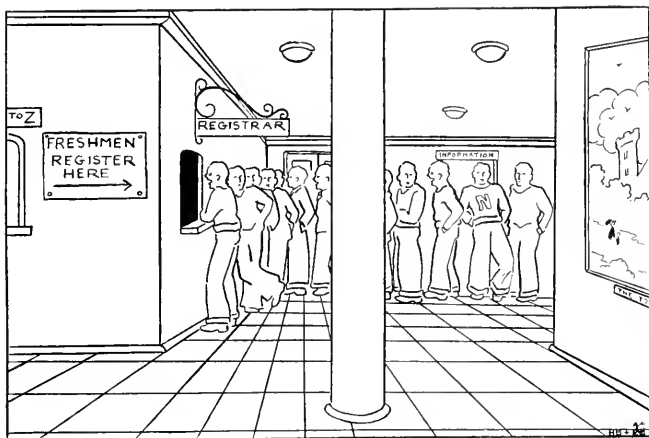
He: "And what do you think of the Grand Canyon?"

She: "Just gorges, just gorges."
—Minnesota Ski-U-Mah.



"Do you have any safety pins?"

—Princeton Tiger



"Any left in the balcony?"

—Notre Dame Juggler

RECIPE

Take the murk of my rifle
Soak it in alumni oil.
When the baby starts to sniffle
It has just begun to boil.
Mix a pinch of Alma Mater
With a machiavellian leer;
Place it in the pot or potter
And the dram will nearly clear.
Stir in squares with your diploma,
Taking care to watch the tap.
After dropping in a coma
Strain the Pterodactyl sap;
Blow it in with ones and doubles
Or just let it cool outside.
Sip in gulplets when it bubbles,
And it will be homicide.

—Washington Columns.

SMOKE RINGS

Bad men want their women
To be like cigarettes.
Just so many, all slender and trim
In a case—
Waiting in a row
To be selected, set aflame, and
When their fire has died,
Discarded.

More fastidious men
Prefer women like cigars:
These are more exclusive,
Look better and last longer:
If the brand is good
They aren't given away!

Good men treat women
Like pipes,
And become more attached to them
The older they become!
When the flame is burnt out
They still look after them,
Knock them gently
(But lovingly)
And care for them always—
No man shares his pipe.

—Buffalo Bison.

—S—

The man who said that the letter E was the one most often used in the English language must never have written the words Panama Canal.



The man who had always dreamed of being shipwrecked on an island with a girl

—Yale Record

SEE THESE HITS AT THE

RIALTO

THEATRE

Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Jan. 28, 29-30
The gayest laff show on earth

Marilyn Miller in

"HER MAJESTY LOVE"

With BEN LYON — W. C. FIELDS
FORD STERLING
CHESTER CONKLIN

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
January 31-February 1-2-3

Marian Marsh in

"UNDER EIGHTEEN"

With WARREN WILLIAM — REGIS
TOOMEY — ANITA PAGE

It's stories like her's that make girls put
looks on diaries



Consider your Adam's Apple!

—Wisconsin Octopus

—S—

Dear Mr. Bangroft:

Mr. George Bangroft,
Hollywood, California.
Dear Mister Bangroft:

I have just came from seeing you in "Near Beer" and honest Mr. Bangroft, you great big strong man, *you are terrible*. And get this, mug, I don't think you ever slayed nobody besides a lot of dime-store babes. A real boy could push you over like a snort of oolong. Sometime when you get tired of the Campfire Girls just drop around, only learn to hold a rod like it wasn't a pair of handlebars, and quit leading with your right.

With best personal regards,
Tony (Blister) Scorpioni,
3217 Union Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.
—Notre Dame Juggler.

—S—

She: Where is your chivalry?

He: I turned it in for a Ford.

—California Wampus.

R-K-O

VIRGINIA THEATRE

Thursday Thru Saturday, January 28-30

"William and Mary"

Starring

ROBERT MONTGOMERY

Sunday Thru Wednesday, Jan. 31-Feb. 3

GLORIA SWANSON in "Tonight or Never"

With MELVYN DOUGLAS

R-K-O

Orpheum Theatre

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday

"X Marks The Spot"

With LEW CODY and SALLY BLANE

Friday and Saturday

GEORGE O'BRIEN in

"The Rainbow Trail"

I Hereby Promise That

If I ever get
 Love letters
 From a boy
 Who always describes
 His job,
 His value to the company,
 His trip to the dentist,
 His love for me,
 His desire to see me,
 His job,
 His value to the company,
 His trip to the dentist,
 His love for me,
 His desire to see me,
 His job,
 His value,
 His teeth,
 Me—
 I shall read it
 And probably be
 Greatly thrilled,
 —BUT—
 I won't inflict
 It
 Upon my roommate!

—Carnegie Tech Puppet.

—S—

"I suppose, Henry," said the old gentleman to his new son-in-law, "that you are aware that the cheque for fifty thousand dollars I put among your wedding presents was merely for effect?"

"Oh yes, sir," responded the cheerful Henry, "and the effect was excellent! The bank cashed it this morning."

—Iowa Green Gander.

—S—



—Georgia Tech. Yellow Jacket

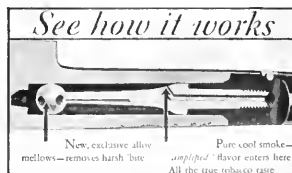
NOW EVERY MAN CAN SMOKE A PIPE



NEW
Drinkless
KAYWOODIE

mellows your smoke no other pipe does it

Completely different from any other pipe, past or present. New, exclusive alloy now cools your smoke, removes harsh "bite." And amplifies the true tobacco flavor. *This great discovery does to your pipe-smoke what the modern refrigerator does to your food.* Years of work in our own laboratory and tests by a great University made it possible. Beware of imitations, all genuine pipes stamped "Drinkless." Smooth \$3.50, Thorn \$4. (Above, No. 24, with the new Ambera mouthpiece and Synchro-Stem.)



And for cigarette smokers: New Tobacco Yello holder

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DOLLAR BOOKS

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bindings, good paper,
values up to \$5.00.

SALOME
Oscar Wilde

**PLEASANT
QUESTIONS OF LOVE**
Boccaccio

**BARON
MUNCHAUSEN**

THAIS
Anatole France

GREEN MANSIONS
W. H. Hudson

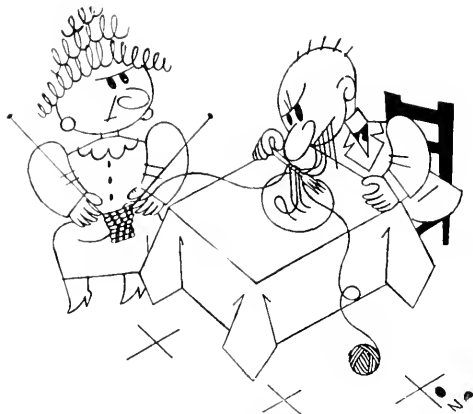
**SENTIMENTAL
JOURNEY**
Laurence Stern

and many others

THE REAL CO-OP
THE STUDENTS' SUPPLY STORES

202 South Mathews
Urbana

610 East Daniel
Champaign



"I've asked you time and again not to knit while
I was eating spaghetti!"

—*Wisconsin Octopus*

—S—

QUICK THINKING

A college student arose from his table in a fashionable dining-room and walked toward the door.

He was passing the house detective at the entrance when a silver sugar bowl dropped from his bulging coat.

The guest glanced calmly at the officer, then turned with an expression of polite annoyance toward the occupants of the room. "Ruffians," he said, "who threw that?" And walked out.

—*Stanford Chaparral*.

—S—

Once there was a Scotchman who (would you believe it?) got himself engaged. The girl ate too much to suit him. He decided to break the engagement, but the girl had eaten so much, and gotten so fat, that she couldn't get his ring off. So he had to marry her, anyhow.

—*Washington Columns*.

—S—

"Do you suffer from pink toothbrush?"

"Yes."

"Then why don't you get a green one?"

—*Texas Loughorn*.

—S—

Daughter, your hair is all messed up. Did that young man kiss you against your will?

He thinks he did, mother.

—*Chicago Phoenix*.

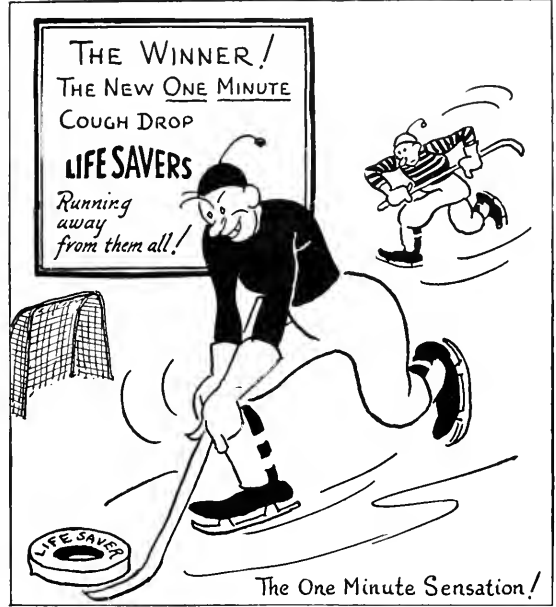
—S—

Janitress in the Theta house: "I was never so insulted in my life. He thought I was one of the co-eds!"

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot*.



"Say, Eve, how would you like to go to Hell?"
—Penn State Froth



Kissing a girl who lets you is like scratching a place that doesn't itch.
—Log.

Song for Modern Kiddies

We rather like the new doll,
We love its subtle sneer;
Our "oh yeah" and "sez you" doll
Has such a wicked leer;
So take away your old dolls
The never over-bold dolls,
The do-as-you-are-told dolls
Are toys of yesteryear.

When daddy's bed-time stories
Become a trifle stale
With oft repeated glories
He won at dear old Yale,
No longer will they bore us,
Our dolls will answer for us!
With one sarcastic chorus
In one derisive wail.

There are too many staid dolls
Who only say "mamma";
Decorous Mauve Decade dolls
Who cry or squeak "hurrah";
Give us a peppy plaything!
A cynical blase thing,
Whose repartee is scathing
With "sez you" and "oh yeah."
M. I. T. 1700 Doo.

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&
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Advice to Lovelorn

How to Get a Date—Male:

1. Decide upon the lady worthy of your choice.
2. Timidly inquire of your roommate about the "lady fair." If he says she's a "wet blanket" or a "flat tire," choose her anyway. Because she doesn't favor him probably means she's O. K.
3. Wait for her after class to pop question; get cold feet and ask about the assignment.
4. Repeat this performance the next day, and the next, and next.
5. Choose another girl and start over.
6. Tell her you like her, and if she seems in a receptive mood ask for her telephone number. If you get it, more power to you.
7. Call her the following evening, and if the phone rings three times and no response is given, hang up.
8. Call her the next night and, when someone answers, hang up.
9. Call her the following evening and, if a man answers, hang up.
10. Don't get a date.

How to Get a Date—Female:

1. Speak to him on the campus and then, blushing furiously, pretend you mistook him for someone else. This will set him wondering.
2. Gaze soulfully at him as you pass him the next day. This will also set him wondering—wondering what ails you.
3. Drop your handkerchief as you go by him. If he's a Sigma Nu he'll probably pick it up for you and go on his way; if he's an S. A. E., he'll probably yell, "Hey, ya dropped somethin'!" and go on his way. If he's an A. T. O., ditto; if he's a Phi Sig, he won't even see it; if he's a Lincoln Hall man he'll probably keep it. This will give you a line upon what "tong" he belongs to, which is always important.
4. Find out when his "tong" is giving a dance and tell him you want to write it up for the society column. Mention that you've never been to one of his dances.
5. Call him up and tell him your first name. After the fourth repetition of such he'll become embarrassed and emphatically declare that he knew you all the time.
6. Invite him to Pan-Hell dance so far ahead of time that he can't plead another date. Tell him you know he's a divine dancer.
7. Take him to dance and rave about his dancing, his sophistication, and his looks. If he suggests sitting down, do so. Don't ask why—he might tell you.
8. If he doesn't offer you a return date, join the Mounted Police—they always get their man.

—U. of Nevada Desert Wolf.

Coming Distractions...

As reviewed by MARION IRRMANN

You have to relax before exams—you have to relax during exams—you certainly have to relax after exams—and what better place than the theater. The Rialto presents Marilyn Miller in "Her Majesty Love," on January 28-29-30—see the coquettish dancing barmaid who evolves into a baroness, with the able assistance of Leon Errol. From January 31 to February 3 Marian Marsh is starred in "Under Eighteen"—typifying every modern girl, her dreams and her aspirations. The 4th to the 6th brings Dorothy Mackaill lost in a land of forgotten men—"Safe In Hell." Love had mocked her! Life had marked her! But nothing could change her heart! Miriam Hopkins and Philip Holmes are starred in "Two Kinds of Women" coming February 7-10. From the 11th to the 13th Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert appear in "His Woman"—he's a two-fisted sailorman—she's a dance-hall scamp—when they meet it is to hate, until an orphaned waif unites them in love. From February 14th to 17th comes one of the month's latest releases—"Union Depot"—with Doug Fairbanks Jr. and Joan Blondell. Here's a show that's really different—don't miss it! From the 18th to the 20th that old smoothie, Wil-



"have you heard—

that there's still time to win \$3000? It seems that COLLEGE HUMOR and Farrar and Rinehart have extended the annual Campus Prize Novel Contest, and the new closing date is June 30th, 1932!"

"Wonderful! I wanted to enter, but last summer was so hectic—"

"I know. That's just what happened to me. By the way, the rules have been changed, too. The new ones are in the current issue. Let's run around the corner and get a copy and look 'em over."

"Oke . . . I feel this way about it—if Betty White and Cleo Lucas can do it, we can do it!"

College Humor's Campus Prize Novel Contest

*has been extended
to JUNE 30, 1932*

January 28

IS
Dollar Day
THEN

You Can Buy
TEN TICKETS for
\$1.50

*These tickets are good
any time for either*

PARK or PRINCESS

On Sale at Either Box Office

ALGER BROS. THEATRES—THERE ARE 9 NOW



-Wisconsin Octopus

lian Powell, is appearing in "High Pressure"—a show guaranteed to raise yours.

You'll be sorry if you stay home and study when James Dunn and Sally Eilers appear at the Virginia in "Dance Team" on January 24-27. Fired with a mutual ambition to achieve success as dancers they join forces on a cash capital of a dollar and ten cents. They get the breaks, both good and bad, and finally become the hit of a smart night club. Success and its attendant troubles split up the team—how they get together again is a fitting climax for the story. Another fine show follows—Robert Montgomery, the screen's most sophisticated actor, is starred in "Lover's Courageous"—crammed with witty dialogue and inimitable characterizations.

From the 7th to the 10th of February the Virginia offers the brilliant story of a notorious World War spy—"Mata Hari"—with the incomparable team of Greta Garbo and Ramon Navarro. This is the sensational true story of the life and loves of Mata Hari, the feminine spy who was executed by a French firing squad after a vivid career of intrigue which cost the lives of many Allied officers. The plot centers on the one real love that came into her life, her adoration for a young Russian flyer whose trust she betrays. For this love she commits a murder which results in her execution. This is a glamorous production with a combination of actors, plot, and setting that has never been equalled. Even if you flunk that pipe course in genetics, this picture will make it worth while.

DEPRESSION

"Hello, young man. What happened to the old office boy here?"

"Oh, he got promoted to shipping clerk."

"To shipping clerk. What happened to the shipping clerk?"

"He took the bookkeeper's place."

" . . . the bookkeeper's place. Did the bookkeeper resign?"

"Oh, no, he didn't resign. He took the city salesman's job."

"The deuce! Did he lose his job?"

"Heck no, he didn't lose his job. He took the president's secretary's place."

"My goodness! What happened to the president's secretary?"

"He took the president's place."

"Did the president die?"

"No, he didn't die. He got a steady job making a hundred dollars a month."

—Nebraska Augwan.

Peggy Joyce Speaks

You think the husband I have now

Is pretty fine?

You should have seen the one who died

In eighty-nine!

—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

Something *New* and *Exciting*

Shortly after Mr. Machamer finished sketching this scene, four men actually fell out of the window! But as they landed on the well-cushioned seat, nobody was hurt. Thank heaven, no bloodshed stained this historic occasion—the first appearance of the new Chevrolet Six on the streets of dear old Whatsis.

And, by the way, have *you* seen the car that's causing all this furore? But that's a foolish question. Everybody has who gets around at all. It's the sensation of the season—beyond question the most stunning automobile you'll see this year. The performance is just as exciting—exceptional speed delivered with amazing smoothness and quietness. Yet prices remain as low as a gigolo's I. Q.

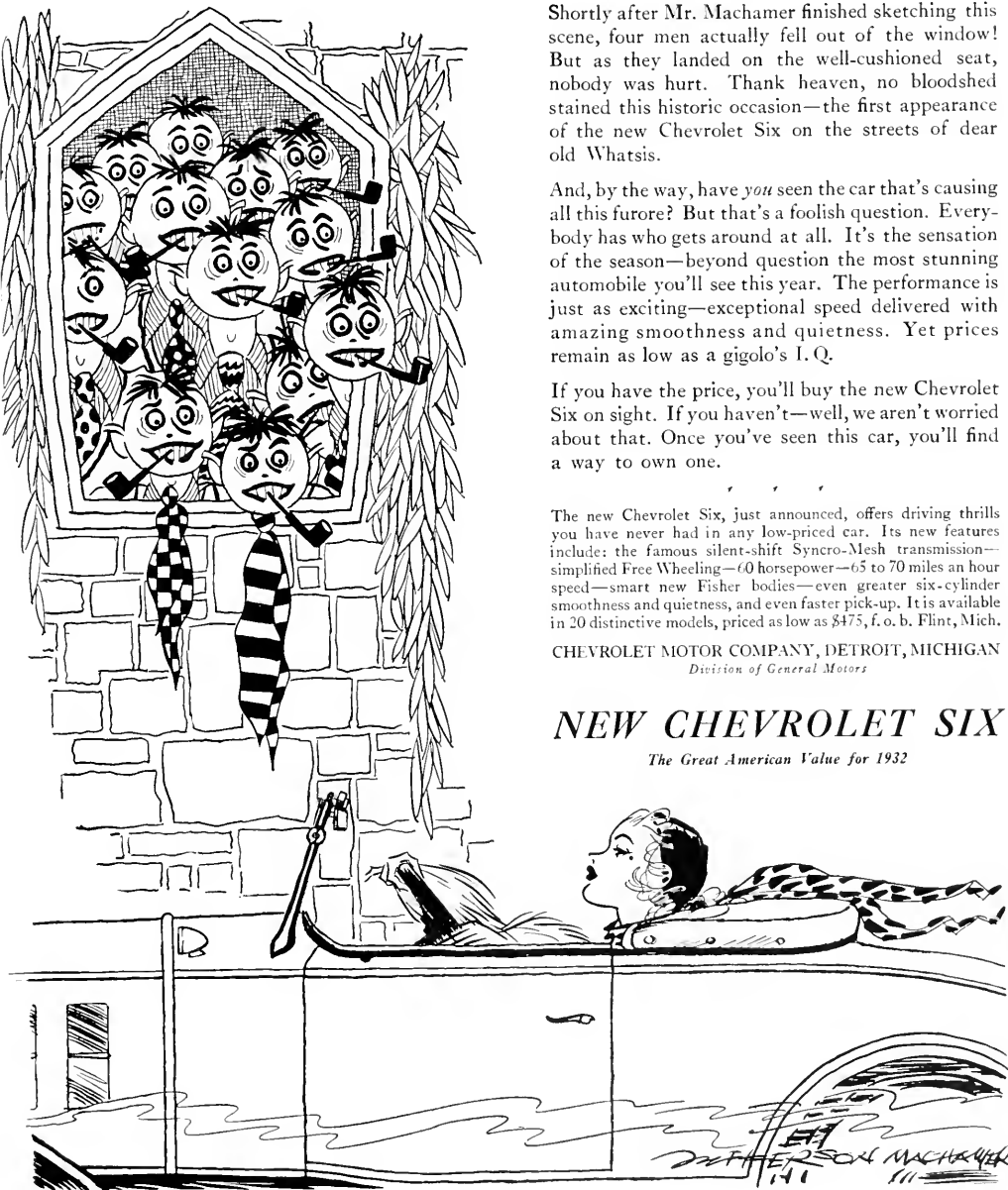
If you have the price, you'll buy the new Chevrolet Six on sight. If you haven't—well, we aren't worried about that. Once you've seen this car, you'll find a way to own one.

The new Chevrolet Six, just announced, offers driving thrills you have never had in any low-priced car. Its new features include: the famous silent-shift Syncro-Mesh transmission—simplified Free Wheeling—60 horsepower—65 to 70 miles an hour speed—smart new Fisher bodies—even greater six-cylinder smoothness and quietness, and even faster pick-up. It is available in 20 distinctive models, priced as low as \$475, f.o.b. Flint, Mich.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

The Great American Value for 1932



"I have to be
kind to
my throat"

"I've tried several
brands of cigarettes but I
prefer Luckies. I smoke them
regularly as I have to be kind
to my throat. I learned this from
my previous stage experience.
**Your improved Cellophane
wrapper is splendid. A flip
of the tab and it's open."**

Kay Francis

When **Kay Francis** left the stage
and enlisted in the Hollywood army,
pictures got a great recruit! The tall
brunette beauty was a great success
on her film debut, and she's charged
along to even bigger things. She is
one of **Warner Bros.**' brightest stars.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection - against irritation - against cough

**And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps
that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh**



**MOISTURE-
PROOF
CELLOPHANE**
*Sealed Tight
Ever Right*
**THE UNIQUE
HUMIDOR
PACKAGE**
Zip -
and it's open!



Copyright 1931,
The American
Tobacco Co.

*** Is Miss Francis'
Statement Paid For?**

You may be interested in
knowing that not one cent
was paid to Miss Francis
to make the above state-
ment. Miss Francis has
been a smoker of LUCKY
STRIKE cigarettes for 5
years. We hope the pub-
licity herewith given will
be as beneficial to her
and to Warner Bros., her
producers, as her endorse-
ment of LUCKIES is to you
and to us.

sf
op. 2

SIREN



FAUNTZ

"Watch out, you'll spill the beans . . .

"...but before you say any more, I want to ask you one question.

"Why do they use pictures of pretty girls in advertisements?

"And while you are thinking about what you are going to say—

"I will tell you this much:

"Many pretty girls like a MILD and PURE cigarette that TASTES BETTER . . . and that's Chesterfield."

They Satisfy

WRAPPED IN DUPONT
NO. 300 MOISTURE-
PROOF CELLOPHANE...
THE BEST AND MOST
EXPENSIVE MADE



GOT A DATE TONIGHT? Hear "Music that Satisfies"
— Nat Shilkret's Chesterfield Orchestra and *romantic*
songs by Alex Gray. Nearest Columbia station, 10:30 E.S.T.

VOTE for McGILLICUDDY!

THE PEOPLE'S PAL

"Close Harmony"

FREE BEER!

FREE LUNCH!

FREE LOVE!

FREE AIR!

FREE Samples!



SCORE A POINT FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

Vote for

McGILLICUDDY!

WHEN you are in doubt about your perfume—remember that Guerlain Odeurs are made for the smart—modern, exquisitely scented—that combines grace and loveliness.

Shalimar, per dram 1.69
Shalimar face and talcum powder 2.00
Shalimar Eau de Vegetal 1.00
Shalimar Lipstick 1.50

Liu perfume, dram 1.69
Blue Hour perfume, dram 1.00

Kamerer Brothers Pharmacies

Champaign

Stores of Distinction

Urbana

MEET YOUR FRIENDS

at

HOOVER'S

*Hair Cutting
Parlor*

Union Arcade Building

The Fraternity Dance

(By one who has never been)

Low lights . . . beautiful women . . . gracefully floating about the floor with the most beautiful creation in the school . . . whole beehives of them about the floor . . . gentled politeness . . . cordial hospitality . . . warm good fellowship . . . gentle harmony of the most expensive orchestra in the town . . . the thrill of HER presence during the intermission . . . murmured conversation . . . exotic and charming fragrance of silken gowns . . . beautiful and original decorations . . . nectar-like punch and the dainty titbits which accompany it . . . total exclusiveness of the affair . . . the sense of being somebody . . . the ride home . . . the lingering good-night kiss . . . the pleasant memories.

(By one who knows)

The apparent lack of any decent women to dance with . . . nightmarish and feverish blaring of the fifteen dollar a night band . . . the horrible efforts of the Wellesley freshman to get in step . . . crash . . . damn these drunks anyway . . . failure to find any of the hosts . . . the near brawl with a drunken classmate . . . you never did like that sap, anyway . . . the scowls of anger as you cut . . . sickening taste imparted to the punch by the attempts of some misguided soul to spike it with twice as much alky . . . futile efforts of the dead soldiers to be decorative . . . utter lack of other decorations . . . the weak-kneed door committee . . . vain attempts to find the girl you brought . . . the screaming females during the intermission where there is no music to hide the noise . . . the soggy macaroons . . . loud talk and louder laughter . . . disgusting spectacle of "red hot youth" . . . cold nods from one or two casual acquaintances . . . that misfit feeling . . . damn the drunks, again . . . the fight on the way back to her house as she attempts to explain why she disappeared for the hour during and after the intermezzo . . . the chill farewell and the "If I ever see you again, young lady!" feeling . . . the hang-over next morning.

—M. I. T. '00 Doo.

—S—

A certain Eastern university, famed for its ten-mile-long asphalt campus and its incurable addiction to night football, finding itself hard hit by the depression, awakened the budding geniuses that slumbered within its walls and conceived an idea pregnant with the economic spirit.

The football team needed new uniforms. Only eleven were bought. When a substitution was made the floodlights were to be turned off and a quick change made on the field of play.

It was the first game under the new plan. The full-back was out—out cold in the middle of the first quarter.

A substitute was sent in. The lights went out. There was a commotion in the stadium. The ushers forced six co-eds to leave the stands. Next day the six were expelled for carrying concealed flashlights.

—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

SIREN'S

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FAUNTZ

BROAD



Orphan Annie

Little did Mr. Chicago Tribune dream when he started Orphan Annie off on her career of noble deeds and daddies who made a million dollars over night just like that, that he was to bring sadness into the hearts of the pledges in one of the Greek eating clubs.

It seems that the bretheren are really worried about Annie's welfare, and so every morning one of the pledges has to get up in the cold of the dawn and go down and rescue the paper from the doorstep and then come up and read it to the boys in the dorm. The fact that they are in a nice warm bed and that he is standing there slowly freezing to death doesn't make a bit of difference until it is all settled for another twenty-four hours that Annie isn't going to run for President, or that Daddy Warbucks hasn't given sin a beating again.

North of Green

These engineers are nothing short of being geniuses. One of them has discovered a way to foil those menials of Mr. Bell, the long distance operators, and it is guaranteed to work every time—or your money will be refunded. In fact that is the principle on which the scheme is based. It works like this. You and a confederate walk into a telephone booth, and you very nonchalantly call Aunt Susie in New York, or Sally down in Tulsa, and talk just as long as you please—just as if it weren't costing a thing. The operator will be asking to have coins dropped into the instrument all along the way, but don't mind her, drop them in, she's going to get the surprise of her life in a few minutes.

Eventually someone will say goodbye, and you will hang up. Now comes the time when you must act very quickly. Your pal drops a

nickel in the slot and asks information what time it is. She tells him—and then returns his nickel to him.

Now if you know your pay telephones like you should, you know that the money first drops down into a chamber from which it may be returned before it drops down into a second chamber when the call is completed. So you can see how simple it all is—your long distance money just comes bumping out along with the nickel for the call to see what time it was.

The engineer says he wouldn't recommend trying it on the same phone more than once a week, and says that the success of the whole thing depends upon the speed in which the second call is made. Anyway it sounds good.

Smart Archs

Out at the Arch building they are pretty flat, what with having to fritter away the price of a farm on little gadgets and paper at twenty-five cents a sheet and so on. So they solved the nickel phone problem by scraping the insulation off the wires just where they entered the wall from the phone. Just lay a nail file (if you are a she) or a knife blade across the wires and there you are, a phone call, and it didn't cost you a cent!

Sassiety Note

The Alpha Chi housewarming is far in the distance now, but there were a couple of pretty funny things connected with it. In the first place, we have it on very good authority that the reason they put it off as long as they did was because the blankets on the double-deckers didn't all match, and they had to wait for some of the sistern to get around to at least getting one blanket to spread over the top so things would be swell looking for the public. Then the

girls had an awful time persuading the housemother that they really hadn't ought to have red bulbs in the fancy little lights along the floor that keep the Alpha Chi toes from getting stubbed in the dark . . . and then there was the pudding that got made out of the cakes that the guests didn't eat. It was a swell housewarming though, as even the girls who, in relays, had to play "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life" on the piano will testify. Lots of people came to it, and didn't have to buy any supper that night.

Dash It!

All of this going on about phone calls brings to mind the story Curt Mitchell tells on himself. The first time he tried to get a date in Urbana, way back when he was freshman, this was, he nearly wore himself out trying to dial the dash into the number—so say nothing almost of sending the rest of the house into hysterics when he went to them and asked how it was done.

Scholarship

Bob Dwyer tells a story on one of his bretheren. The boys were all discussing their grades, as fratney men will at certain times of the year, and because of its being meal time they were doing a bit of shouting over the table at each other.

"How much A are you going to bring into the house, Joe?" yelled one of them at another one who we'll just have to call Joe on account of Bob is a loyal brother and he wouldn't tell who it was.

Joe, who was interrupted in the midst of eating by the query yelled back, "You mean this week-end?"

Potpourri

The article Mary Jane Fithian wrote for the October Siren under

the title of *And What Is More* has been reprinted in the Grinnell College Pioneer. . . . Jack Foley is now an apartment dweller, over on Third Street, next to the Delta Zeta house. . . . Jane Fauntz has a little sister in high school who gets her picture in the paper on account of she is a swell swimmer too. . . . Herb Smith says he has been over to the Beta House four times for lunch this year so far and every time they have had hot dogs . . . it used to be beans as we remember it. . . . The Sig Alphas don't mind being twitted about their violets, but just try cracking wise to a Delt about their pansies, just try it, we did. . . . A very embarrassing moment was enjoyed by all of the throng at a recent Theta Sunday evening tea when one of the sistern announced that the next time she and her date went to Chicago they were going to "Grand Hotel." . . . Frank Renwick got a four point eight or something, but it isn't as nice as you might think, for you see he went around betting people money and dinners that he wouldn't do better than a four point five and now there's all of them to pay off—and this is the year of the great drought, you know. . . . The Gamma Phis are still wondering who it was who serenaded them the other night . . . the first song on the program was *L'iolet*, and right after that came *Kappa Sigma Sweetheart*. . . . If Bob Kennedy likes you he will take you over to his apartment and show you the model stage he uses in doping out some of the stage settings you see in Little Titter productions. It has 1200 feet of wire in it, and the plaster cyclorama weighs sixty pounds, and don't get the impression that because we remembered these two silly facts about it that it isn't a pretty swell affair, because it is . . . we should like to know very badly if President Chase really puts his feet up on the front seat as he rides down Wright Street every afternoon, or if it only looks like he does.





"She loves me, she loves me not!"

RISSERCH ON THE BOYS

Georgie Pulls a Fast One

Wuns wuz a boy named Georgie Washington, which reside on de banks uv de Puttomak. Georgie trew siller dullors by de odder benk fer hexercise hevery murning, den he run up de odder benk to get dem beek befur de redskins skelp de leddy on de dullor. Wuns wuz an hindian wich got fooled by hattermpting to skelp de buffalo on de odder side wuz wuz a cure fer skelping laddies, cuz de buffalo sez to Pokahantus nun uv your funny stuff heeg boy wich cured de redskins.

Across de relly frum Georgie lived anudder liddle child, wun Hannabelle, wit gudgeous culls long end coily with Marseillaise, with pomanent, wich wud call to Georgie op frum de odder tenement hevery merning yoo boo Gujje! But Gujje pay no hattention to de gel and look op de street de odder way. Wuns wuz a poy frum houtsides de sittu wich cum to cull on Gujje wich tells to Gujje thar de leetle gel hacross frum de tenement in wich he leevs old men hez got a lots uv rocks.

Right away Gujje wunt to play house wit de leetle gel but she now spoins de willains adwences. De flowers wich he sents she tosses frum out de window end de bumbuns she feeds to de leetle dug which hangs about de tenement. Gujje becomes hexesperated wen he notices de cherry tree wich grows under de window op by de tenement odder. Sweett like a rebbit he jomp up under de tree to de weendow. Just den he beutiful coils all yaller frum de goil in de tenement odder side uf de helly queek haappear een de weendow. Gujje queek pleeds his case to de goil, but just wen he ees going to pup de question de lim frum de tree busts. Gujje full to de grund end de leetle gell leff to beet hell.

Queek frum de house cums

Georgies fadder who say in a voice woise den tunder, "Schneckel! Schweinhund! Beedie Beedie! You hef sens like de blodhund." Und swift he pulls frum de pents de belt und leshe de poor dope onmoiciffully. Wen he hes leshe de heem cento a lether leetle Gujje pokes op de kopf und say, "Fadder wyfor you beet me so? I hev nod de hintentions uv bost down de cherry tree."

Und fadder say, "I dunt geev a dem hebbunt de cherry tree. But wyfor dunt you peek a better time to mek de luv to de hairese? Now ve hev lust de chence to mek de million dullors to pay off de second mug-gidge on de tenement."

Hend so Gujje hinstead uv becom-ing de fodder uv de leetle keeds frum Hannabelle he becums de fadder uv hees country, wich wuz settisfactory moch more.

Abie Da Link

Offen has bin sed dat Gujje Vashington vos de fadder of his contree, but liddle do pipple rillize dat it vos Abie da Link wich kept it from being twins. Teenk vunce of dees femmous men. Howcum he hez becum vot he vos? Howcome dat he queet spleeting de rails end sweett become femmous? Yerrs of risserch hev ve spendet to find dees ouidt, und now ve geeve ull de fecks to de woild.

Abraham, de son of Abraham end so on to de Red Sea, was graduated gredually frum de leetle beekwoods culitch et a tender age. Queek he looks for de job. But does de poor boy find de job? Und vyfor ees eet dat Abie deed nut get de job? All because he hes recited hees degree, weech ees Ph. B., tast to de hex-eminer, who right away teenks he has said Ph. D., hend hemmediatly esks seem queestions to which he cannot enser.

So Abie goes beek to de leetle culitch end says to hees old professor, "My good friend, from you I esk de

question, what shell I do?" Und de old professor weggles de finger frum de hend end says, "Abie, vot you need ees a Ph. D."

"O. K. py me," says Abie, "vot do I do?"

"It must queek give some risserch," says de old professor.

"Risserch?" says Abie, "Vot iss dat?"

"I hev no idea," says de professor, "but it must be done."

So Abie takes op de risserch, with a teesis wich is culled "De Private Life uv De Wood-Boring Woim." For de purpose of better observing de life of de woim he becomes de great rell-spleeter.

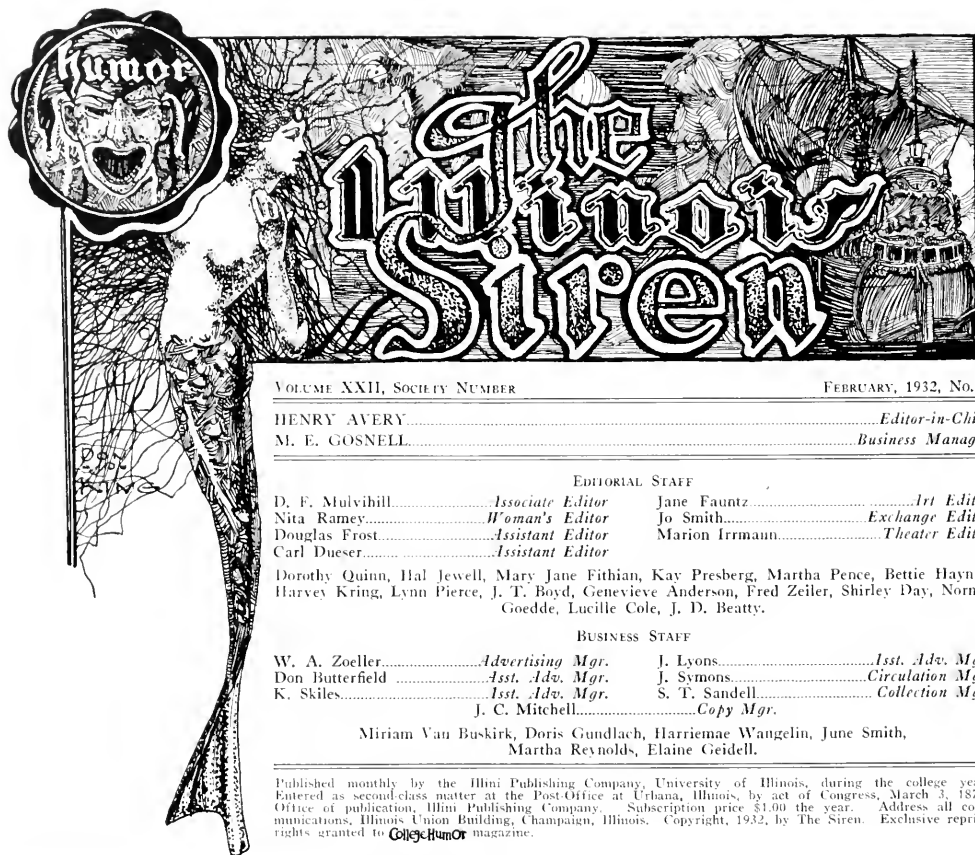
All de day long Abie goes down de rellroad treck spleeting de rells end looking for de woim-holes to invetigate de woim's life. In de holes he sees de woims taking de berth, he sees dem playing mit bebby, he sees de woims dressing for de huppera, he sees Mrs. Katzenbach's Toisday evening sewing coicle, end at de end of tree months he hes loined a great dill about woims.

Den one day it gives a tunderstorm und Abie runs to de nearest tree at wich dat day de woims are having de convention. De woims recognize Abie frum de pitcher in all de peppers, end say to heem, "Abie, vyfor you hembarass ull de widders hend upphans by looking into de woim-holes?"

Und Abie looks all sullum end seerious end says to de woims, "Eet ees on account of de teesis wich I must write for de pully sci depputment."

But de woims dunt geef a dem about de pully sci depputment so dey ull say to Abie, "Abie, my gude friend, eet you veel quuuet de invetigation for de teesis we weel sweng for you de suthern vote."

So Abie gives op de teesis for de Ph. D. end becomes de President by de U. S. insted, weech ees a better job perhaps dan de Ph. D.



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Our two cents worth.....

The depression may have done many things, but there isn't a doubt in our mind as to that it has made human beings of most of the people around the campus. Penny pinching is no longer confined to certain neighborhoods, and one is as liable to find real poverty on John Street as on Springfield Avenue as a consequence. The fear that perhaps they will be poor next week too has made many a snob realize that after all there are other values than those represented by bank accounts—especially when one has no way of knowing just how long the bank account will be anything other than something to make conversation about.

Oldsters about the place will not have much difficulty in remembering the false, but very substantial, social system of the boom years. Fraternities and sororities jeopardized their existence by building houses that cost more than they could afford and then proceeded to have parties in them that cost more than they could afford—it wasn't long until money began to mean a great deal during rush week. Independent students lived rather high too. One may ask what the rents were at the better dormitories, and if any place on Armory Avenue could beat them, we would be awfully surprised. Clothes cost a lot of money, and most people had plenty of

them, and what is more made a great deal of the fact that they had them or of the fact that other people didn't.

In other words most of us acted like silly children, and what is more, like silly children who were just a trifle obnoxious. It took something like the comparative poverty of this phenomena, termed the depression for lack of a better name, to jar us out of it.

Now we see houses nonchalantly admitting that their house isn't as good as the one across the street, and that their dance didn't cost a third of what the one last spring did. The mortgage is paid regularly, and pledges are openly but nicely informed that they are a result of the depression. In some cases the houses have been forced to merge with another in order to keep going. They aren't jeered at as weak sisters because of it either.

Independent students find their way very much easier than it ever could have been before. Dates are a lot easier to get, and it isn't half so hard to find a girl who can see that there are times when the most tactful thing to do is to drop a nickel in the hat to pay for her own coke.

There never was the clubby spirit that sundry school songs would lead the gullible to expect, but one is liable to get a few honest "Hellos" as he walks between classes. People no longer have speaking lists, or preferred dating lists it would seem, thank heaven for that. It seems banal, but at last this place is getting to be just a bit like the movies would have us believe it is. People enjoy others for the reason that they haven't any desire to dislike them now that the element of economic competition has been reduced to its present state. One may tell a Theta that one thinks the Kappa house is pretty swell looking without having that deadly silence come into the air. In fact the Theta will

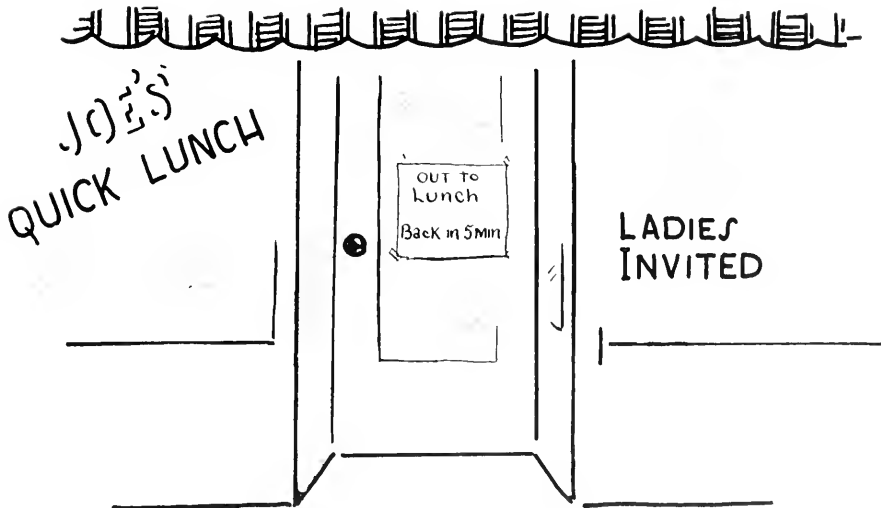
probably tell you that she thinks it is swell too, and what is more mean it—and that loud bird that came from the Twenty-niner in the back row just proves our point. Things *are* different.

2 2 2

Among the other things we have often meditated on, there is the big-shot situation. In the first place, we have been forced to have them ever since Gertie Stanton invented the term BMOC, and foisted the clan on us for keeps. It was too swell a term to drop by the wayside, and if one is going to call people BMOC's one had best have a few big-shots who will realize who is being referred to.

It is a bit confusing, though, inasmuch as each group has its own ideas on what constitutes true note. It would be a noble deed of somebody would get up some rules or something so that the general public could see for itself just what was going on—scrapbooks of press clippings, with those ruled out where the celebrities name happens in bold face type in the list of the names on the ushers list for the Woman's League show just because the sophomore she goes with happened to be working on the Illini that night and saw a swell chance to get the name of his darling before the public. Five hour courses in the Cokensmoke, with compulsory attendance should be a requisite for the title, with nice little touches like being able to get away with calling everyone, regardless, "pal," or the ability to wear a sweater and no shirt, or to chew gum in class and crack it—the last being the supreme test for the female big-shot.

These are but suggestions. But we do wish that something could be done about it all.



I take my pen in hand

Champaign, Ill., Feb. 30, 1932.

DEAR MA:

You sure pulled a dandy when you told them cousins of mine that we aint seen Since Grant was a cadet to stop in and see me if they ever was going through Champaign. They did, and you should a seen them. They comes piling in the house and all of the guys looked at them like they was from a side show or something and they sure looked like it. They up and squats right in the living room and makes themselves right to home. They had Cousin Elmer with them and I guess he is going to college. Anyways after they gets all done looking the place over and his ma rubbed her finger on it, she says, "well, Elmer, do you like the place?" He says "yes," and then I gotta get out of this jam, on account of I could see the actives over in the corner laughing at the way he was telling one of the guys who is a big shot down at the Union all about politics. Pretty soon they goes out and gets his bags on account of they was going to park him on me, but I gave them a song and dance about the house being full and everything and we aint got no room on account of it so he says he guesses he can find a room. I guess I got even with those punes in that big red brick shack across the street—I sent him over there.

I'm getting sort of tired of having to ask for money in every letter I write home. If it aint one thing its another around this place, and I got enough on my mind without having to worry about how to make that buck do me which you sent me in your last letter and which did not even last like a snowball in hell like the old man said on account of my roommate opened my mail and took

it on account of I owe him money and he has told everybody and now I can't borrow any on account of I am poor credit. How is Pa?

I got a new girl, about which I am practically going around and around. She is pretty swell, and her old man runs the gas works at home. On account of I got to buy her a birthday present next week, I want that you should send me a tin. I told her that the old man was a manager on the Street Car Line at home so I got to buy her a swell present so she won't get nosey and find out that all he ever managed to do on a street car was to get on and off in front of Mike's saloon. And don't you go getting something and sending it to me like you did that time when I asked you for money for some books and you went and sent the books.

You sure will fix me up in fine style around this place if you ever send any more of them lousy relation around for everybody to see what kind of a family I got. Once more will just about fix my clock.

Your son,

JOE.

P. S. Please send me some money on account of I got to buy some new pajamas.

Dillyville, Ill., March 4, 1932.

DEAR SON:

You sure got more nerve that a government mule writing to me for money to buy a girl a present with when you aint bought me nothing since the hogs et gramma. Your Pa says to tell you that she sure ought to feel at home with you if her old man runs a gas works, and that if he is so dam rich why don't you try asking him for some money now and then. Your Pa hasn't been feeling very well since Saturday night when he went on a big one and fell offn

the viaduct, and he has been sorta crabby, but he got real mad when he read your letter and he says that he thinks that you are a lily or something since you joined that eating club, and he wants to know if you can't sleep in your underwear just like you do at home and like he has had to do ever since he came over and it aint ever hurt him yet.

I just aint got five dollars, what with banks busting right in my face and taxes and all, and you got a lot of guts asking me for it anyways. You should have had more sense than to go and get a girl who was going to have a birthday, and anyways I aint spent five dollars on a dress which I aint had any of since Heck was a pup or even maybe more. Things is coming to a pretty pass when I got to even buy your girl a present.

Your Pa says to tell you that he forgot to mail the letter which I sent to you to tell you that Cousin Elmer was a football player or something and that Grandpa left him all of his money. I kind of thought you would want him to help buy you and that house of yours some new furniture instead of that ratty looking stuff in the living room. Maybe it is a God's blessing to him that he aint got to live with you, and the food probably is better over there anyways.

We have our door bell ringing all of the time now since you left again and the bill collectors aint heard about it yet. There has been some man here about five times this week and he looks kind of sore. He says that you would know why he was coming. Yesterday there was a girl and a justice of the peace a waiting for him out in the car while he came up and asked for you. They said they would be sure and see you when you came home at Easter on account of they wanted to see you pretty bad.

There aint no money in this letter, so don't fritter any time away looking for it or thinking that I forgot to put it in because I aint. I just aint got any.

Love,

MA.

The gentle art of waking

(An outline for Public Speaking 1. Readers are warned not to use this outline as it was turned in once to a woman instructor, now married, who gave it back marked "I did not ask for canned humor." It is thought that the information contained herein may be of value to pledge(s).)

Speech Type—Informative.

Specific Purpose—To explain how a person may be awakened without injury.

INTRODUCTION

I. (Approach) Human alarm clocks are necessary to see that we students arise in time for our eight o'clock classes.

- A. Big Ben's and Westclox's are useful but they do not see that we really get up.
- B. There is, however, the inhuman practice of jarring and jolting the sleeper in order that he awaken.
- C. This is a matter of concern since this latter method unsettles the mind just as the sudden lash of whip upsets a nervous horse.
- D. The study of how to awaken people may be considered an art or a science.

DISCUSSION

I. There is one branch of this science termed the Rotary method of awakening.

- A. The sleeper may be assumed to be reclining so that one shoulder represents Pike's Peak and the bed clothes gracefully portray the surrounding rugged steep.
 - B. Let Houdini enter the picture and change Peak to a plate, newly washed.
 - C. Wipe the plate with an imaginary cloth.
 - D. This motion gives the necessary rotary movement to awaken the sleeper.
 - E. If this fails to give immediate results, perhaps there is some speck of water on the far side of the plate that needs more attention.
- II. The other branch of this art is called the vertical method.

- A. Now the sleeper is changed into a jack-knife bridge and you are the bridge-tender.
- B. It is necessary to open the bridge. This is done by placing your hand under the sleeper's back and pushing it up.
- C. The sleeper, as he is raised to the vertical, will sound like the bridge as it swings up like a rusty hinge.
- D. When the leaf of the bridge is vertical, allow it to become the sleeper and he will soon be alive to his surroundings.

CONCLUSION

- I. These two methods make up the science of waking.
- II. If they were followed, there would be less unpleasantness, fewer headaches, and more enjoyment at the breakfast table.



A BIRD IN THE HAND



Kate Smith Singing "Why Not Take All of Me"

How St. Valentine Came Unto Ye Village of Champagne

Longe, longe ago, yea even before ye Depression; when nights were cold and ladies bare—oops ye cold and ladies bare—oops ye wronge statione againe—when wolten roamed ye lande; rich wolten who had gotten inside ye door, and poor wolten in cheap clothing (catch on, Mabel?), even so longe ago was there a village of Champagne. It was settled by a groupe of pioneers from ye lande of ye Franks, who named it after ye beverage of ye native heath. Ye "I" was put in ye name after Prohibition, so as not to corrupte ye little ones of ye Universitie.

(Right now is the time for all you

children who don't understand tea shoppe English to turn to the lingerie display, which is what you wanted all the time. We could write this in genuine Chaucerese, but this magazine shows no partiality toward English majors).

In ye Universitie slaved a lovely maiden named Bettye and a goodly youth named Bobbe. They were in ye same hygiene class, for ye Elizabethans were broadminded. Bothe did yearn for the other, yet did they not know each the other. Being new to ye Universitie they did not know how to remedy ye doleful situatione.

So, say ye ancient scribes, time passed and still ye lovers languished

in vaine. Bobbe tooke to haunting ye street of his belovede ye union carde. Thus doth ye course of true love runne like a ride in ye Universitie bus.

Lo one day there camen to ye village an olde man with a longe white beard. Now ye ancient one was neither a brother of Smythe, nor was he a senior. So there was muche excitente and curious crowds of students were wont to stare at him in wonder, even as at a 5 point engineer.

It happened that ye venerable sage came to learn of ye pitifull story of Bettye and Bobbe. Using alle his wondrous and fearful wisdom he spake unto ye maid telling her to fashion a sweet note, wherain she vowed her love for Bobbie. Likewise did he tell ye youthe secretly, helping him to devise ye torride sonnet.

Then did ye goodly man take ye love-notes to ye houses of ye loved ones and leave them in ye dead of nighte. Lo when morning came ye two lovers did find oute their feelings were mutual, whereupon they lost interest in ye whole affaire.

Betty did runne away with ye olde one who in truthe was only a Kappa Sigge bawle with scenic effects; and Bobbe did brawle with ye tavern maids of Prehn's.

There was an olde man named Valentine who was a foreign saint traveling ye countrie in a cognito (his high-powered Italian roadster) but what he has to do with ye storie we have forgotten.

—S—

An Illini fan who had watched the Bradley game stopped the referee as he left the gym. "Where's your dog?" he asked.

"Dog?" queried the ref, "I have no dog."

"Well," replied the grouchy one, "you're the first blind man I ever saw without one."

—S—

Disappointed women are born—not made.

JESTIC

CHICAGO'S
LEADING BURLESQUE
SHOW

BURLESQUE

IDA CLARE AND 50
BEAUTIFUL GIRLS
IN A DAZZLING
DISPLAY OF
FEMININE BEAUTY
50 GIRLS



L. PIERCE

Look, Mamma, Missis Gandhi!

THE PERFECT PLEDGE

*This is the type of material the circulation staff of
ILLINI (unpaid adv.) would run if they worked for
SIREN. One of their struggling sophomores wrote it.*

'Twas early Saturday evening
And Dutch sat at his desk,
Studying hard as was his wont
When the fun was at its best.

Yes, Dutch sat unperturbed that night
And didn't hear a sound,
While the gang outside his room was raising
Hell beyond all bound.

The telephone gave a jingle,
But amid the terrible roar
It sounded like the closing
Of a rubber padded door.

Dutch tore the door to his fine room
Clear off its hefty bolt;
Three men lay dead along the path
Of Dutch, the wild young colt.

The telephone door was split in two;
The wall went crashing down;
And Dutch, the meek, the model pledge
Answered the telephone.

From room to room he traveled
Like a sneaking cat at night.
"Johnson on the telephone,"
He whispered real polite.

Above the noise he was not heard,
For no one gave a damn,
And the woman on the telephone
Hung up with a hefty slam.

Next Monday night he stood in line
And hung his head in shame;
A tear ran slowly down his cheek
As Wilson called his name.

He looked up with a tearful eye;
He feared he would be mobbed.
His voice broke; and he blew his nose;
"Slow on phone," he sobbed.

The chapter rose in fury
And beat the pledge like hell,
Not because he was so slow,
But because he couldn't yell.



Engineering skill.. on trial at the old courthouse



While the ashes were still smoldering, Western Electric was already in action.

That afternoon fire had raged, wiping out much of the business section, reducing the telephone building to smoking ruins. That night, Western Electric men were at work converting an old courthouse into a telephone exchange. The next day both local and

long distance communication was restored in the stricken town...

¶ Western Electric accepts many such challenges as this. Challenges that put to the test the engineering skill of its Installation Department, that call into play the resources and facilities of its nationwide



Men and materials were rushed to the scene from miles around.

system of distribution. ¶ Backing up a far-flung line of communication is only one phase of Western Electric's responsibility to the Bell System. Equally important is the purchasing of supplies and materials and the manufacture of telephones and telephone equipment.



Day after fire, local and toll service was restored.

Western Electric

Manufacturers . . . Purchasers . . . Distributors

SINCE 1882 FOR



THE BELL SYSTEM



Well, here's cousin Egbert back again at the mike to give you an earful of what's what and why. He wishes, first of all, to thank the University for letting him stay another semester. College life is so cultural, especially during the vacation between semesters. The dapper dude who sat next to you in Psych. slumps down to town in cords like any engineer, even wears a dirty shirt. And the women, aren't they the wild little things, though? Staying up until all hours, drinking rotten gin, and necking, so different from usual. Do you know what one house mother said to one of her charges when she caught her down on—or, in the parlor, with green pajamas on. That's right, Tommy, she said, "My dear, you'd look much better in blue!"

But isn't the campus full of pep at such a period? See the folks hurrying along, filled with the joy of living! If any are hurrying, they're beating it to the Virginia or Rialto. Did you ever go by a frat club house at about ten in the morning during vacation? What a noise! Bass snores, putt, putts, and puuuuhhhhs! But at last boredom ends and then comes registration.

"Who knows a pipe two-hour course?" And now that Journ. 3 is changed, what is there left? For the exclusive information of our readers, we list the following:

Home Ec. 56a Child Development (For students not majoring in Home Ec.) 2 hrs.

Greek 17 Greek Drama in English Translation 2 hrs.

Any of the courses at Hillel or McKinley.

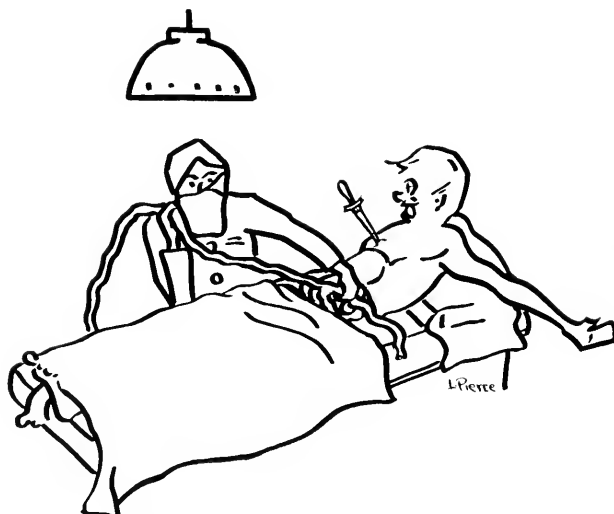
And then there are always the courses you flunked last semester or last year. Take them and you probably won't have to buy a new book, though 1932 editions are becoming

prevalent. So finally you get your classes sort of thought out. A fine schedule is figured out, no eight o'clocks, no ones, and nothing Friday afternoon or Saturday. One o'clock Tuesday comes and you go after your study-list. On the board of your advisor's room is a list of closed sections, all yours are closed but one in Ec. 10. Hurrah for college! At last you get everything done except paying your fees. Of course, you figured on \$35 but who knew that innocent course in Psych. carried with it a \$2.50 lab fee, etc.? Well, anyway, you didn't get an eight o'clock. No, but wait until Wednesday, and you'll find the University has opened another section in Hist. 44 and you're in it, 8TTTS.

And aren't first classes great? Back in '02, when Egbert was freshman for the first time, he used to look forward to meeting some *nice* girl in some class, but he knows better now. And if there are women in class, their names begin with T and Z while yours is Brown. Either that or the instructor is one of those who puts the girls in the front row. This is supposed to be done so that the instructor can overlook them. Perhaps that word should be look over.

"Now, the text in this course will be by Gersternberger. There are some second-hand copies around but you will be held for the material in the 1932 edition. I think the price is either \$5 or \$6. The first assignment will be chapters one and two and you will turn in Problem One. That will be all for today." They let you out early so that you will have more time to worry about where the money is coming from for the books, let alone that keen blind date Joe promised you for tonight. You know the kind, "she's not terribly good looking, but she's got a lot of personality." Yes, Tommy, we read *Ballyhoo*, too.

Let's put through a change slip. No, no special reason except the guy flunked Smith last semester, and he had a B average at the twelve weeks. Yeah, I guess he's a (*Siren* doesn't print things like that). So you go to the dean of our college (whoever saw his dean in regard to a matter like this) and try to get a change slip. But first you must wait until the former freshie who has busted in ahead of you has importantly told why his change is necessary. "I was in a split lab section in Chem. 2 and



There, I Told You They Were 28 Feet Long

the instructor says I should change my Math. 4 to Sec. Q1 and so Chem. 2 will have to be changed to Sec. B, with Lect. 1 instead of Lect. III, with lab. from 1 to 3 TT." Of course, that's quite lucid and the matter is quickly taken care of, the office knowing all about the fellow's trouble, or, at least, he so assumes from his manner and speech.

After three-quarters of an hour, you start in (that's pretty fast at that). "I want to drop Hist. 44 Sec. B and add Hist. 44 Sec. D." "Why?" comes the voice. That's the question. "Well, you see I'm working and this one o'clock interferes with my job."

"What are you going to do on Tuesday and Thursdays? Where do you work?" After a dozen of these questions you finally get the change, but what good does it do?

But, heigh-ho, 'twas ever thus! Just as man begins to think he's dominant, along comes leap year. Anyway, we can save money this year, I doubt. Or are you like the fellow whose girl tried to get him to take her to the leap year dance, but he told her that he had another date for that night, so both of them set at in their respective rooms that night and studied. Neither did I!

Don't lose hope, my friends! Remember this is the year of the depression! How can you expect your classes to be beds of roses? Maybe next semester, you'll have no eight o'clocks, no one o'clocks, no Saturday classes, and all the beautiful women in your classes will set next to you. Maybe!

THE END (YOU HOPE)

—S—

He was a bit shy and, after she had thrown her arms around him and kissed him for bringing her a bouquet of flowers, he arose and started to leave.

"I'm sorry if I offended you," she said.

"I'm not offended; I'm going for more flowers."

—S—

"Kisses are the language of love."

"Why don't you say something?"

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"Don't bother your head about him, my dear, there are plenty of fish in the sea."

"Yes, but he was a goldfish."

—S—

"I can't marry him, mother. He's an atheist, and doesn't believe there's a hell."

"Marry him, my dear, and between us we'll convince him that he's wrong."

—S—

The nurse entered the professor's study and said sortly, "It's a boy."

"Well, what does he want?"

—S—

Instructor: "What is the feminine of bachelor?"

Student: "Er-er—lady-in-waiting."

Head of Business College: "In teaching shorthand and typewriting, we are strong on accuracy."

Incoming Student: "How are you on speed?"

H. of B. C.: "Well, of last year's class, six married their employers within two weeks."

—S—

The barber takes the red hot towel
As though he were just learning,
And drops it quickly on your face
To keep his hands from burning.

—S—

The shades of night were falling fast,
When for a kiss he asked her.
She must have answered yes, because
The shades came down much faster.

—S—

Many a mother's precious lamb has
matured into a muttonhead.

SCHOOL DAZE

"Just the day for a picnic," shouted Miss Sidley, and all the little children screamed "agreed, agreed, agreed." And so 'twas arranged.

The school jitney took all the little dears out into the glen where there was merrymaking aplenty, and a delicious lunch. There were milk, sandwiches, sand salad, and all other foodstuffs dear to the hearts of the little ones.

After the repast the dears played at games. There were many "hoops" of joy as the little green and yellow pith balls were thrown into the air. No ugly words passed between the tots, as they were all enjoying their fun and communing with nature.

Everything was going smoothly till Miss Sidley, in a moment of forgetfulness said to one of the little joys, "Don't cry little girl, I'll pick up your g— d— marbles." This remark was met with cries of fie! fie! But because all the little funsters loved their teacher dearly they let it pass.

It passed again and again, until Miss Sidley, in her embarrassment, bid three no trump and threw down her hand. At that point, "Old Sol" began to disappear below the purple hill, and six o'clock saw forty tired but happy children wending their way home toward their trundle beds.

—*Cornell Widow.*

—S—

"Where do you hang out?"

"Do I look like a laundry."

Americana Moderna

Two banks (the only ones) in my home town

Just closed, and wheat has rallied to two bits.

Stocks are like a freshman's beard—all down.

Plays that run three weeks are classed as hits.

Five million "workers" looking for some work.

Which can't be found without a microscope.

About each public place cheap gangsters lurk.

Shooting little babes when nerved with dope.

The only man-sized drink that can be had

Is football gin—one gulp and you kick off.

Do you, then, think the situation's bad?

Then listen, as without a wink or cough,

The president proclaims through land

"We have the situation well in hand!"

—*Washington Dirge.*

—S—

The PTERODACTYL, funny fellow

Has a sense of humor mellow.

But now he's dead—the very fact will

Make us love the PTERODACTYL. —*Michigan Gargoyle.*

Life's Darkest Moment

(A play in one act)

She: How are you enjoying the party?

He: I think it's the louisiest brawl I've ever been sucked into. The orchestra is terrible, the punch sickening; the refreshments are undoubtedly diseased and as for the guests. . . . Say, who's committing this crime, anyway?

She: Sir! I am.

(Curtain)

—*Yale Record.*

—S—

He and his young wife were taken for a motor trip by some friends. She admired his anxiety about her comfort.

"Are you all right?" he asked.

"Quite, dear."

"Cushions comfortable?"

"Quite, darling."

"Not being jolted?"

"Oh, no, sweetheart."

"Not in a draft?"

"No, lambkin."

"Then change seats with me."

—*Washington Cougar's Paw.*

—S—

WHAT TO SAY

When the alumnus at the house who uses the most towels, slaps the most backs, and bellows most heartily over the good old days, comes in after the game yelling:

"Boy, how the team of '99 would have ripped up the place with them!" say ye olde upper cutte.

Here are suggestions to fill up that ghastly moment of silence:

English—Blighty, old fellow, eh what? Odds Bodkins, what would you do?

Philosophic—What will be, will be.

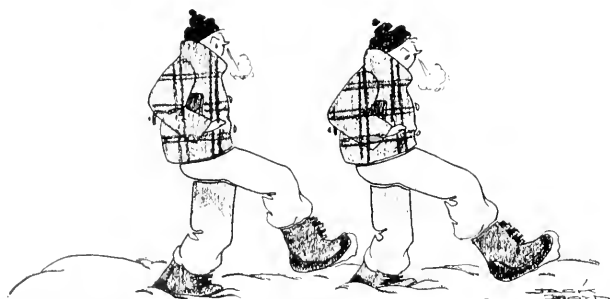
Phlegmatic—The radio, just turn it off, and a glass of water, would you mind, and a cigarette, too?

Linguistic—Ce n'est pas le heat, C'est Phumiditee.

Hypochondriacal—Pardon me, my appendix.

Collegiate—Oh, yeah?

—*Ohio State Sun Dial.*



Yes, my son, I'm a self-made man.

Geer, Pop, that's what I like about you. You always take the blame for everything.

THE AUTOMOBILE

We want the back seat.
 Gwan. It's your car. Drive it.
 Worse luck.
 Yeh.
 We're out of gas.
 Then why don't you turn off the engine?
 Douse the glims.
 It's getting rather late. I should go.
 Me, too.
 Can't get the engine started. It's frozen.
 So am I.
 Well, you're no torrid heater yourself.
 Thanks. Take me home.
 You know the way.
 Oh, yeah? *Take me home!*
 With delight.
 You don't need to go so fast.
 I'm in a hurry.
 So am I. You can't get me there too soon.
 Agreed.
 Darling, please don't drive so. It frightens me.
 All right, honey. Then we'll park here. —*U. of Nevada Desert Wolf.*

—S—

"Do they have any restrictions at your university?"
 "Only one."
 "What is it?"
 "Don't get caught."

—*Washington U. Dirge.*

—S—

"This vase is over 2,000 years old! Be very careful in carrying it."
 "You can depend on me, Professor; I'll be as careful of it as if it were brand new." —*Cornell Widow.*

—S—

"Give me a kiss."
 "I will like hell."
 "That's the way I like them."

—*Utah Hum-Bug.*

—S—

Progress, my lad, is when she doesn't tell you that it is her new hat.

—S—

"Shall we join the ladies?"
 "What's the matter, they coming apart?"

We have a good selection of Ice Skates.
 The quality is the best and you are bound to get satisfaction.

NESTOR JOHNSON FINE SKATES

For men and women

For Racing, Hockey, or Figure
 Skating

\$4.45 to \$8.00

THE CO-OP
On the Square

MEADOW GOLD MILK



CHAMPAIGN SANITARY
 MILK DIVISION



"Alas, alack, Hector, I'm engaged to a girl with a wooden leg!"

"Tsk, tsks, Egbert, and have you tried to break it off?" —*Bean Pot.*

—S—

Snob: I don't associate with my inferiors, do you?

Other girl: I don't know, I never met any of your inferiors.

—*Western Reserve Red Cat.*

—S—

You: "Don't you think 'The Living Corpse' is a swell title for a book?"

Me: "No, I think it's unnecessary."

You: "Whadda ya mean, unnecessary?"

Me: "Well, why Living Corpse? Everyone knows they don't have dead men in the army."

Sugar Daddy (adoringly): Oh darling, my only one!

Chorine: Gnertz, and I thought you were a millionaire.

—*Cornell Widow.*

—S—

Salesman: "Here is a very nice pistol, lady. It shoots nine times."

Fair customer: "Say, what do you think I am—a polygamist?"

—*Alabama Rammer-Jammer.*

—S—

"Time is ungallant."

"Howzat?"

"It tells on a woman."

—*Tennessee Mugwump.*

—S—

Eggs mark the spot where the hen laid . . . —*Ohio State Sun Dial.*

Our Little Home

Mother's in the kitchen washing up the jugs;

Father's in the cellar, bottling up the suds;

Sister's in the pantry, mixing up the hops—

While Johnnie's on the front porch, watching for the cops.

—*Texas A. and M. Battalion.*

—S—

The debutante's dilemma: Should she carry Lifebuoy on the B&O?

—*Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket.*

—S—

"Why is a woman like a sailboat?"

"Because they both make a better showing in the wind."

—*Washington University Dirge.*

—S—

"Boy, I had a slick time at the dance. My date was plenty smooth, the floor was slippery, and I was well oiled."

—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

—S—

First Co-ed: Why do you run around with those two boys? Why they're awful pills.

Second Same: Yeah, but thar's gold in them pills.

—*Tennessee Mugwump.*

—S—

Simile: As scarce as people on the campus who aren't selling something.



The events leading up to the tragedy which occurred when they

1st bo (after five days indecision on what moll to take to ax-grinders):
"Say, Lily, gotta pair of scales?"

2nd bo: "Whatcha want wid a pair of scales?"

1st bo: "I gotta weigh some raw matter fer a decision."

—S—

Sign in a local haberdashery—
PAJAMAS — GOOD ENOUGH
FOR FORMAL WEAR — HALF
OFF.

—S—

A. K. L.: "Sorry but I was ailing all night, and I couldn't make my eight o'clock."

Pal: "Yea, prof, just ask him where he was ailing."

—S—

Lines, Rather True

Your love was of the summer, sweet,
Forgotten with the fall.

This time of year

Requires, dear,

The strongest faith of all.

—Arizona Kitty Kat.

—S—

And there's the sweet co-ed
frosh who thought Corrective Gym-
nastics was a course in etiquette.

—Arizona Kitty Kat.

—S—

People in their right mind
Can usually find
Something to drink
Which leads me to think
That we ought to be glad
That we haven't gone mad.

—Harvard Lampoon.

—S—

If every boy in the United States
could read every girl's mind, the
gasoline consumption would drop
fifty per cent. —Texas Battalion.

—S—

Justa lil coke
Anna lil smoke
Givva lotta hope
To a lil dope.

—S—

Editor: "Sorry, but I can't use
this joke about Dean Turner."

Author: "Can't, huh? It was
good enough when you printed it
about Dean Clark!"

For Health Drink

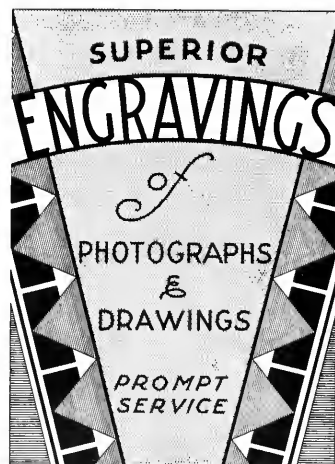
HUDSON'S "Selected" Milk

"It's Pasteurized"



ALWAYS GOOD

ALWAYS DEPENDABLE



G.R. GRUBB & CO.

Engravers

CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS.



Coming Attractions

We dropped around to the Virginia the other day to see what was what, and what a surprise! Several of the same shows which are now having their premiere in New York and Chicago will be here this week. Our old friend, Will Rogers, is here from March 3-5 in a whooping good show—"Business and Pleasure," which we don't guarantee to thrill or amaze you, but which we unreservedly recommend to any and all Rogers fans. Incidentally, if you haven't joined the ranks, this one will pledge you! Will does everything from crooning bar-room ballads to imitating a Damascus fortune-teller.

From March 6-9 there will be the play, "Lady With a Past," starring Constance Bennett and Ben Lyon. This photoplay is receiving the highest acclaim from all critics. It portrays the story of a girl considered nice, but altogether too serious and reserved to be alluring. In order to win the boy she loves away from a lady with very much of a past, she decides to acquire one for herself. With the aid of a gigolo she does so; so much of a past, as a matter of fact, that even the old boy friend is frightened away. Then the fun goes on at even a greater rate of speed.

Following this great production come the two old favorites, Clark

Gable (whom even Bruce Weirick mentioned in a lecture) and Marion Davies, in "Polly of the Circus." This picture will play at the Virginia through the 12th.

The following productions will be presented at the Park during the coming month—many of them are those you wanted to see and didn't. Here's your chance! On March 2, Helen Chandler, in "Salvation Nell"; on March 3, 4, Douglas Fairbanks Jr. in "I Like Your Nerve"; on March 5, Buck Jones in "Ridin' for Justice"; on March 6 Richard Bartholmess in "Last Flight"; on March 7, 8, Mary Robinson in "Mother Millions"; on March 9, Lois Moran in "Reckless Living"; on March 10, 11, "Are These Our Children?"; on March 12, Hoot Gibson in "Wild Horse"; on March 13, Joe E. Brown in "Local Boy Makes Good"; on March 14, 15, Lois Moran in "Men in Her Life"; on March 16, Evelyn Brent in "Pagan Lady"; on March 17, 18, Chick Sale in "Star Witness"; on March 19, Tim McCoy in "One Way Trail"; on March 20, Winnie Lightner in "Side Show"; on March 21, 22, William Powell in "Road to Singapore"; March 23, Claudia Dell in "Left Over Ladies"; March 24, 25, Boris Karloff in "Frankenstein"; on March 26, Buck Jones in "Range Feud"; March 27, James Cagney in "Blonde Crazy";

March 28, 29, Walter Houston in "Ruling Voice"; on March 30, Bebe Daniels in "Honor of the Family"; and on March 31 and April 1 an all star cast in "Penrod."

—S—

Ship's captain to new man: "Well, my boy, same old story, I suppose, the fool of the family sent to sea?"

Aspiring seaman: "No, sir. That's all altered since your day."

—S—

1831: He gazed down into her trusting little face, and patted her affectionately.

1931: He gazed down into her trusting little face, and petted her affectionately.

—S—

One of those dear old fashioned gentlemen: "May I kiss your hand?"

She: "What's a matter, is my mouth dirty?"

—Alabama Rammer-Jammer.

—S—

"And you still maintain that kisses are the languages of love?"

"Of course, Willie."

"Then how about talking it over?"

—Indiana Bored Walk.

—S—

Prof. Burley: Are you sure you haven't your dates mixed?

Precious Darling: Why—this is Friday, isn't it?

—Indiana Bored Walk.



Caught this unspeakable person pulling that ancient

The Evolution of a Line

Frosh: "Did anyone ever tell you you're pretty damn cute?"

Soph:

She: "My religion is beauty."

He: "I'm inclined to believe in it too, looking at you."

Junior: "You're made-up pretty neat, kid."

Senior: "You'll do, babe."

—S—

Haughty Lady (entering sea food market): My man, three two pound lobsters, if you please.

Fish Man: Yes ma'am, shall I wrap them up?

Haughty Lady: I think you had better, my man. I don't believe they know me well enough to follow me home.
—Banter.

—S—

Judge: You are charged with hitting your wife on the head with a bottle of gingerale.

The Accused: Youse got it wrong, judge; de ginger ale was charged.

—California Wampus.

—S—

Botany Prof.: When do leaves begin to turn?

Voice from the rear: The night before the final exams.

—California Wampus.

—S—

Mary had a little lamb
As pure as driven snow
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go,
It followed her to U. of I.
Which was against the rule.
It made the boys all laugh to see
So pure a thing in school.

—S—

Mistress Mary Mercenary
How does your bank account grow?
With wedding bells and bridal veils
And limousines all in a row.

—S—

Our walls do not a prison make,
No class room is a cage.
The Deans have for the students,
sake

Begun to act their age.
No cuts will be recorded now
But this thought worries me
How to remain in school and how
Enjoy such liberty.



SMOOTH or SHAGGY?



WHICH shall it be? The good old grads are attacking the Eastern colleges and calling names. It all came about because their football teams didn't win. If you want to know why, read HENRY MOTON ROBINSON'S defense of the effete Princetonian in the March COLLEGE HUMOR.

Darrell Ware again writes a smooth story about LITTLE BLACK CLOUD; and the smoothest novelist of them all, DONALD HENDERSON CLARKE, has turned out a serial especially for us concerning "Baby Face," gangster's son and college man.

Other smooth stories complete an issue that is a tribute to the campus.

CollegeHumor MAGAZINE

A MUSING

Ten thousand times I've pondered,
And ten thousand times in vain.
Why every time I have a date
It always starts to rain.

Did you ever stop to notice
Why is a purple cow?
Corinthian pillars aren't so soft,
But who cares about them now?

A jug of wine, a padded cell and thou
Twice two is four and twice four eight,
But let us tap another keg,
And fiddle briskly on the gate.

—M. I. T., *Too Doo*.

—S—
AUTO-SUGGESTION

The modern wall-flower is the girl who dances all the
time.

—Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.

—S—
Old lady (to drunk): Young man, don't you know
when you have had enough?

Studegent: Madam, I don't know anything when I've
had enough. I'm unconscious.

—Washington Dirge.

—S—
A man went into Cohen's book store and asked, "Have
you a copy of Who's Who and What's What, by Jerome
K. Jerome?"

Cohen replied: "No sir, but ve got. Who's He and
Vat's He Got, by Bradstreet."

—Dixerd.

—S—
"What is heredity?

"Something a father believes in until he sends his son to
college."

—Texas Ranger.

UNIQUE

Mr. Sicamore Newlywed
announces his divorce,
with pleasure from
Becky Maude
on Friday, July 31, 1929,
at Sandamingo, Cal.
and is now back in circulation
at home 1313 Tower Park Avenue,
Forest 3424.

—Carnegie Tech Puppet.

—S—
Professor "Boys, are you passing notes back there?"
Rear of room: "These aren't notes, they're dollar bills;
we're shooting craps."
Professor: "Oh, pardon me."

—Washington Dirge.

—S—
DISTRESS

LOST—a lead pencil by Marjorie Weats, blonde, blue
eyes, good dancer. Finder please call Hooloday 9998 be-
tween the hours of 7 and 9 p. m.

—California Pelican.

—S—
"Whatcha got?"

"Musical instrument."

"What is it?"

"Cross between a saxophone and bagpipe."

"Instrument, hell! That's a weapon."

—The Drexler.

—S—
LOYALTY

"Oy, I am dying—send for a priest quiveck."

"Vat, Abie, you don't vant a rabbi?"

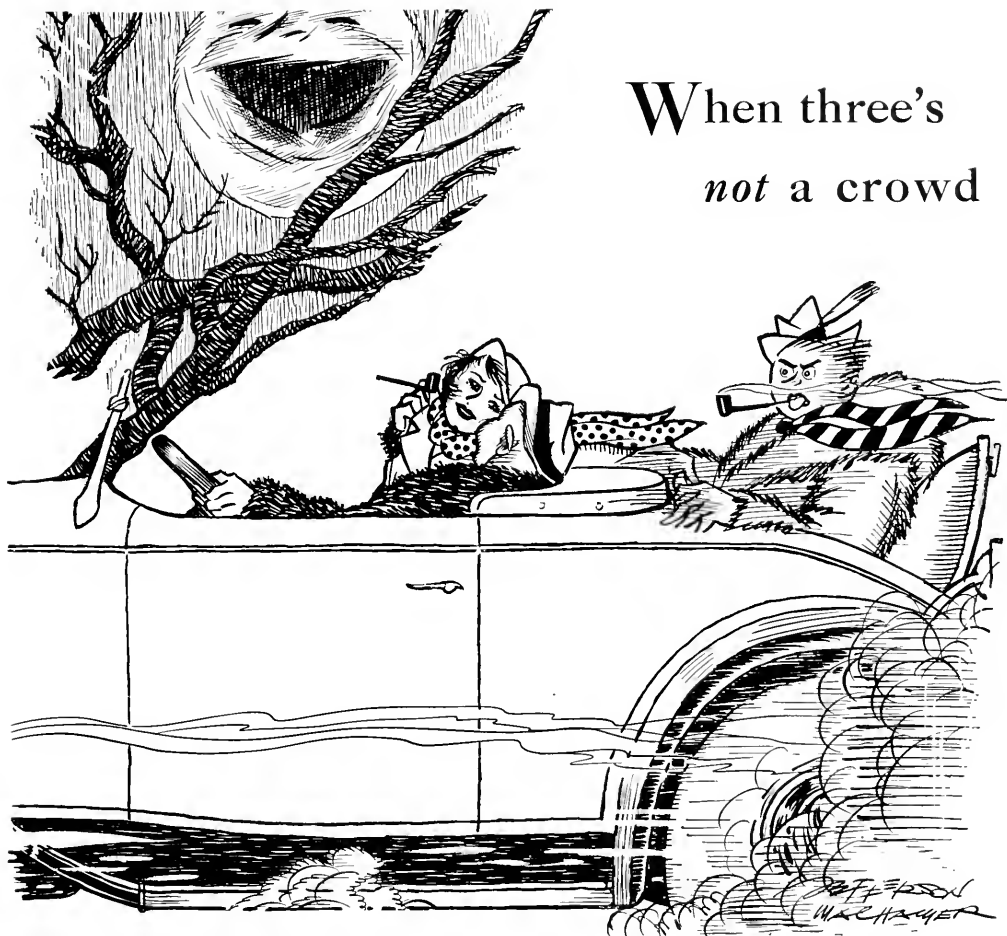
"I should gif heem small pox? Call for a priest."

—Buffalo Bison.



Wheeze, "Who was that lady I seen you with last night," etc.

—Nebraska Acopian



When three's
not a crowd

When there's an important selling job to be done, after hours, on some moonlit roadway, or shadowy campus drive, nothing gets you off to a better start than one of those new sport roadsters being built by Chevrolet.

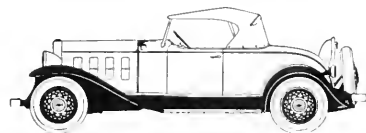
The front seat has plenty of room for the great American blonde, *yourself*, and several tons of raccoon coat—as well as a second blonde, if you believe in numbers. Then, if some offensive male decides that he'll go along too, there's a pleasantly remote rumble seat, where he can be placed in cold storage indefinitely.

In addition—with Syncro-Mesh and Free Wheeling, you can let the car practically drive itself. Chevrolet's six-cylinder motor runs so noiselessly that you can put across your personality without using a gold-lined megaphone.

And just as the Chevrolet Six never cramps your technique, it never cramps the allowance, either. Gas, oil, and servings can be paid for, with plenty of change left over for cover charges and refreshments. And as for first-cost—well, bless your soul—just snap on the bifocals and take a look to the right!

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

The Great American Value for 1932



The Sport Roadster, \$495

Twenty beautiful new models,
at prices ranging from \$475 to \$660

All prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich., special equipment extra. Low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms. Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan. Division of General Motors.

NATURALLY ***FRESH***

never parched, never toasted!

The cool, flavorful *freshness* of Camel cigarettes is purely a natural product.

It is attained not by any mysterious processes, but simply by preserving the full natural goodness of fine sun-ripened tobaccos.

These choice tobaccos of which Camels are blended — fine Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos — are never parched or toasted.

On the contrary we exercise every care and

precaution to safeguard the natural moisture which is infused with their mildness and flavor.

That's why the Camel Humidor Pack is such a boon to Camel smokers — it could do little or nothing except for the fact that the cigarettes we put into it are fresh to start with.

To see what that means in cool, smooth, throat-friendly smoking pleasure, switch to *fresh* Camels for just one day — then leave them, if you can!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company's Coast-to-Coast Radio Programs

CAMEL QUARTER HOUR, Morton Downey, Tony Wons, and Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard, every night except Sunday, Columbia Broadcasting System

PRINCE ALBERT QUARTER HOUR, Alice Joy, "Old Hunch," and Prince Albert Orchestra, every night except Sunday, National Broadcasting Company Red Network

See radio page of local newspaper for time

© 1932, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. In offices and homes, even in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked.

CAMELS

Made FRESH — Kept FRESH

JAMES LUNEBURG, ACTOR, IS ABDUCTED

STOCK TEAM HITS BOTTOM, TOP, AT OLYMPIC TRYOUTS

Stock Judging Team Wins
Prize; No Other Teams
Compete

The University's stock judging team was awarded first and last place in the Olympic try-outs held at Hank Hannah's farm yesterday forenoon. The boys will be sent to represent Dillyville at the district meet. Expenses will be defrayed from the profits made on the dance which will not be held this year at the dairy barn as usual due to objections raised by Marier Renard.

Win Prize

The boys should have received first place as Hank had carefully selected the stock and the boys had memorized the points of each. However, in the confusion, Harv Kring's prize pigs broke in and were mistaken by some for Hannah's blooded stock. The team was awarded the prize as no other team competed.

Professor Bull

The team is coached by none other than our own Prof. Shootsa Bull, and should go far in any competition. The members are Hank Hannah '32, capt., Harv Kring '37, co-capt., John Brown, transfer student, co-capt., and Oscar Butch, maybe, co-capt.

POSITIONS OPEN

There are several very important positions open on the editorial staff of the Daily Illini which may be applied for by freshman every day after 6 o'clock in the offices in University hall. Aspirants should be born of poor but honest parents and be more than willing to work. We need a good tenor pretty bad.

Weather Forecast

Fair and warmer, with rain, maybe, and a strong East wind. Visibility good, high ceiling.

The Illini is always happy to inform as to the condition of the weather. Just call 4181, and one of our St. Bernards will answer whether they know anything about it or not.

Column Left..Right Out

Actor Spirited Away in Blue Auto; Strand of Rope Traced to Pi Beta Phi House May Be Kidnap Clue

Child Snatching Reported to Police at 1:50 This
Morning by Inmate of the Chi Omega Estate;
Believe Tragedy to Have Occurred at 1:45

By MORRIS GREELEY

URBANA, Ill., June 21.—James Luneburg '32, dramatic actor par excellence, was kidnaped from a room on the east side of the third floor of the Chi Omega mansion between 1:35 and 1:50 o'clock this morning.

Miss D'Orsay Connors, inhabitant of the Chi Omega mansion, discovered Luneburg's absence at 1:50 o'clock, and called the police officials at once. She was the last person to see Luneburg before he was kidnaped. She left him alone in the room when she went downstairs to change her shoes.

D. CONNORS IMPORES KIDNAPERS TO WATCH LITTLE JIMMY'S DIET

By KATHERIN "SOB" SISTER

URBANA, June 21.—(Special.)

—With a silent supplication in her heart that the kidnapers of James Luneburg will show at least a trace of human mercy, that their attitude will be tempered with the milk of human kindness, Miss D'Orsay Connors asked me today to write these requests to them.

"If they don't give Jimmy the right things eat and drink he will suffer from violent attacks of melancholia," she said, a tear in her voice. "He must have three quarts of black coffee through the day, one and one-half tablespoons of sugar to the cup.

"On waking up in the late afternoon, he should have fifteen drops of Three-Star Hennessy diluted in a water glass full of root beer. He must also have three teaspoonfuls of white bread soaked in water.

"Please shine his shoes once a day, and don't say anything to him that might accentuate his inferiority complex. By all means get him to cut his hair; use force if necessary."

Police and a student at the University of Illinois who asked that his name remain unpublicized say that Luneburg was apparently spirited away in a blue two-door Ford sedan. The witness said that he was walking in front of the Chi Omega mansion about 1:45 when he saw somebody carrying a large sack make an exit from it.

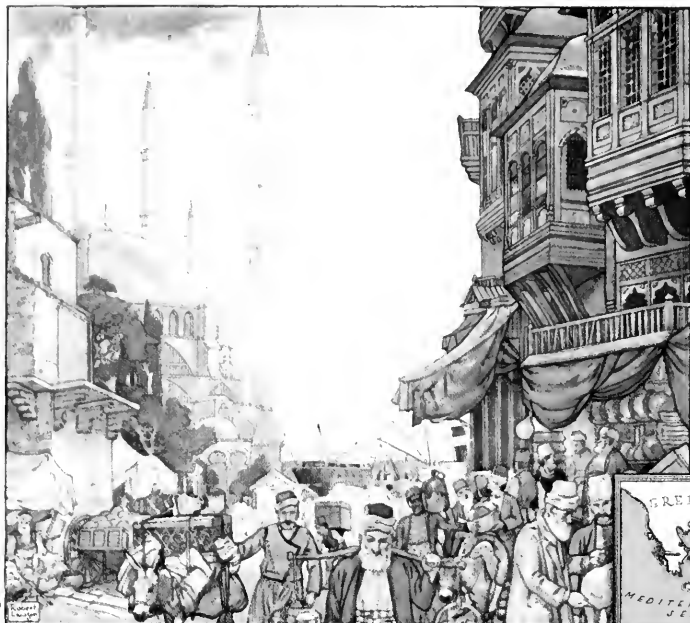
"I tried to get a good look at the person who was walking out, but all I could figure out was that it was a young woman dressed in men's clothing. She hurried past me, tossed the bundle into the back of the car, got into it and drove away at a terrific speed."

Another possible clue is a strand of heavy rope which has been identified as being a piece of one of the rope ladders with which every room in the Pi Beta Phi mansion is equipped. The Pi Beta Phi estate is situated near Chi Omega.

All the roads leading from the mansion have been closed by police orders. The state militia has been summoned to scour the neighborhood in the attempt to rescue Luneburg.

Luneburg was wearing grey trousers, a white shirt, and black shoes. His hair had not been cut for five weeks according to a statement made by Miss Connors.

Because "Belle" Herring has a date tonight, his column, Rumpus In Activities, will not appear in today's issue. However, we fear that the above mentioned column will appear in some of the forthcoming issues of that other publication on this campus that masquerades under the name of The Dilly Illusion, the shameless plagiarists.



Where Turkish tobacco comes from



Let's all go to Turkey...



In every important tobacco-growing center of Turkey, Chesterfield has its own tobacco buyers.

Eastward ho! Four thousand miles nearer the rising sun—let's go! To the land of mosques and minarets. Let's see this strange, strange country. Let's see the land where the tobacco* grows in small leaves on slender stalks—to be tenderly picked, leaf by leaf, hung in long fragrant strings, shelter-dried and blanket-cured. Precious stuff!

Let's taste that delicate aromatic flavor—that subtle difference that *makes* a cigarette!

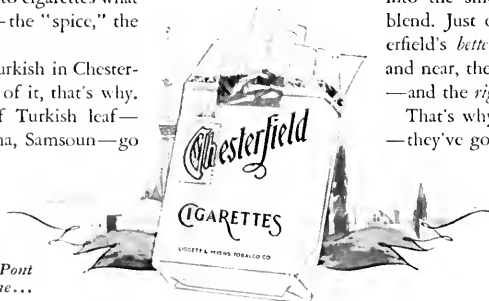
XANTHI • CAVALLA • SMYRNA • SAMSOON Famous Turkish Tobaccos

*Turkish tobacco is to cigarettes what seasoning is to food—the "spice," the "sauce"

You can *taste* the Turkish in Chesterfield—there's enough of it, that's why. Four famous kinds of Turkish leaf—Xanthi, Cavalla, Smyrna, Samsoun—go

into the smooth, "spicy" Chesterfield blend. Just one more reason for Chesterfield's *better taste*. Tobaccos from far and near, the best of their several kinds—and the *right* kinds.

That's why Chesterfields are GOOD—they've got to be and they *are*.



Wrapped in No. 300 DuPont
Moisture-Proof Cellophane...
the Best Made

Music that Satisfies
Everynight (except Sunday), 10:30
Eastern Time, Columbia Coast-
to-Coast Network.

Finest Turkish and Domestic Tobaccos Blended and Cross-Blended

JOE, THE BLOOD, HINTS AT GANG WAR TO SAVE MOLL

"There aint no mug who can take my babe away from me!" said Joe, "The Blood" Sing Sing ex'25, in an exclusive interview with an Illini reporter late last night. "I just aint gonna stand for it an that's all there is to it. I'll poke in that guy's mush. It's about time I got a chance to use some of the stuff I learned from dear old Professor Mike de Pike back at Sing Sing—" Joe's face grew melancholy and he brushed a tear from his eye with the elbow of his sleeve—"if this chiseler don't stay in his place he'll wake up some morning and find it burned down, pal, an dat's the goods. I aint responsible when some mug tries to get my babe, and my gang what is in the Pierrot show *Watta Racket* will help me take him a ride.

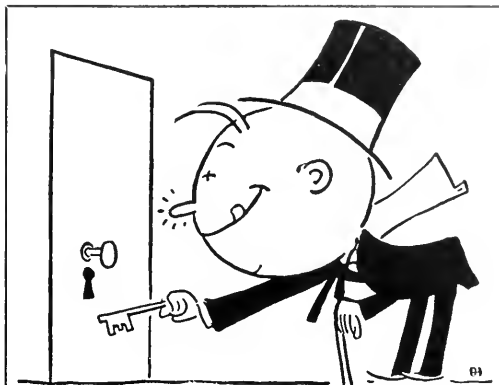
Joe, who is a member of the troupe who is playing at the Lincoln Hall Little Titter April 15, 16, 22, 23, is a pretty tough guy, and Champaign-Urbana police have thrown a dragnet over the city in an effort to instantly quell any gangster activities which might be the result of one of his maudlin rages. His consort, a woman who goes by the name of Amarilus Irish, has been seen sitting on the front porch of the Theta Kappa Nu house every evening at eleven o'clock sharp during the last week, and local police are suspicious, they say. Something may develop any minute now, and they are watching closely. Police Captain Okedokey has reserved the position at the keyhole for himself.

Gangster activities have been particularly quiet in the Twin Cities, and Captain Okedokey is particularly anxious that they remain that way. Police Captain Okedokey in an exclusive interview with an Illini reporter late last night said that so far as he was concerned he was damn sure that it is that bunch of Pierrot punks over at that show that they are putting on in Lincoln hall that are pulling the most of the stuff that's making it so that an honest guy can't go out of doors at night, or get a decent glass of home brew for two bits any more on account of the notions they are putting into the boy's heads. Police Captain Okedokey lives on Wright street right across the street from the theater.

The plot of the attraction at the theater involves the action of a gang who are doing their best to get along in the world by peddling alky, and the home talent are under a bad influence, the police force feels. As a result of the influence of the production, the beerflats are getting too uppity, is Captain Okedokey's opinion.

The very peculiar actions of a member of the cast known as "Min," and the manner in which she acts perfectly at home about the Presidential mansion has lead to much tongue wagging, in campus circles.

"I do not know the bussy, and what's more do you think I'd say I knew her if I did?" said President Chase in an interview with an Illini reporter late last night. Police are throwing a dragnet about the grounds of the mansion in an attempt to capture her as she lurks about the place.

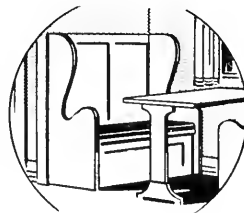


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Simple Pome

Ther wunce
wuz
a tee-chur
uv french
whose mind wuz
extreemingly
klassy
& this
wuz
the mottoe
he hung on his
wall—
a simple
"NO VERBEE,
NO PASSEE."

Wen
stewdents
wur dunn or
demented
or wen thay
wur
stewpid &
sassie
he sputtered with
raje
lyke a beest
in a cage
& showted
"NO VERBEE,
NO PASSEE."

Wun day
in a
spell of defiance
wun boy
gott
a littul 2 spunkee
the Prof
screemed & kissed
& yelled
till he bust
theze words:
"LITTUL MONKEE,
YOU FLUNKEE!"

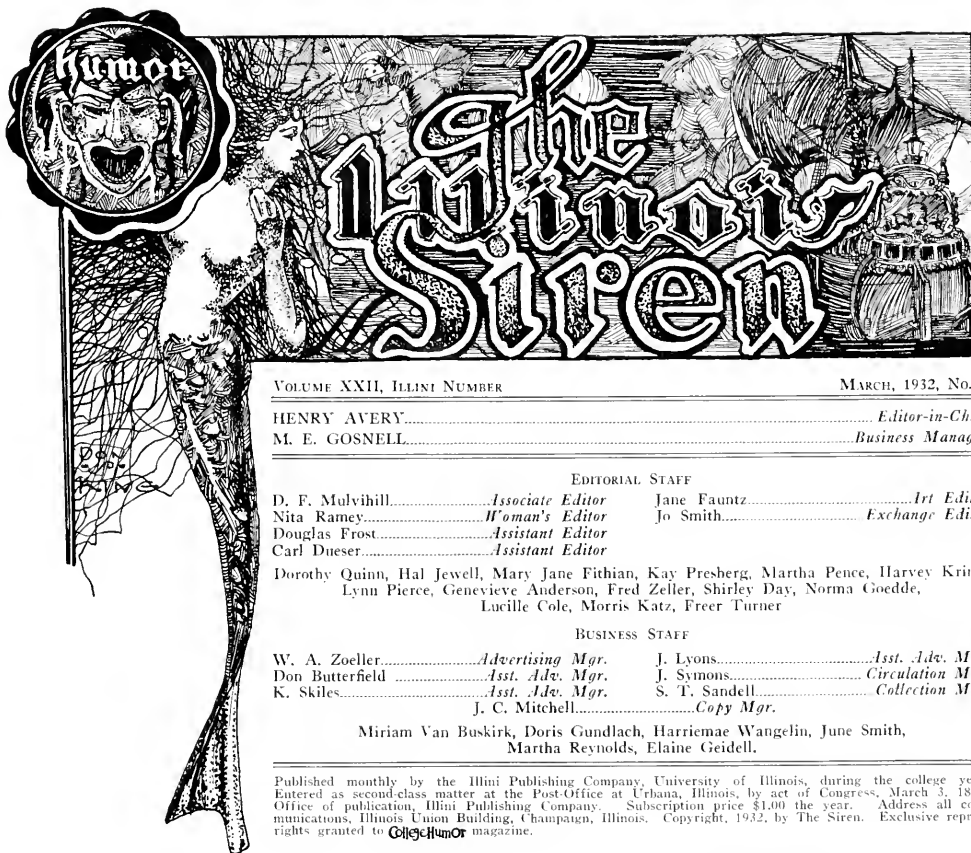
—Grinnell Maltcaser.

S

"Hoover's gittin' glum, jamie—it's prezidentchul leep year."
—Grinnell Maltcaser.

S

Drag: "But, Joe, I can't marry you, you're almost penniless."
Gish: "That's nothing, the Czar of Russia was Nicholas."
—Annapolis Log.



humor

The Illini Siren

VOLUME XXII, ILLINI NUMBER MARCH, 1932, No. 6

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Our two cents worth....

This, dear public is *The Illini Number* on which the boys and girls who work on the Siren have been laboring far into the night for so long a time that it makes us a bit faint to think of it. So far as we have been able to discern with the naked eye, none of their copy which we have used has maliciously dealt with the more or less famous names which are bandied about in it. We should feel very badly indeed if any of the people who own the famous names should be angry, including those of our senior brethren who do their share of the typewriter pounding over in Uni Hall to furnish us with such a beautiful paper to read over our

coffee every morning and to giggle right out loud at every now and then.

Due credit for labor on the cover is given to Morrie Katz, that old cover laborer, who worked many hours upon it and the copy on the inside of the magazine.

The Siren will perhaps feel the loss of Harold Bowen more keenly than any other of the campus activities in which he participated. He was a member of the staff from the freshman year when he toiled for Al Wharfield, and rose to the comparative heights of art editor as a junior. Hal's death means the loss of a good worker and a fine fellow.

ASH CAN DEATH SETS CAMPUS ALL A-TWITTER

Uni Hall Janitor Discovers
Crime as He Returns
to Daily Duties

The head of a pretty blonde young woman was found in an ash can in the basement of University Hall today when the janitor was doing his regular weekly cleaning.

The janitor, William Lutch, reported the discovery to the local police, who arrived on the scene at once, due to the fact that the chief was losing in a game of poker. Every one in the building was held for questioning. Careful investigation of the scene revealed no clues.

Was a Blonde

The head was that of a light haired blonde. It has been carefully severed from the body just below the ears. The police, although they refuse to give any theory as to the explanation, suspect that a crime has been committed.

Every effort is being made to identify the person. Students, instructors, and house mothers are asked to co-operate with the police in an effort to locate the body.

Embarrassed

"Imagine my embarrassment," Garner told newspapermen today, "when I discovered the head there. It could not have been there long, as I remember of emptying the ash can last week."

A piece of notebook paper has been found wadded in the left ear of the head by the local police in their investigation.

"The paper had several pencil sketchings on it, and some unintelligible statements which might be lecture notes," Chief of Police Mutch stated, "and with this clue, we have proved conclusively that the note had been taken in Professor

(Continued on Page 10)

FINDS BODY



William Lutch, janitor, shows how he found body of girl

MAKE MONKEY OF FARINA NELSON'S PET

Joe O. W. Hall-Nelson, speaking monkey-pet of Farina Nelson, of the public speaking Dept., talked last night to himself in the Memorable stadium, before a crowd of ever so many people.

"Ship Oy Oy," began the ape, who is a goose in ship's clothing, "life is a myth. Yeth it thurely ith. I wernt yer ter ner wert er erm terking abert, teller. Nerts. (Yes, he has a cold in his throat).

"First, the Lindboigh beby (Helf-Nelson varies his speech by shifting his accent from his milk tooth to his left molar, as his guardian showed him how to do) ain't lost like you tink He jes' disappeared an' went on a sleep walkin' trip tru Crystal lake park. I know cause I seen him bikin' around with a overnight bag, and I didn't say it was a Theta, see Butch?"

'WHAT A NIGHT' EXCLAIMS MISS MARIA LEONARD

Illini Dean of Women Tells
Illini Reporter
All

"I always did think that old songs were the best," said Dean Maria Leonard in an interview with an Illini reporter last night, "and I think that one which everyone was singing a few years ago about 'What a Night! What a Girl' was a very nice one."

Dean Leonard, when asked what she thought of the rule which now permits instructors to smoke in their offices, opened the drawer of her desk and shyly drew out a box of Cremos.

"Have one," she said as she bit the end off one of them and then threw it out of the window before she continued with a smile, "What this country needs is a good five cent box of cigars, and you may print that just as I said it—these Woman's League political cigars gripe me sort of—"

Dean Leonard is at home every other Wednesday from nine a. m. to five p. m.

—S—

JOLLY JUNIORS PLAN TO HAVE ORGY AT EARLY DATE

Members of the junior department of the First Episcopist Methopal church will hold a jelly-sandwich orgy at 7:30 tonight in the junior room of the parish house, providing the refreshment committee can just lay their hands on that stale bread Mother has been saving. Jollity will be provided by games and by the spectacle of a prominent PiKA cavorting about a church.

FORESTRY IS SCENE OF MURDER



Scene in forestry near spot where Seizure killed victim, showing tracks of the murderer

Photograph by Peter Rook

UNI STUDENTS ARE NAMED ON SENIOR GROUP

**Slews of Active Members.
Dozens of Honorary Members
Are Appointed by Jones**

Seventy eleven students were appointed to the senior ball committee by R. D. Jones, president of the senior class at the dinner dance held in Bradley. Eleven of the students are active, the seventy being inactive. R. U. Fiditch '32 was appointed chairman of the dance, Patrick McGillicuddy '32, co-chairman, J. P. Dilly '32, co-co-chairman, Joseph Blow '32, vice co-co-chairman, and Violette Butch '32, second vice co-chairman.

The senior ball committee is made up of two representatives of each of the 14 precincts of the Mule party, four members at large, and a few dozen honorary members. The number on the committee is somewhat

larger than it has ever been before, but it is only because the Mule party thought of it first.

The dinner at Bradley hall last evening was attended by the very large crowd who got on the committee, in spite of the fact that it wasn't free. The Illini is forced to omit the list of the names of the people on the committee on account of there has to be something else in the paper today besides that and the advertisements.

—S—

WED. SEE INTERNATIONAL POURPARLENS IN OFFING

Mr. and Mrs. One Long Hop announce the marriage of their daughter, Chow Mein '33, to Patrick McGillicuddy '39. The ceremony was performed in the Hillel foundation yesterday morning at 10 o'clock.

The bride wore a stunning form fitting gown of salmon pink fish net and satin which contrasted with her bride's bouquet of water lilies. The guests present tossed their lunch at the bride, in token of their respect and approval of an old tradition.

JILTED LOVER SLAYS SWEETIE IN UNI FORESTRY

**Julius Seizure '32, Kills Fickle
Co-ed on South
Campus**

"She drank a coke with my pal, so I killed her," Julius Seizure '32, youthful murderer, told Illini reporters in an exclusive interview late last night.

"I was only kiddin'," sniffed handsome Julius Seizure, in to-day's development of the University puppy love murder.

Investigation brought forth several witnesses who saw the jealous lover running through the forestry with a ball-bat in his hand last Saturday night, just after the dastardly crime had been committed. He was later apprehended by the Champaign police while making his getaway; he was already almost to Indiana, having just passed the Sigma Nu house.

Anger is Motive

Young Seizur's confession that he had perpetrated the deed in a frenzy of jealousy was followed by the disclosure that his real motive was anger. During the course of the evening of the murder, his sweetheart had licked all the salt off his pretzels. Julius, finally giving vent to his rage, had absentmindedly walked up to the bag and knocked a home run. Attempting to hide the results of his base hit, in an interview with an Illini reporter late last night, he had stuffed the body in the bath tub—he explained that he had been forced to use the bath tub because the body would not fit in the wash-bowl.

Nertz

Tomorrow's developments will include a complete clean-up of the bath tub mystery. All the police can get from the murderer at present is, "Nerts till it hurts." This is not believed to be the full confession.

UNIVERSITY HAS 64TH BIRTHDAY DURING MARCH

**Phenomenal Growth Marks the
Passing of Years on
the Campus**

The University, as it is laughingly called, celebrated its sixty-fourth anniversary March 11. The University is today a far, far different school than the college which formally started on March 11, 1867. As it began on that memorable morning there were 77 students (they were students then too), 1, count 'em, building, and a total loss—a total faculty of 4.

From such ideal conditions the school drew rapidly until today it boasts of 10,000 students, more or less, 20 buildings, probably more, a faculty of 1,000, let's hope less, and more engineers, politicians, cokers, dirty corduroys, overdone complexions, and underdone sophisticates than you could shake a stick at, in case you happen to be kind of crazy.

What progress! What a wonderful world we live in, girls!

—S—

Pinkhead Leads Council's Dance

Herman Q. Pumpkinhead '33, president of the Intraliterature council, and Miss O'Daisy Phlump, of Tuscola, will lead the right wing of the society's almost annual dance. Runkle P. Hamberg '35, chairman of the social committee, and Miss Omy Deah will lead the other line. The dance will be held in the Adelpheic pool-room in University Hall, April 1.

Miss Deah is a member of Chi Omega; Mr. Hamberg is a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon; and Mr. Pumpkinhead is not a member of Beta Theta Pi.

On the Campus

8:00—All Hygiene classes will meet.

10:00—Feetlebaumer's daily reunion.

12:00—Lunch, at those houses as have paid their grocery bills.

12:00—Kappa Beta Phi breakfast, lobby, Union building.

12:00—Breadline, Salvation Army headquarters.

3:00—Big Ten Wrestling meet, Gammafi, 1110 West Nevada.

4:00—Prebner's, division two, daily reunion.

6:00—Dinner, don't miss it, this is guest night. Must dress.

7:00—Showers. Hot water. Full dress is optional.

7:15—Showers. Cold water.

9:00—Date, maybe.

10:00—Big Ten Wrestling meet. Poolroom, Woman's building.

1:00—Taps.

1:00—Bull session, far into the night.

—S—

ILLUSION RATES RIGHT UP IN THAR SAYS UNI LEADER

The Illini has again received all-time, all-American, and all-Universe rating as the world's greatest newspaper. (All California college dailies please copy). This rating was received in competition with several thousand daily papers throughout the United States. Among the competitors are listed, the New York Times, the Chicago Tribune, the St. Louis Post-Dispatch and several other college papers.

Elston D. "El" Herron, of the editorial staff of the Daily Illini was the judge.

All-Time, all-American, all-Universe ratings were given to the feature and editorial articles of the Illini as well.

GOOD TIME WEEK NEW UNION PLAN SAYS CRATHORNE

**Illini Women Are Asked to Help
Fight the Depression
With Fun**

Bob Crathorne, president of the Illinois Union, issued a call last night to the great bodies of women at Illinois to fight the depression by celebrating a Good Times Week-end.

"It won't do any good," said Mr. Crathorne "for the women to sit around and scoff. We can have good times and we will. I want every woman to send me, in a plain envelope, her idea of a good time.

Originality Counts

"I will run through these letters and choose the ones that are the most original. Shortly after that the writers will receive a phone call from me and we will make arrangements for an appointment.

Good Times

"Women of Illinois, you don't know what good times are until you have had them with Bob Crathorne!"

—S—

Prof. H. H. Borem Speaks Tomorrow

Prof. H. H. Borem, of the department of electrical engineering, has made an engagement to speak tomorrow for The Society for the Promotion of Execution by Means of the Electrical Chair and for the Facilitation of Acquiring Steady Employment for Specialists in Electro-cution. His subject will be "The Amendment to the Second Law of Thermodynamics, Which Has Been Passed by the Senate and the House and Which Now Awaits Ratification by Three-fourths of the States."

—S—

Where there is a will there are relations.

ASH CAN MURDER PROBE CONTINUED BY LOCAL POLICE

New Clues in Mystery Slaying
Are Discovered by Coroner Hutch

A new clue in the mystery of the unidentified head appeared today when it was examined by Dr. Hutch, coroner.

"There is absolutely no evidence in brain development in the head found in the ash can," Dr. Hutch said. "I have examined it closely, and am positive of my statement."

The new developments lead the police to believe that the head is one of a University co-ed and not a chorus girl, as they thought first.

Has No Brain

"We believe that the head is one of a student because it has no brain. The theory that it was a chorus girl has been discarded because every girl has at least one brain cell," Chief-of-police Mutch told an Illini reporter in an exclusive interview late night. "We are making every effort to locate the missing body, and ask the co-operation of students and University authorities."

Perfect Vacuum

"This is the first perfect vacuum ever known to science," Professor Sutch declared today. "Scientists from all over the world are rushing to see it. It will cause a bigger revolution in science than anything since Einstein propounded his theory." Police remain quiet about the author of the notes, but it is rumored that they are observing several suspicious characters, and that they expect to make an arrest soon.

Co-eds Angry

Many co-eds showed their resentment against the statement of Chief Mutch about the number of brain cells they possess. Chief Mutch

(Continued on Page 16)

HOLDS SECRET



Scene showing exact spot of murder

HOW TO MANAGE A BUDGET AND A MAN

Home Eccers Are Told
How It Is Done By
Specialist

"How Long Will His Money Last?" was the topic of the speech given by Miss Doggin D. Manger, of the department of home and college economics yesterday afternoon in the Y. A. Duck auditorium.

Miss Manger advocated a well-kept account and budget to enable every girl to get the greatest satisfaction from her weekly dates. This can be used to advantage by both the girl with a well-furnished sucker and by the girl who has to work for every dollar.

"The modern University woman is no longer the clinging vine of the Victorian era, who was at the mercy of every cheapskate, and who could so easily be fooled by colored water. And ability to manage money gives women their rightful independence," said Miss Manger in closing. The nerve of that woman!

DEAN CLARK ACCUSED OF HOOKING RUGS

Landlady Accuses Former
Illini Dean of
Men

Urbana police were still searching at a late hour last night for an unknown man who has been stealing rugs from front porches in the University district.

Mrs. Lizzie Twitch, a landlady, described the bandit as a dapper man dressed in a light suit, with a white mustache, which led the police to watch the movements of a former Illini Dean closely.

Police Captain Twaddle, in an interview with an Illini reporter stated that the police were now positive that there must be some mistake. "Hell, he ain't swiped no rugs," said the captain.

GROUP WILL SOLVE THE DEFLATION . . . OH YEAH?

"The effect of the deflation on the student" will be the subject for discussion at the second meeting of the Lett Floorem this afternoon in Lincoln Hall. Robert Mittankle '32, will lead the discussion. After the discussion has worked the problem out, the solution will be sent to President Hoover and God for ratification.

Chief Illiniwek, one of the 23 that kept you so enthralled between halves during the football season has cancelled his engagement to dance for P. E. 41, women's advanced and elementary dancing class, today. His secretary reported that the Chief, after many years of vain search, has finally discovered a veritable gusher of fire water in the basement of a house located in the 200 block on Daniel street.

THE DAILY ILLINI

One year (by dog sled)	\$.25
One month	1.00
One week	2.00
Why not send a copy home to Pappa? Or Mamma? Your name may be in it some day.	

KNIGHT EDITORS

Sir Oscar Zilch	Forestry
Sir Mortimer Zilch	Champaign
Sir Henry Zilch	Ping Pong

NIGHT ASSISTANTS The Zilchas, Inc.

Re-examined Postulates 2.9

It has been our conviction, since the stock market crash of 1929, that there ought to be more laws in this country. It is an unexamined postulate, commonly accepted and rightly so, that ever so great a percentage of the laws now extant are unenforced or only feebly enforced. Although such a deplorable condition is prevalent, and although there is at present no indication that any salutary action will be initiated to alleviate said deplorable condition, we still maintain that the passing of more laws would contribute greatly to raise the prestige of our Congress, of our police forces and, in fact, of the entire country.

We shall now, as is our wont, look the facts in the face, and with our acute intellectual powers, analyze the situation to the elucidation of our bountiful reading public. First of all, we grant that a certain number of the laws are enforced; let us place this figure at 168,901, or six per cent. Now, assuming that our national legislature would stop talking and settle down to some intensive law-making, there would undoubtedly be more laws, the situation which our first sentence aimed at.

Judging by stare decisis, or past performances, six per cent of this new batch of laws would be enforced. Supposing that this six per cent amounted to 866 new enforced laws, then all in all, taken by and large, there would be 169,967 laws enforced *en toto*, or an increase of 866 enforced laws. Is that not a state worthy of striving for? Would this not be a better country for such an occurrence?

Those who thoughtlessly and unintelligently launch attacks on editorials and editorial writers will undoubtedly protest that such a happening would not only increase the number of enforced laws, but would also proportionately increase the number of unenforced rules, that 94 per cent of the newly passed rules would be unenforced. We laugh at them with sympathetic glee. What of it? If these laws had never been passed, precisely one hundred per cent of them could never be enforced by virtue of their non-existence. As it is, were my plan of action followed, there would be a clear gain of six per cent. Any clear thinking person will discern the truth in that.

In addition to adding to the lawfulness of this great country of ours, it would add to employment and would accelerate the return of prosperity. One can readily per-

ceive that more policemen, lawyers, judges, jail wardens, jail assistants and a veritable galaxy of other state employees. Private construction companies would receive plentiful contracts for building prisons, courthouses, etc. Electricians would be hired to build more electric chairs. Complete the list yourself.

Poor, starving, homeless critters would have a greater variety of crimes to choose from, the commission of which would land them in a nice, clean, warm jail, where he would have food, shelter and a real homelike atmosphere.

We have now convinced ourselves that the passage of more laws would, without a doubt, lure prosperity, which is rumored to be just around that corner, out into the open, where everybody could get at it.

Others' Opinions

Letters from this column don't have to be signed because we want to take all blame for any thing printed. After all, we write all the letters ourselves anyway, on account of we can say what we want to then.

The Far East Crisis

Dear Editor:

No doubtless you are all aware of the catastrophe way down East, haven't you? Students will have to admit that the outcome of the way that isn't a war will have a great effect upon their futures. Why?

The Chinese put an embargo on rice, which they shouldn't have done, and if they lose the war, in all probabilities they will be mad at the U. S. and Herbie Hoover and will refuse to export rice because we wouldn't help them win the war. Then what will we do for our Rice Crispies, Puffed rice, and rice puddings? We'll suffer and have *ricing* prices.

If the Japs win the war they will spread propaganda in this country in an attempt to keep us from eating soup in Campus confectioneries, because they will want to import all this soup to give to their prisoners. It's a shame, poor prisoners.

Finally, reverse the situation and if you're as good at math as you are at *making fun* of this letter, you bum, you, you will arrive at the conclusion that 1. should the Chinese win they will dump all of their rice on our fair country. 2. should the Japs win, then we will have to eat that soup ourselves.

There is no way we can solve this problem unless we take the matter before the Conference at Geneva, and leave them do nothing about it, as we should do. That is what we call getting to the root of the matter.

—LAGOON & PASSIN.

THE CAMPUS SCOUT



QUANDRY

One wanders lonely in a glade
Not in sun nor yet in shade;
All is obscure; one can't define
Nor compass all within a line.
Alone in crowds, at home to none,
But seeking always for the one
Who, in time, shall make all clear,
Who may be far but may be near.

It would be fine if one would do;
But what is one to do with two?
Though I am Irish, thank the Lord,
What does one do with such a horde?
What's worse, in time there may be three.
Then what will happen? Wait and see!

—The Heroic Jester.

—S—

REALLY THERE should be something done about it—the depression, we mean. But of course we have all stopped hoarding, or so Mr. Hoover says.

WHICH REMINDS us of a story. An undergraduate's father was talking to another loafer's old man. "I heard that your son was studying to be an undertaker. I thought you said he was to be a physician."

"Oh, no," replied the other. "I merely said that he was going to follow the medical profession."

TODAY'S LOSER

Gammali (on first visit to western ranch: "What is that coil of rope for?" or rather "For what is that coil of rope?" (being a Gammali)).

Cowboy (not a Delt): "Lady, that rope we use for catching cattle and horses."

Gammali: "Oh, indeed! And what do you use for bait?"

—Yooohoo Emmer.

—S—

(The above contribution does not win today's double pass to the Varsity to see Hoot Gibson in "Ride 'em, Cowboy!" as the Lout has a date for tonight).

—S—

REALLY?

From an article in yesterday's Illini:

"Posters have been introduced on locomotives and freight cars on Queensland railways. Advertisements are painted in bold lettering on the sides of freight cars, while the poster display on the front of the engine is a circle of galvanized iron three feet in diameter."

—Sweeter than Lovely.

—S—

WHAT? AGAIN?

Question on Hygiene exam: "What is the best way to prevent diseases caused by biting insects?"

Answer: "Don't bite the insects." —Me Too.

—S—

FAMOUS LAST LINES

"Outside reading reports are due tomorrow!"

—Fratr Caninus.

SPORTS BULLETIN

All women interested in tumbling (we should say "rough and tumbling"), fumbling, foul play, wrestling (all the latest holds, more than you ever dreamed of, including spring models), and stair walking (just up a few flights) please report to the Sig Pi delegation in room 3000 Old Gymnasium just as fast as your little legs can carry you.

TEXAS GUINAN IS HELD IN FAMOUS ASH CAN MURDER

Notorious Phi Mu Attempts to Shoot Co-ed; Regrets Incident, She Says

When interviewed at a late hour last night, "Stump" Erb, co-chairman of the Mask and Bauble-Pierrotts dance, admitted that the All Fools' Formal was a fooler. "There is no such dance," said Erb to the reporter. The guests, if there are any great enough fools to come to the Urbana-Lincoln Hotel on April 1 will be greeted by "Greater" Gall of Chicago fame and told that after all it is April first." Erb, who seemed considerably bewildered at being so suddenly aroused from his nap in the convenient Armory avenue gutter, relapsed into a coma and could make no further statement.

However, at an even later hour the ever ready reporter was able to penetrate the ever-busy Kappa phones and got the following statement from the effervescent Jane Zinn. "It's the biggest sell the campus has ever known," said Miss Zinn, "and what I mean is, it really is, after all, April Fools' Day—I mean, it really is."

Endeavoring to secure a scoop for his paper, the reporter called Bob Maley, also coke-chairman at the Fitaw Kennels to find the results of the vote to determine the King and Queen fools of the campus. "Only the most outstanding fools of the campus rate an invitation to the brawl," said Mr. Maley at a very late hour last night. "We will have present only the cream of the crop—the supreme fools. From this ultra selection the King and Queen fools will be picked—in other words, the greatest fools, masculine and feminine. Who they are, however, is a closely guarded secret that cannot be divulged at this time.

PHIL PROGRAM

8:00 a. m.—Setting up exercises by Robert Zuppke.

9:00 a. m.—Dr. J. W. Beard, talk: "The Situation Is Not Alarming."

10:00 a. m.—"My Private Life," by announcer Schooley.

10:01 a. m.—Whether reports probably all wet.

11:00 a. m.—Parent's forum (we don't know what they are for—but here's to 'em).

12:00 a. m.—Dr. Jekyll, famous dietician, listeners course: "What I Do With My Asparagus Tips."

1:00—Chi Omega Pelicans — "What a Fuel I have Been."

2:00—Intermission. Announcer passes out.

3:00—Prof. Schliven, organ solo: "Would That I Were A Billious Ball," by *Masse*; words by Kelly Pool.

4:00—Thomas Arkle Clark, talk: "My Ventures in the Stock Market." Assistant Dean of Men, Parker Livingston will hold the bag.

5:00—Aussie Harding will play "Tap" on a solitary flute.

6:00—"Out to Lunch."

6:01—Signing off—

—S—

ASH CAN DEATH STIRS CAMPUS

(Continued from Page 4)

Pease's history lecture."

Prof. Pease said he remembered a student in 1927 whom he saw taking notes on several occasions during the year. He gave the police the name and a description of the student.

Police refuse to reveal what was told them by the professor, but Chief Hutch said that they expect to make an arrest soon.

The identity of the young woman is still unknown. The technique with which her lipstick has been applied suggests Zagfeld follies girls, but none have been seen to appear on the stage headless.

WHAT HO! GHANDI ISSUES STATEMENT

GUMBALL, Miss., Mar. 14.

Mahatma Ghandi confirmed reports that he is the father of Mati Hairy, who is now enjoying seclusion on the Island of Yap. In an exclusive statement to an Illini reporter this morning Mr. Ghandi said, hitching his trousers:

"Take me picture boys just as soon as I milk this goat. Yes sir. What you say is true. Allan, be durned. Mati is my little datter by my ninth wife, Lydia Pinkham. Yes, 'deed, I met Lydia when she was rooming with Ma Ferguson down at Illinois. They was both P. O. P's. Well, I was working my way through school, and I was deliverin' goat milk to the P. O. P. house, and, boys, every girl there broke her pledge and became a M. O. M.

"Yes, sir, I was a what-a-man them days—used to get me picture in, believe it or not, almost every day. Atter Lydia and me got married we decided to enter the racket so we bottled up the goat and set the boys and girls agoing. That was until we met up with the anti-saloon league, what got mad on account of we was cutting our stuff. Gee, even now, you can't get a drink without it being cut.

"Mati was weaned on Capone's stuff—even your own fodder you shouldn't trust. But the poor kid was just like her Old Man, heh, well—she was Hotcha! Then those French babes got a hold of her because they were jealous. We never saw her since.

"Yeh, ain't seen Ma—she run off with Tex, but I guess I ain't halt the guy I used to be or she woulda come back. Well, bers and gurls, that's my story and I'm stuck to it. Before you go, gimme a pin of you fellows, will you?

BUTCH COFESSES HE PERPETRATED ASH CAN MURDER

Student Says He Killed Blonde;
Is Proven to Be
Insane

D. D. Butch ex'27, confessed today that he had beheaded a blonde woman and placed her head in an ash can in Uni Hall on February 2. The confession solves the biggest mystery since the notorious shooting of Cock Robin by a Mr. Sparrow.

"I did it with my little hatchet," Butch confessed. "I do not wish to lie about it."

Butch was declared insane by Dr. Hutch, local physician, after several hours of observing him. Insanity was first suspected when Butch said he had taken the notes in Prof. Pease's lecture, which were found on the scene of the crime. He claims no honor for the act he committed, saying that it was suggested to him by the Father of Our Country, whom he greatly admires.

Butch will probably be released and given a position on the faculty here. Clever people, these Chinese.

PASSES DOCTORATE

Joe Cornelius '15 passed his tests for the doctorate in Fine Arts yesterday. According to his own exclusive statement to an Illini reporter very late last night he had been preparing for the exams since the spurious armistice was announced. His thesis was "Pornography and Its Influence on Modern Art."

HOTAIR IN PEOTONE

Prof. Charlie Hotair, head of the botany department, left the campus today for Peotone where he will speak before the Pansy Lovers society on "The Remarkable Increase in the Number of Fruits Since 1925 and How to Cope with the Situation."

Rumpus In Activities

By Smellsome D. "Belle" Herring '32

Yes sir—it's like looking for a sober A. O. Pi at the Axe Grinder's ball, it is, it is. That is, I mean, it isn't very often that you will find a guy with enough spunk to speak his mind when he hasn't had a few drinks to open up his mouth. That's exactly why, folks, that I'm presenting my stream-lined moustache cup and three passes to the Hay-market Burlesque to Leopard "Try and Finder" for the way he has his say. His eloquence is suggestive of Joe E. Brown singing with his mouth filled with corn meal mush, no more, no less.

Of course, folks, you want to send some letters of testimony to me on account of my courage in publishing the true story of his attack on the lounge lizards that habitate the A. K. L. home-stead. It seems that one of these boys was making an attempt to drive a railroad spike through a strawberry box out around the Columbia hotel, exclusive, whereupon some disgruntled tenant, resentful at being awakened, emptied his wrath and a spittoon upon the brow of the said Al K. Hol.

Of course, our insolent Al K. Hol took offense at the cuspidor (it's a horrid word, my friends) attack, and hurled the spittoon and some vituperative retorts back at the out-thrust head of his attacker. "Them's torrid words, especially for an A. K. L.," ejaculated the tenant, "sounds more like the utterances of an A. O. Pi." Whereupon, he betook himself after the fretful custodian of the strawberry box, who in turn, upon seeing the gargyle countenance of his pursuer fled to his fraternal abode.

Now of course, it is none of my business what a flat-footed hoot who stamps grapes in Flander's Field gets for his stamping, but I'll be a bowlegged toad-stool if I can see what business the A. K. L. congregation has to attack, *en masse*, an inmate of the Columbian Hotel. Well, sir, Lep Finder was the one person with spunk enough to lend his assistance to the attacked gargyle faced inmate of the etcetera et cetera. He enlisted the aid of the Hillel foundation, where they were holding the feast of the Hangover, to preach a few sermons to the Alkys, and managed to quiet them with a Bakelite pacifier and lecture on Burnt Offerings. Our hats off to Finder!—and, Herring.

No use have I for false modesty. Did you ever try to

FIND GIRL'S PHOTO



Unidentified girl, victim of ash can murder, in well-known campus speak-easy. Photographer had also been drinking milk.

write a column? No easy task, I'll tell you. As you have noticed by now, the farther I get the worse my column gets. T. A. Clark, rest-in-peace, wrote a good column in this paper too. He wasn't bothered so much with fan mail, but such popularity must be preserved. Just to show you how seriously some people take my column, I'll preprint a letter—I call it the "Strange Attacks on Herring"—that I wrote myself in a fit of absent mindedness, being seized with a brainstorm. I was playing Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde Inc.

"Dear Smell:

I'm warning you fer the last time, final, that you are poking fun at me an' my gang. Now as man to man, fellow, the next time you take a swipe at the A. O. Pi's, where my gal resides, I'll challenge you to a bean-bag tournament. Tsk. The T. P. A's deserve the credit, because they just chipped in and bought a bar of soap. If you don't take this advise I'll sue you, Quinn, G. Ha Haase Hommann, who has his moustache trimmed three times a week, and I'll write for Belly Who or Phooey instead." Thass all, and keep your bottles filled.

WORKHED, LENS SCORED IN UNI BRIDGE EVENTS

Phenomenal Hand Wins Honors for Woman Tournament Player

The first round of the University bridge tournament was the occasion for some very cagy bridge playing. The high scorers for the evening were Miss Eloiza Workhed and B. S. Lens, both of whom have played bridge before. Miss Workhed once played before the King of Borneo and was thrown in prison for going cannibal and throwing up her hand.

The most sensational hand of the evening gave the Workhed-Lens team a high score of 450 points. Miss Workhed and B. S. Lens held the North and South hands respectively; the play was as follows:

	North	East	South	West
Spades.....			13	
Hearts	Q1098	AKJ2		76543
Diamonds ..	7632	109854	AKQJ	
Clubs	QJ1085	9743	AK62	

Who Dealt

East: Who dealt?
South: Who dealt?
South: Let's cut for it.
North: Dealt and bid a club.
South: Are those the things that are all one or three?
North: Never mind I'll bid a heart.

My hearts are nearly as good any how. I'm good-hearted.

East: I'll pass. No I'll bid two hearts. Mine are better than his.

South: I saw the best show last night. Really my dears, you—

West: And your bid is, puleese?

One Spade

South: What's your hurry? I hate these people that are always in a rush. I like to talk when I play instead of just—. Oh, all right, one spade.

How Many Chimes Tower

Dear me! All this just goes to show, girls and boys, that you simply cannot depend upon the weather.

It was only yesterday that the warm spring breezes were blowing gently and all the co-eds were appearing in white berets and baretoot sandals. And that reminds us of a fashion tip straight from Paris. The palest pink and blue are the colors to be worn this spring—absolutely the only colors, girls and boys.

Oh yes, yesterday. It was a beautiful, poetic day. We found a little pansy flower blooming through a crack in the sidewalk and we tenderly stooped and grazed it with a kiss.

Love was in the air yesterday.

But today, as we left our sorority hovel early to call on our little pansy flower we were smitten with an icy blast from the north. Our pansy was no more. Love was no more—pink and blue and manicured toe nails were vanished from sight. Ah me! twas a cold wintry day.

Today we will put up a big long mark on the wall, on account of the Tri-Delt cook isn't going to get one of the dinners that she usually has to on date night. One, to be exact, of the girls has a date for the Triad dance, and is she ever going to eat her share of that eight course dinner at the shindig tonight.

(Paid Adv.)

Ah me! If you aint sorry for the itty bitty co-ed who was simple enough to heave her note book into the bone yard the other day just to see if it would float, you ought to be. It had all of her notes for Chem one and two in it, and the ink was that kind that sorta washes out when you apply water, and her instructor is an old crab and he says that he won't let her read notes as ratty looking as that in any final examination that he gives.

Theme song—"Shall we talk about spring or the fashions tomorrow, boys and girls?"

West: Thank God. Four hearts.
North: Four clubs.
West: You mean five of course.
North: I said four and I meant four. Oh, I have to bid five, don't I? I can't bid five.
West: North bids five clubs.
East: Pass, damn.

Pass

South: Oh, I'll pass.
West: Five spades.
North: Why go up? You had game bid. I can't see why he goes up.

West: Shut up. Sorry. Please shut up and bid.

North: I'll pass.

East: I have no spades. What can I do though? By.

South: I haven't the honor count to double. I'll pass.

West: Will you pardon me while I go pick a fight with someone?

North: I'll play the hand.

Trumps?

South: What are trumps?
North: Spades, I think.
South: But I have all the spades.
East: All thirteen.
South: Yes.
All: My God. Let's send this to the Illini.

DRAWS CROWD



Students flocking to bridge tournament led by C. E.'s

'JOE POO-OUTA NO MAT FLASH' YELPS KANDY

By HOE BUMGARDNER
Sporting Editor

Special—Joe Poo-outa, whose maiden name is Joe, nee Mohair Glutt, was crowned the wrestling flash on "Hic" (pardon, sire) Kandy's mat group. Kandy, sweet-toothed leader of the Orange and Blooeey, was out of sorts tonight as a result of not getting the nomination for himself.

"Of course," he echoed, "I'm old and grim like Barney Bill, the sailor, but why should Joshua come along and lift my crown from my head?"

At the instigation of his teammates, Joe, who was known as the "unknown" till Kandy discovered him passing out bad transfers at the elevated station at State and Congress streets, in de loop, took offense at the bitter words of his antagonist and grabbing a fistful of marshmallows, snote his coach upon the brow.

The coach was no slouch either, and he retorted by grabbing some bicycle handlebars, and he recovered himself in time to pinch his attacker gently on the hip. Poo-outa took time out and waited till the referee counted ten.

By this time Kandy went out for a drink and Joshua, or Josh, our hero, was escorted out of the door by your correspondent, still the undefeated champion that he is today.

—S—

GIRL GIRDS FOR DEFENSE

Miss Dorothy Quinn says she wishes she had a slingshot. In an extremely exclusive interview with our own correspondent she said, "In these days of modern youth, an innocent, comparatively defenseless young lady, needs some protection.

ILLINI TEAM IN ACTION



Owen has just left the floor and Illinois has the ball

ILLINI CAPTURE FOURTH STRAIGHT CONFERENCE TITLE

Owen, Kamps, Distinguish
Themselves; Put on the
Work for the Boys

After a five-minute slugfest that at first promised to be interesting, a basketball game last night at the New Gym between the Illini tomahawk toters and the Minnesota ground-hogs degenerated into a pollyanna now-you-make-a-basket-and-now-we'll-make-one sort of affair that gave the spectators, officials and majority of the players an opportunity to return to the interrupted sleep of the previous night.

Nothing eventful happened until near the end of the game. Here with the score tied at 40 all and one minute left to play, the Gophers became hysterical. At this point Red Owen, flaming guard of the Illini contingent, waxed indignant at a personal affront to his dignity occasioned by Robinson, Minnesota center, playfully finger-waving in his general direction. Red immediately went into a sulk and refused to deliver the ball to the referee.

This official began the count at

once, but at the count of four, perceiving that the Gophers had not retired, waved them to their corner and began again. At the sound of nine Red remembered a date he had with a certain Theta (you know!), bounced the ball petulantly into the official's breadbasket, and stalked absent-mindedly from the floor.

Coach Ruby, scarcely perturbed by the events of the evening, sent in his big Kamm (shaft) to fill in at guard. The Kamp cousins immediately seized the opportunity, and the ball, and flipped in a couple of baskets. While the officials were arguing the legality of this move, Cas Bennett hoisted himself to the top of the south basket and announced his candidacy for the junior class presidency on the Hybrid ticket. In the confusion that followed, the officials gave the Illini their stolen points and called for a jump at center.

With thirty seconds left to scrap, the players appeared on the court and started out according to regulation basketball rules. In two tries at the basket, the Illini succeeded in running up their total four points, mean time hogging the ball in a sportsmanlike manner. This won for them the undying gratitude of the officials who conceded them the victory at once. At the crack of the pistol, the band burst into the opening strains of "Sunday School Is Over."

ON THE CAMPUS

Delta Delta Delta

Delta Delta Delta announces the pledging of Miss Hazel Gilman '32, of 650 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. Miss Gilman is an art student.

Alpha Eta

Alpha Eta, honorary farmers' fraternity, will hold a Hog Calling contest next Thursday morning at 5:30 on the corner of Wright and Green streets. The prizes will be milking stools in pastel shades.

Delta Delta Delta

Delta Delta Delta announces the pledging of Hazel Gilman '33, of 650 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. Miss Gilman, formerly a student, has transferred to the School of Music.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon

Sigma Alpha Epsilon announces that they too have heard the rumors to the effect that Herbie Kay and Rudy Valler are members of their organization and have confirmed them.

Chi Omega

Elma Sawyer '29, nationally known authority on baked omelettes, returned to the campus last week-end. She was the guest of the Chi Omegas.

Delta Delta Delta

Delta Delta Delta announces the pledging of Alice Gilman '34, of 650 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. Miss Gilman is a music student.

Alpha Sigma Nu

Alpha Sigma Nu, Honorary Physical education sorority, will hold a Back-to-Nature party on the Rectangle at midnight Saturday. Spectators are not invited.

Delta Delta Delta

Delta Delta Delta announces the pledging of Miss Alice Gilman '35, of 650 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. Miss Gilman, formerly a music student, has transferred to L. A. & S.

Theta Delta Chi

Theta Delta Chi entertained several of the girls from Kresges at an informal dancing party in the basement of the chapter house last night. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Turner, and Mr. and Mrs. Dean Leonard, who dropped in when the party was in full sway, acted as chaperones.

Delta Tau Delta

The Delta Tau Delta house will entertain with a week-end party at the Innan hotel. Transportation will be provided.

Delta Delta Delta

Miss Alice Gilman ex-'35, is going home for a rest cure. She is suffering from a nervous breakdown and is forced to withdraw from school. Miss Gilman was an L. A. & S. student.

Alpha Kappa Lambda

The Alpha Kappa Lambda house will hold a taffy pull at the Southern Tea Pot. Cocoa will be served. Guests are required to bring their own marshmallows.

Chi Beta

The Chi Beta prison dance will be postponed because most of the members are in jail. Anyone wishing to donate bail call R. Preston.

Beta Theta Pi

Beta Theta Pi will entertain right royally with an informal tea Sunday afternoon in the chapter house. The living room will be decorated in pink, and the Honorable Fred Schnell will pour.

Chi Psi

The Chi Psi Lawdge will hold their annual rough-house party in the upper parlors of the Women's building this evening. Chaperones will be as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Albert Capone, Mr. and Mrs. Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Joe E. Brown, Mr.

and Mrs. Bruce Weirick, and several house mothers. A three-piece orchestra will be provided for those who would rather dance.

Delta Gamma

Delta Gamma house will entertain with a game of pinchy-whinchy this afternoon. Members are not responsible for bruises.

Kappa Beta Phi

Kappa Beta Phi will entertain with a fish fry in the rock garden tomorrow night. The party will be gin at 8 o'clock.

Pi Beta Phi

The Pi Beta Phi house will entertain with a smoker tomorrow afternoon in the chapter house. Ignition will be provided along with chaperones.

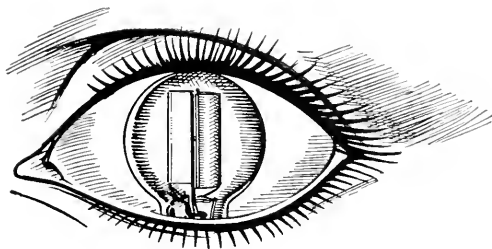
Twin City Notes

Miss Poly Phenius will entertain the members of the society for the protection of mail carriers at 10 o'clock tonight in the upper parlors of the I. O. O. F. hall. Post Office will be the main game of the evening, and prizes will be given to the winners.

Miss Una Tached will give an uncovered dish luncheon consisting of cheese tid-bits for the members of the Old Maid Mutual Admiration society at 12 o'clock this afternoon in the Masonic temple. The afternoon will be spent in tatting.

The R. S. V. P. sisterhood of the second division of the amalgamated auxiliary to the O. K. T. N. T. will have a secret meeting in the S. O. L. building sometime next week.

Spoke Seven of Wheel Four of the Foreign Ladies Missionary society will discuss the undressed natives at their meeting Tuesday. After the discussion the ladies will disperse.



One eye that sees better than two



Heat coils act as tiny circuit breakers, protecting delicate and sensitive equipment from effects of stray currents.

Makers of telephone equipment cannot rely on their eyes in testing a certain type of coil used by the million in central offices. For greater accuracy they utilize the "electric eye" or photoelectric cell.

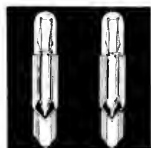
At Western Electric this uncanny piece of apparatus

"stares" all day long without fatigue recording galvanometer readings.

It forms a vital part of a machine for automatically separating perfect from imperfect coils. Its use is typical of the way this organ-



One heat coil every second — tested by the "electric eye" at Western Electric.



The human eye can detect no difference between these switchboard lamps but the "electric eye" can and does.

ization puts science to practical advantage. Here is no blind following of tradition. And yet new methods must prove themselves worthy—must be tested as carefully and as thoroughly as the telephones and telephone equipment manufactured for the Bell System.

Western Electric

Manufacturers . . . Purchasers . . . Distributors

SINCE 1882 FOR



THE BELL SYSTEM

Ash Can Murder Probe Continued

(Continued from Page 5)

barely escaped injury this morning when he was attacked by five hundred co-eds as he stepped from his car in front of the court house.

Statistics from the U. S. Bureau of Inquiry failed to estimate the relative number of brain cells.

"The pig has about five hundred brain cells, the monkey has 570, and the average woman about seventeen," Dr. L. L. Lutch, nationally known psychologist stated.

Hoover Acts

President Hoover appointed a commission today to investigate the relative number of brain cells possessed by the female of the species, in response to the nation wide concern caused by this campus mystery.

The local police and the state authorities are co-operating in their investigation, but refuse to say what progress they have made. However, they expect to make an arrest soon.

Twin City Quiz

The Question:

What is your opinion of the proposal to allow the "Mules" to control Twin City politics?

The Answers:

May Beekid, 95 North Second street, Urbana. "Certainly. Mules for asses is a fair enough exchange."

O. Nertz, 595 North Lynn street, Champaign. "No, by all means, no. How could these cigarette-smoking, bridge-playing soddies uphold the dignity of a public office? What this city needs is a good five-yard tobacco squiter."

Mrs. Ada Goodman, 109 West Low street, Champaign. "We don't eat fish."

Mayor Mullikin. "Who are these people?"

Rosie O'Grady, 407 East of the setting-sun. "The situation demands a man of action. Don't you simply adore Glark Cable?"

Bull-etin Board

Pierrot will hold practice for dancing choruses every afternoon at four. Please bring ballet slippers and car-nuffs.

Scabbard and Blade will meet at the Triangle House Tuesday night at 7:30, not 7:29 or 7:31. Shorty Crawford will be there.

Phi Beta Kappa will hold a razz session tomorrow night, the weather permitting. All members will please be present.

Philomathean will not hold its annual meeting this year because of the violent financial disturbances. Members are asked to devote five minutes at eleven minutes after eleven o'clock Thursday to a period of silent prayer.

Special examinations in Buzz law 49 will not be held during this semester or next. (You will flunk my course, will you?)

Mask and Burble will have a formal dinner Tuesday night in the basement of the Little Theater. All members are requested to be present as the pledges are the ones who are paying for it anyway.

All members of Seraph-in will report for practice in quick take-offs Friday afternoon. The meeting will be open to the public.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Prof. P. O. Pschaut will lecture before the members of Scarab and Gargoyle on "THE EFFECT OF CHIC SALE'S WORK ON THE BYZANTINE." Prof. Pschaut has studied both here and abroad and says some of the best architecture he has seen is to be found right here on the Illinois campus. Yesterday while standing on the broad walk, he was heard to say, "Oh, Poy! Sudge Vim-men it gits not im Deutschland. Is Dot Vut made Budveiser?"

According to statistics compiled by the Dean's office there is no drinking on the campus—not exactly on the campus.

The Flux of Times

These quotations are excerpts from speeches made sporadically by several prominent faculty members.

"Time was when it was handy for a man with a good looking daughter to know how to use a gun. Such men are rapidly becoming a luxury what with the rapid and extensive development of girls' rifle teams."—Colonel Weeks.

"Time was when there was a literary magazine on the campus. That magazine is still non-existent."—Prof. Harold Newman Hillebrand.

"I feel constrained to sound an optimistic note in respect to the economic situation. More people are being given employment with better pay. Even the wages of sin have been raised by at least fifty cents an hour."—Prof. Bruce Weirick.

"Immorality is not a crime, but a state of mind."—Dean Emeritus Thomas Arkle Clark.

"Campus immorality is not a crime, but a punishment."—Mr. Pete-The-Cop.

"Abolition of late hours for girls would be a noble experiment."—Dean Maria Leonard.

"The no car ruling was passed because we forswore the present economic depression and were anxious to do all we could to keep student expenditures for luxuries at a minimum."—Pres. Emeritus David Kinley.

It is rumored that the Delts have a young dog, called Pansy, that is supposed to have a pedigree a mile long. In fact, the Delts claim that if this dog could talk it wouldn't speak to any of them.

Recently one of the brethren feeling no pains, absent-mindedly used Pansy for a shaving brush.

DEPRESSION HITS STUDENTS



Toast (not bread, thank you), line formed in front of Home Ec. cafeteria for noon meal

C. E. Saves Co-ed

Lotta Cahsh '32, was saved from possible death today by the timely action of Gus Johnstone. Miss Cahsh fainted in her room in West Residence Hall at 2:30. Mr. Johnstone has C. E. 15 (Surveying) at this time.

He rushed over, notified the attendants, and hurried back to his class so as not to miss the 2:50 to 3:00 o'clock rush on the Broadwalk.

Feathers to Meet

Orange and Blue Feathers will have an important meeting this week at the poultry farm. All members are requested to be there. They will pass the picking chicken test, to stuff the pillows they are making. This organization promotes the efficiency of girls in picking chickens. Each semester the girls stuff a pin cushion.

CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR RENT

FURNISHED APARTMENT—

That "atmospheric touch" that makes you feel "vibrations." "Comfy" and "cozy"; do you get the idea? Arabian "harem" furniture. Call Mr. T. A. Clark.

SECOND HAND CAR—Complete except for back seat, which was stolen near Sigma Nu house. Car now useless. Will trade car for back seat. Call Mike at 4766.

WANTED

TANKS DESIRED—By Standard Oil Co. College men preferred. If you can't hold your own, don't apply. State experience and capacity. Dekes and Phi Deltis employed without trial. Box 218, Postal Station 3, Champaign, Ill.

USED—Sears, Roebuck catalog.

Must contain at least 300 pages. Call Mosher at Farm House as soon as possible.

LOST

LOST—The Old Line. Call Turner or Schnell at Beta House.

LOST—Picture taken on picnic. Would be terrible if it got in the wrong hands. Give to some Chi Omega. Reward if finder is a man.

QUART—Of chem lab alcohol somewhere near Prehn's. Will finder please return bottle for refill at 310 John street.

SUSPENDERS—at Fine Arts Ball.

Think it must be a hold-up job. No questions answered. Call 4043.

TWENTY DOLLAR BILL—Signed Andrew Mellon fund. Owner may obtain same by showing signature.

PERSONAL

WILL gentleman on Nevada street with trombone please refrain from playing after midnight, or else get onto the second lesson.

PERSONAL—Harry come back. Father didn't know what resuscitate meant. All is forgiven. Peggy.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Lip-stick, by Math major; has never been used. Rusty still. Rust will come off after three batches. Call Delta Tau Delta house.

NOTICE—We are not responsible for any debts contracted by Herbie Kay and Rudy Vallee.—Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

FOR RENT—Bed-room apt. with underground passage. No questions asked. 1 East Washington, Champaign. E-2458

FOR SALE—One Remington typewriter. Guaranteed noiseless, no keys. Call 3282. I-2446

FOR SALE—A house and a lot. To be perfectly frank, a lot of red ants, mice, and broken-down radiators. 6-1853. K-2453

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New DOLLAR BOOKS

Every week we get new titles in the dollar service. Drop in and browse around those books you've wanted to own—and which you can now buy for one dollar.

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Whjoops, My Djeat! Gjet a Bjarrel!

Bjornson Bjornsternee was swjimin'—

Hjis ejostume he llooked vjery sljim in.

Sjome djames hjappened bjy—

Tjook hjis djude on thje sljy—

Njow he's shjoutin, "to JJJJ wjith thje wjimin'!"

—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*

—S—

"Did you hear the new Hoosier song?"

"No."

"Hoosier Little Whosis."

—*Temple Owl.*

—S—

Burglar: Don't be alarmed, ledly. I shan't touch yer
—all I want is yer money.

Old Maid: Oh, go away! You are just like all the
other horrid men!

—S—

The Thinker

"When did the robbery occur?" the cross-examining
lawyer asked the witness.

"I think—" he began.

"We don't care what you think; we want to know what
you know," remarked the lawyer.

"Well, I may as well get off the stand then," said the
witness. "I can't talk without thinking. I'm no lawyer."

—*Alabama Rammer-Jammer.*

—S—

"Are you troubled with improper thoughts?"

"Why no; I rather like them."

—*Yale Record.*

—S—

Open Confession

"I'll be frank with you," said the young man when the
embrace was over, "You're not the first girl I've ever
kissed."

"I'll be equally frank with you," she answered, "You've
got a lot to learn."

—*Leghigh-Burr.*

—S—

"Where yuh goin'?"

"Fishin'."

"What fer?"

"Oh, jest fer the halibut."

—*Michigan Gargole.*

—S—

Columbus was wrong—the world is flat.

—*Texas Longhorn.*

—S—

"I'd hate to live near a railroad track."

"Yeh, darn tootin'."

"Yeh, darn tootin'."

—*Stanford Chaparral.*

—S—

"What do you think of my room as a whole?"

"As a hole it's pretty good, but it's not much of a room."

—*The Carolina Buccancer.*

Private Life of a Tux Shirt

1. Bought by Brother Bill for a very significant occasion two weeks hence.
 2. Borrowed by Brother Joe for another significant occasion (more immediate).
 3. Marred by several drops of bacardi and sixteen telephone numbers.
 4. Mangled at a Chinese laundry.
 5. Loaned to Brother Jim from Brother Joe for another significant occasion (less immediate and more shady).
 6. Torn, re-mended, and return by Brother Jim.
 7. Discarded in ash-can as dead by Brother Jim.
 8. Found and rejuvenated by Brother Rag Man.
 9. Sold to Brother Bill who has just lost a good shirt.
 10. Worn by Brother Bill to a significant occasion.
- Moral: Brothers may come and go, but a tux shirt goes on forever.

—*Minnesota Si-U'-Mah.*

S

"Sir," said the fortune-teller, "you will travel a great deal, especially in the Far East. There you will meet your dream woman, whom you will marry. She will be very beautiful."

"And young?"

"Yes, and very wealthy."

"Thank you," said the recipient of this good news. "Now will you tell me how to get rid of my present wife."

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

S

"What's an old maid?"

"An old maid is a lady who can remember when garters held up traffic instead of stockings."

—*Temple Owl.*

S

They tell a story about a tiny ant who gazed longingly but helplessly at the body of a dead horse. Just then a boot-legger's truck rattled by and a case of stuff fell over the end gate and crashed to the ground. A puddle formed and the ant, thirsty, took a sip. Then he seized the dead horse by the tail and shouted: "Come on, big boy, we're going home."

—*Texas Ranger.*

S

Crowded Trolley Car: (Young lady is vainly groping for her purse to pay her fare).

Young Man: Pardon me, miss, but may I not pay your fare?

Young Lady: Sir!!

(Several seconds of groping)

Young Man: I beg your pardon again, young lady, but won't you let me pay your fare?

Young Lady: Why, I don't even know you, and any way, I'll have this purse opened in a minute.

(Continued groping)

Young Man: I really must insist on paying your fare. You've unbuttoned my suspenders three times!

—*Boston Bean Pot.*

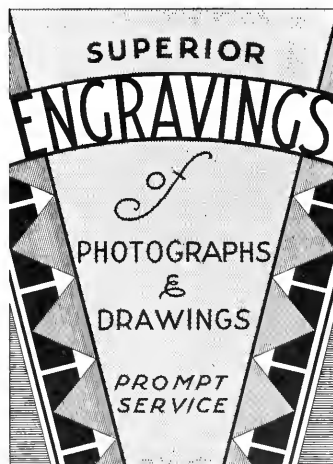
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DOWNTOWN

"The Store for Illinois Men"

CHAMPAIGN

A Moron?

In a small town in the south there was a lad who had a reputation of not being very bright. People there had fun with him several times a day by placing a dime and a nickel on the open palm of his hand and telling him to take his pick of the two. In each case he would pick up the nickel, and then the crowd would laugh and guffaw.

A kind-hearted woman asked him one day: "Don't you know the difference between a dime and a nickel? Don't you know the dime, though smaller, is worth more?"

"Sure, I know it," he answered, "but they wouldn't try me out on it any more if I took the dime."

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

—S—

Young Jimmy was pushing his baby sister's perambulator down the street.

"Hey, Jimmy," called his buddy from across the street, "do you get paid for that?"

"Naw," replied Jimmy disgustedly, "this is a free wheeling job."

—*Nebraska Awgwan.*

—S—

A Chicago actress came into a lawyer's office and said, "I want a divorce."

"Certainly," said the lawyer. "For a nominal fee I will institute proceedings."

"What is the nominal fee?"

"Five hundred dollars," he replied.

"Nothing doing," retorted the young lady. "I can have him shot for ten."

—*Iowa Frial.*

—S—

Old maid: "There's a mouse or something tickling my feet."

Second old maid: "Aren't you afraid it's a man?"

Old maid: "No, I'm afraid it's a mouse."

—*Temple Owl.*

—S—

McTavish Senior: "For two cents I'd disinherit you."

McTavish Junior: "For two cents I'd leave home."

—*Temple Owl.*

How to Get a Prof to Let a Class Out Early

1. Set off an alarm clock you have in your pocket—at the time gathering your books together, putting on your hat and lighting a cigarette. Prof will then think the bell has rung.

2. Stare fixedly at the professor and suppress a giggle every few minutes. This will disconcert the professor so much that he will dismiss the class to see if his tie is on straight.

3. Every time the professor makes a statement retort. "That's a dirty lie." He will soon see that you know more than he does and retire in shame, urging you to take his place. You will know better than to do this.

4. Steal his false teeth or his notes.

5. Appear to be interested. Prof. will faint.

6. Set fire to the building.

7. Give him one of those little chocolate tablets.

8. Kill him. (In case you are chicken hearted, a serious wound will do almost as well).

—*Washington Dirge.*

—S—

"Is smoking permitted in the balcony?"

Doorman: "Yep."

Man: "O. K. I'll sit downstairs with the men, thanks."

—*Colgate Banter.*

—S—

"Do you save bad women?"

"Yes."

"Well save a couple for me for Saturday night."

—*Buffalo Bison.*

—S—

The student just out of college was reading his first salary receipt and observed the following legend:

"Your salary is your personal business—a confidential matter—and should not be disclosed to anyone else."

The young graduate signed the receipt and added: "I won't mention it to anyone. I'm just as ashamed of it as you are."

—*Hamilton Royal Gaboon.*



FAUNTZ

Stolen kisses may be the best, but I like whole-hearted co-operation.
—Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.

S

Big Business

Johnny was over visiting the Kappa Gammas. In fact, he had one of them cornered on the sofa.

"Kiss me, darling," he said.

"There's a house fine of \$10 on the fellow who kisses a girl within these confines," she said.

"I'll gladly pay the fine, on one condition," he told her.

"What's that?"

"That you let me turn out the lights and take as long as I want to, and kiss you as many times as I wish."

"Heavens, yes, of course!"

Three-quarters of an hour later she said to him:

"You're kissing beautifully tonight, John!"

"Johnny, hell!" the guy kissing her stated roughly. "I'm just one of Johnny's fraternity brothers. Johnny's at the door taking tickets."
—Arizona Kitty-Kat.

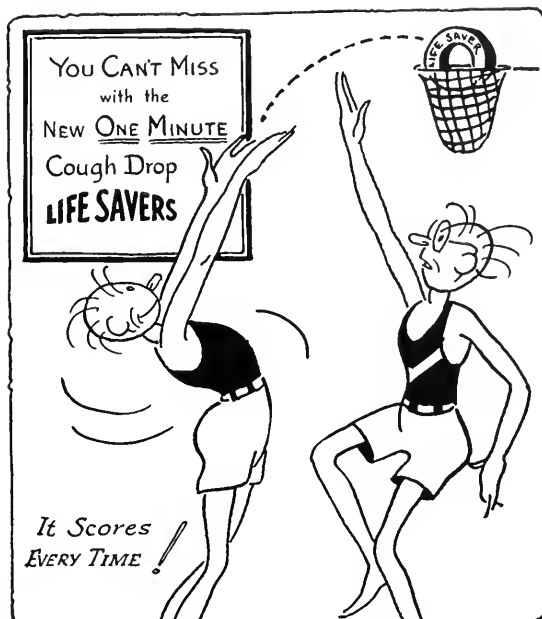
S

"George broke up my party the other evening. He started to tell a naughty story and I had to send him home."

"Well?"

"But the rest followed him home to hear the end of it."

—New York Medley.



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Coming Distractions

As reviewed by Marion Irrmann

The R. K. O. Virginia gets the latest shows all right! As a matter of fact we can only get advance dope on two of them this month, so late are the releases. From March 30-April 3 there's a grand story of movie stunt men at the Virginia. Remember Dick Grace, the hero of many a faked crash—or rather many a crash that wasn't faked? He wrote this story—"The Lost Squadron"—some months ago. It's not a war story, however, but of the aftermath. There's certainly a finely chosen cast, with Richard Dix, Joel McCrea, Hugh Herbert, Dorothy Jordan, and the unforgettable Eric von Stroheim as a mad director. There are some typical Dick Grace air scenes, and a finale that's "different."

Maurice Chevalier in "One Hour With You" plays at the Virginia, starting Wednesday, April 3. This is a hectic story featuring Maurice in a slightly different role than usual—that of a married man, and strangely enough, one very much in love with his wife, Jeannette MacDonald. But the beautiful young stranger, Genevieve Tobin, whom he accidentally meets in a taxicab, proves to be his wife's best friend, and determines to become the best friend of her best friend's husband.

This, you say, ought to be interesting. It is! Roland Young plays the part of the husband of the temptress, and Charlie Ruggles furnishes the comedy in his love-making to Chevalier's wife. It gets more and more complicated, doesn't it? You don't know the half of it, but you'd better find out!

And here's the Park, again with a bunch of good ones that you have missed. It's a fact that Park is having more 4-star shows this month than have been around for many a moon. On April 1 is "Penrod and Sam"; 2, "South of Santa Fe" with Bob Steele; 3, "Manhattan Parade" with Winnie Lightner; 4 and 5, "Her Majesty Love" with Marilyn Miller; 6, "Women Go On Forever" with Clara Kimball Young and Marion Nixon; 7 and 8, "Five Star Final" with Edward Robinson; 9, "Without Honors" with Harry Carey; 10, "Peach O'Reno" with Wheeler & Woolsey; 11 and 12, "Safe In Hell" with Dorothy MacKail; 13, "Murder at Midnight" with Aileen Pringle and Hale Hamilton; 14 and 15, "Waterloo Bridge" with Mae Clark and Kent Douglass; 16, "Deadline" with Buck Jones; 17, "Under Eighteen" with Marian Marsh; 18 and 19, "Consolation

Marriage" with Irene Dunn; 20, "Morals for Women" with Bessie Love; 21 and 22, "High Pressure" with William Powell; 23, "Branded Men" with Ken Maynard; 24, "Union Depot" with Douglas Fairbanks Jr.; 27, "Men of Chance" with Mary Astor and Ricardo Cortez; 30, "Nevada Buckaroo" with Bob Steele.

—S—

Add Laziest Man

The customer had waited for ten minutes and finally called out to the proprietor who sat sleepily in the rear of the store, "Say, can't you come and wait on me? I'm in a hurry."

The proprietor shifted his position slightly and drawled, "Can't you come in when I'm standing up?"

—S—

"Yes, my boy, I'm a self-made man."

"Gee, Pop, that's what I admire about you. You always take the blame for everything."

—S—

"You seem to have plenty of intelligence for a man in your position," sneered a lawyer, cross-examining a witness.

"If I wasn't under oath, I'd return the compliment," replied the witness.

Another Scotch Tale

Father: Now, son, start saving your pennies and put them in this yellow box and when you get five pennies give them to me and I'll give you a nickel and you can put it in this blue box; then, when you get five nickels, give them to me and I'll give you a quarter and you can put it in this red box.

Seventeen years later the boy discovered that the red box was the gas meter.
—*Drexel Drexler*.

—S—

Tramp: Lady, have you any old clothes in the house that would fit me?

Housewife: Yes, but my husband's got to wear them when he gets up.
—*The Carolina Buccaneer*.

—S—

The worst case of halitosis on record: the angel of death destroying the army of Sennacherib by breathing on them.
—*New York Medley*.

—S—

To the Right

They were stopping at a big hotel and the wife, returning from a shopping tour, found that on their floor all the doors looked alike. She picked what she thought was the right one, knocked, and whispered, "I'm back, honey! Let me in."

No answer.

"Honey, oh honey, I say I'm back."

Still no answer.

"I say, honey, let me in! You hear me, honey?"

Then a strange man's voice bellowed from the inside, "Madame, this is not a beehive. This is the bathroom."

—*Grinnell Malteaser*.

—S—

It Happens Here Too

Visitor: "I suppose they ask a lot for the rent of this apartment?"

Student: "Yes, they asked for it seven times last week."

—*Washington Columns*.

—S—

"You poor man," said the kindly woman, "are you married?"

"No lady," replied the tramp, "if I had a wife I wouldn't be depending on strange women for a living."

—*Red Cat*.

—S—

For Freshmen Only

Warbling Senior: "I Found a Million Dollar Baby in the Five and Ten Cent Store."

Enlightened Freshman: "Oh! Now I know where babies come from!"
—*Minnesota Ski-U-Mah*.



Presidential Timber!

▼ What this country needs is an all-around, all-wet president. Homer Bru, banker, business man, farmer and statesman, is that man. Mr. Bru's modesty is shown in his answer to his party's request that he throw his hat in the ring in the forthcoming election. His answer was simply, "Who, me?"

A play-by-play and plank-by-plank story of Homer Bru's campaign is being published in COLLEGE HUMOR. As citizens of these (we hope) United States, it is your duty to keep your finger on the pulse of the hectic politics of the aforesaid States. Bru's spotless record will inspire you. Read about him in

College Humor

1050 N. LaSalle St., Chicago

Spoonerisms on Croonerisms

There was a young crooner named Crosby
Who vodeled and sang through his nosby,
With gusto and steamo
He warbles for Cremo—
Against such there oughta be lawsby!

—*Minnesota Ski-U-Mah.*

— S —

First Kangaroo: Annabelle, where's the baby?

Second Kangaroo: My goodness, I've had my pocket
picked!

—*Syracuse Orange Peel.*

— S —

Now that Ziegfeld has glorified the American girl, he
might do something about Gandhi.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

— S —

An aviator took an old man and his wife for an airplane
ride and told them it would cost nothing if neither made any
sound when he did the loop-the-loop and the barrel roll.
They agreed, and the aviator did some breath-taking stunts.
As they landed he yelled back at them, asking how they
liked it.

"Fine," returned the old man, "but I thought I'd yell
when the old lady tell out."

—*Arizona Kitty Kat.*

— S —

A preacher of the gospel went into a negro barber shop
to get a shave. The colored barber was slightly inebriated
and cut the minister in several places. Whereupon the ever
alert minister began to lecture to the barber on the evils of
drink.

Now, do you see what whiskey does?"

"Yassuh, boss, it shore do make de skin tendah."

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

— S —

Missionary (horrificed): You say you ate your own
father and mother? Why, that means you're a cannibal.

Black boy: No, an orphan.

—*Texas Longhorn.*

— S —

Janice found herself in a rather compromising position
in Harold's arms. The love of these two doves was new-
born, and little more need be said of what Harold was
pouring into Janice's charming little ear, and of how Janice
accepted each utterance with a yearning heart. To be
abominably frank, Harold had kissed Janice once or twice.
Janice was a freshman at the college, and had not been so
complimented before by a stalwart campus man. The effect
was exhilarating.

"My darling," exclaimed Harold, "I love you so. I love
you so."

"I like you wonderfully, Harold," murmured the inno-
cent trosh.

Again he kissed her tenderly. "Do you like to have me
kiss you?" asked Harold, confidently.

"Oh, Harold! You . . . you . . . use Listerine, don't
you?" blurted the darling Janice.

—*Boston Beanpot.*

Depression Limerick

There once was a young man named Gandhi,
Reputed to be quite a dandhi,
In a worn-out old sheet
And old shoes on his feet,
In this country, that tad would be handhi.

—*Minnesota Ski-U-Mah.*

— S —

And then there's the contortionist who dreamed he was
eating dried peaches and chewed his ears off in his sleep.

—*West Point Pointer.*

— S —

Frank: "I don't see how you tell those Smith twins
apart."

Hank: "That's easy. Mable always blushes when we
meet."

—*Princeton Tiger.*

— S —

"Johnny, I'm afraid I will not see you in heaven," said
the father to his errant son.

"Why, what have you been doing now, Pop?"

— S —

What's the Use?

"Whatcha studyin'?"

"Soc'ology."

"Hard?"

"N'very."

"How many cuts y' 'lowed?"

"Never calls za roll."

"Lotsa prelims?"

"Never gives any."

"Outside readin' and writin'?"

"Nope."

"Called on often?"

"About once a week."

"Thought there was a string to it."

—*Cornell H idios.*

— S —

Sergeant (at the police station): "What! you back
again?"

Frosh: "Uh, huh; any mail?"

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

— S —

A vacuum has been defined as a conversation between
a bridge fiend who does not play golf and a golf fiend who
does not play bridge.

—*Carnegie Puppet.*

— S —

"How about a little kiss girle?"

"No, I have scruples."

"Well, that's all right, I've been vaccinated."

—*The Brown Jew.*

— S —

At last we've discovered the world's laziest man. He
wrote and asked Mahatma Gandhi for a job as his valet.

—*Boston Beanpot.*



Weary of scenes like this?

—then lend us your ears

This is the time of year when you feel that the lights have shone on fair women and brave men for the last time, as far as you are concerned. The feet that have trod so many miles of dance floors begin to itch for a more exciting occupation. And Absorbine Jr. won't cure *that* itch. What you need is to apply the uneasy members to the controls of a new Chevrolet Six.

And what a thrill that is! At the lightest pressure on the accelerator, the Chevrolet leaps ahead like a startled fawn (ah there, Keats), devours the miles like a ravening tiger (howdy, Byron), and skims along as smoothly and quietly as a bird in flight (and you, too, Shelley).

To be less zoölogical, you get places in a hurry, laughing mockingly at heavy traffic the while. For Syncro-Mesh gear-shifting combined with Free Wheeling makes the new Chevrolet Six as responsive to your touch as a generous parent. And wherever you go, heads turn, for the new Chevrolet Six is one of the smartest cars on the road. Moreover, you won't have to pawn those discarded dress clothes to pay for one, since Chevrolet prices are among the lowest at which motor cars are sold!

So climb into a coat—anybody's coat—and go down and see the new Chevrolet Six. It's a guaranteed sure-fire cure for winter jitters.

Twenty beautiful new models, at prices ranging from \$475 to \$660

All prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich., special equipment extra. Low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms. Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan. Division General Motors.

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

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"Luckies are certainly kind to my throat"

HOT TAMALES!

Lupe landed in Hollywood with one lone dollar and no part to play ... But now she has nine fur coats, 15 canaries and the world's loudest lounging pajamas. We hope you liked her in the M-G-M PICTURE, "THE CUBAN LOVE SONG," as much as we did. Lupe's been a LUCKY fan for two years... There was no — what is politely called "financial consideration" for her statement, Gracias, Lupe!

"No harsh irritants for Lupe. I'm a Lucky fan. There's no question about it—Luckies are certainly kind to my throat. And hurrah for that improved Cellophane wrapper of yours—it really opens without a tug-o'-war—thanks to that tab." *Lupe Vélez*

"It's toasted"

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And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh**

Sofa
Cop. 2

SIREN

**DIRT
NUMBER**





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THESE FUNNY COLLEGE JOKES

1925

It was a beautiful June night. A mellow moon shone down from above, and a gentle breeze sighed in the tree tops. I was fascinated by the lovely creature beside me. I moved closer to her and laid my arm across her shoulders. She raised her face to mine and her breath was sweeter than the nectar of the gods. I gazed into wide brown eyes that were fathomless pools. She certainly was a handsome cow.

1928

It was a beautiful June night. A mellow moon shone down from above, and a gentle breeze sighed in the tree tops. I was fascinated by the lovely creature beside me. I moved closer to her and laid my arm across her shoulders. She raised her face to mine and her breath was sweeter than the nectar of the gods. I gazed into wide brown eyes that were fathomless pools. Then I—Well, what would you have done?—I kissed her.

1932

It was a beautiful June night. A mellow moon shone down from above, and a gentle breeze sighed in the tree tops. I was fascinated by the lovely creature beside me. I moved closer to her and laid my arm across her shoulders. She raised her face to mine and her breath was sweeter than the nectar of the gods. I gazed into wide brown eyes that were fathomless pools. Then I kissed her long and passionately. When I released her she looked at me and said, "What did you say your first name was, Mr. Brown?"

1935

It was a beautiful June night. A mellow moon shone down from above, and a gentle breeze sighed in the tree tops. I was fascinated by the lovely creature beside me. I moved closer to her and laid my arms across her shoulders. She raised her face to mine, and her breath was so strong I could have chinned myself on it.

—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*

—S—

A customer sat down to a table in a smart restaurant and tied his napkin around his neck. The manager, scandalized, called a boy and said to him:

"Try to make him understand as tactfully as possible that that's not done."

Boy (seriously to customer): "A shave or hair cut, sir?"

—*Indiana Bored Walk.*

—S—

Notice: From this date, I will not be responsible for any debts or obligations made by my wife.—G. A. F.

Notice: I have not purchased anything for cash or credit since I became Mrs. G. A. F.—Mrs. G. A. F.

—*Indiana Bored Walk.*



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A Slight Mistake

In the course of a trial it became necessary to establish the date of certain events with relation to the age of the witness on the stand—a very dark and rotund colored woman.

"How old are you, Mandy?"

"I'se seventy-three, judge."

"Mandy, you don't look that old," protested the examination counsel.

"I sure is, judge."

After a few more questions the witness interrupted a wrangle between opposing counsel by saying:

"Judge, I'se been recollectin' an' I was wrong when I said my age was seventy-three. I remember now—dat's my bust measure."

—*North Carolina Waterman.*

—S—

Ten Less One Questions

To acquaint the layman with the psychological possibilities of wrong numbers, we have gone to unlimited expense and trouble to prepare a set of questions designated to test your mentality, blood pressure and tonsils. If you can answer all of these questions correctly you are a neurotic bookworm; if you get half of them right, you will probably be in an insane asylum within the year; if you don't try to answer them at all you show a remarkable sanity. Answers to these questions will be found on another page of this issue.

1. Near what river did Shakespeare live while residing at Stratford-on-Avon?
2. Who was elected the first time George Washington ran for president?
3. Who participated in the French and Indian war besides the British?
4. Who is buried in Grant's Tomb?
5. Who makes Ford cars?
6. Why didn't Christopher Columbus come over on the Bremen?
7. Why did Jesse James shoot Abraham Lincoln?
8. What time do the eight o'clock radio signals come in?
9. What the hell are you reading these for?

S

Old Spinster: Where are the dear little monkeys today, keeper?

Zoo Keeper: They're inside making love.

O. S.: Do you think they would come out if I offered them these peanuts?

Z. K.: Would you?

—*Texas Lonehorn.*

S

"I'm over forty," says Mary Boland.

—*Advt. in Movie Classic.*

And growing like a weed.

—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*

DIALOGUE

"Oh, don't you just adore the Sutton Club? It's so different—and, such a sophisticated crowd hangs around there."

"Yeah, and hasn't it got a smooth orchestra?"

"And Mitzie Malloy is just perfect."

"Won't it be too bad if the cheap crowd start to invade the place?"

"Well, they usually do."

"That's why I like the El Patio—there's a smart crowd there all the time."

"Have you seen Leslie Howard in Barry's new play?"

"My, but isn't he smooth?"

"Here, have a light."

"Heh, heh, heh, it works."

"Heh, heh, heh,—that's one for Ripley."

"Is Rollie working yet?"

"Why, I didn't even know that he was sober."

"What does he want to get sober for?"

"Isn't he a riot when he's boiled?"

"Well, some day I'm going to get a job."

"Oh, don't be a s'il."

"What do ya think of the new Hop roadster?"

"Plenty smooth."

"Well, I'll see you later, Katie, I have to make an onion sandwich for that dope down at the end of the counter."

—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

—S—

Answers to Questions

1. The Amazon, whose 3,000 mile distance is quite close, by the air service today.
2. It is rumored that a New Englander named Coolidge was really elected but that he did not choose to serve because of a depression looming on the horizon.
3. This has been referred to the League of Nations and the Kellogg Peace Pact Conference for a final decision.
4. Just off-hand, the Grant family.
5. Industrialists and laborers the world over.
6. It seems that Queen Isabella was at outs with her distant German cousins and would not hear of Chris taking the Beer and Pretzel Line.
7. They are getting sorry, aren't they?
8. 8:00 Eastern Standard Time; 7:00 Central—Oh, well!
9. Because some dantful went to all the trouble to write it.

—*Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket.*

S

"The waiter spilled ice cream down my girl's neck at the Prom."

"Did she have to take her formal to the cleaners?"

"No, she just washed her neck."

—*Wisconsin Octopus.*



Carl Chase, who is Min in "Wotta Racket"

BROAD



C. O. D.

The Lambda Chis have the swellest coat of arms over the fire-place in their dining room—it ought to be swell, being as how it is the crest of the King of England. A couple of their alums got tight one night over in Hong Kong, or Shanghai, or some place with a name like that, and swiped it from where it was placed over the door of the British Embassy. When said alums came to the next morning there was the *corpus delicti* to dispose of. So they crated up the thing, which is made of iron and weighs a mere ton or so, and sent it along to the boys, collect. It looks remarkably impressive up over that mantel, and they don't tell very many people that those collect charges were fifty bucks.

Just in Case . . .

Morrie Katz says that his folks are in the "clinning and prassing business." . . . Who ever saw Bob Kennedy without a pipe in his mouth . . . we hear that the Chi Omega trio has had a swell offer from Charley Agnew. . . . The Thetas are going to exchange a student with a German school next year after the same plan that the Alpha Deltis did this year. . . . Betty Ann Siegrist, Alpha Fizz, is the typical Illinois woman, if there is such a thing. . . . Gayle DuBois has added a French accent to the daown south effect already in existence and the effect is almost a panic. . . . And they have been calling her Evil Jo Helber, lately since she got her picture in College Humor on account of the swell hair-cut she doesn't have. . . . You should have seen the look on the face of the babe who got caught voting for herself in the little beauty contest of Pierrot's. . . . Glumph Wilson, over at the Chi Phi house, says that he sleeps well from eleven p. m. until six, but after breakfast he just rolls and tosses all day. . . . The worst lunch ever served at the Kappa Delta Rho house had for its main item brisket soup. . . .

The Thetas had wilted lettuce and sardines once, and there is the w. k. Beta hot dogs and the A. D. Pi hash and pear salad combinations. . . . Nita Ramey got Tish a date with her steady one night and now Tish has his pin. . . . There's only one pin out over at the Sigma Phi Sigma house and a Pop has it. . . . Kay Wells, in a modest sort of way said in the Chidailynoos on New Year's Day that she was going to get herself a man this year. . . . Kay Tuach was the first woman with nerve enough to petition for the editorship of the Illini, God bless her. . . . Frank Koval calls everyone "Joe," regardless. . . . According to the Chicago *Phoenix*, God is not an Alpha Delt. . . . The prize boner of the season was pulled by the Theta Xi sophomores who serenaded Messrs. Schnell and Pring the night after the elections in which the said men as old line leaders took such a beating—and announcements of managements so soon to be announced. . . . It is an established fact that Bob Whitely has his pin on Dot Kenyon, of Delta Delta Delta, Inc. . . . The Pi K. A.'s have more brothers and sisters in school than any other house. . . . Tubby Steuernagel has gone Kappa.

Landscaping orgies have been indulged in by our wealthy friends, the Alpha Deltis and the Sigma Nus . . . the latter having a formal garden with real lace around the edges. . . . You can count the house dances on one hand any week-end now, and it seems as if not a damn one of them is formal—and it was in our time that the Deltis told it around that they spent eight hundred bucks on the orchestra alone for their spring formal. . . . The well dressed male is wearing pure white buck shoes . . . and the not so well dressed male is wearing a sweater without any shirt. . . . Carl Chase had his picture in the New York Times last week on account of he is in "Wotta Racket"—it covered half of the page, and was that big that the President him-

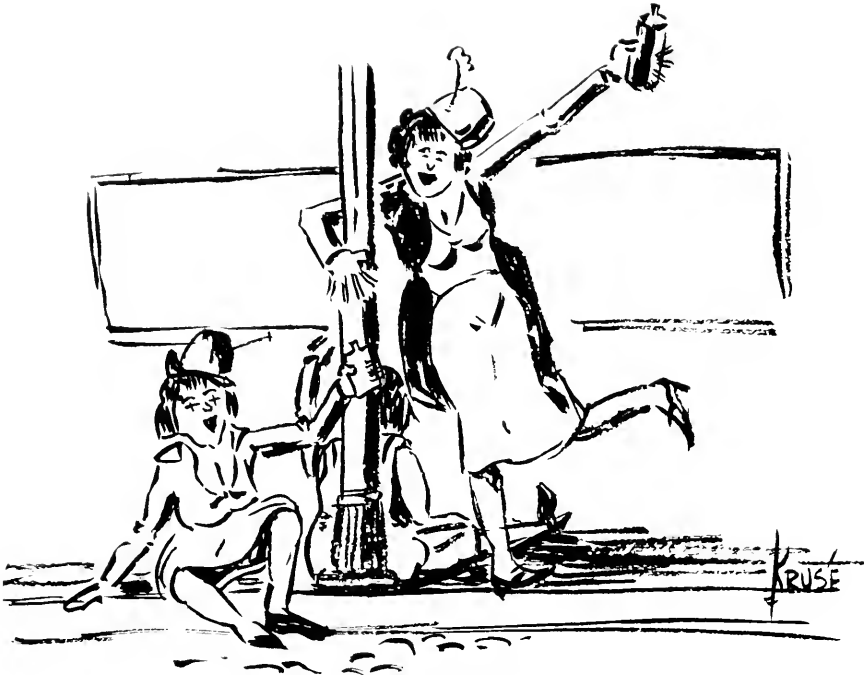
self, who was in New York at the time that it came out, had to put extra postage on the letter in which he mailed it home . . . according to the butler . . . Kay Palandek, Chi Omega, is one of the most spectacular beauties on Campus . . . and Mary Jane Fithian is one of the most popular women. . . . Dick Law recently added Phi Beta Kappa to his list of trophies. . . . It is probably a toss up between Julie Connors, Geneva Hitt, and Winnie Haven as who is the best dressed woman around these parts. . . . To Dorothy Wheeler goes the laurels for having the most brains . . . and using them . . . they tell me that Helene Foelinger keeps a plane of her own in the back yard over in Fort Wayne, Indiana, where she lives.

Wayne King will play for the Senior Ball, if the people who want him have anything to say about it. . . . Ray Dvorak pulled a swell one at the band concert the other night when he named the painting over the stage in the auditorium "Everybody works but father." . . . Eddie Cantor ought to be president—it would be good enough for him. . . . Mort Wilbur is just more than jumping into the activities pond lately, what with a Union Job—and notice that there was a capital J on that word job—and his sundry petitions for publications jobs including the business managership of this rag. . . . Germaine Quindry, Pi Beta Phi, is dated up for months and months and uses the working in shifts technique in order to make the most of her time, she very often being able to get at least three normal dates into the space of one afternoon. . . . The Z. T. A. house has gone T. U. O. . . . Once upon a time we heard a rumor to the effect that people at Illinois couldn't drive cars. . . . Chuck Frederick chaperoned a party over at the Chi Bete house the night that the music at the commerce dance turned out to be so lousy that some of the boys and girls decided to have a party of their own. . . . And how does this

suit you for the perfect address for any hotel register—Mr. W. E. R. Notman and wife, Norfrum, Iowa. . . . Newt Rooks went into hiding after all of that publicity that El Herron gave him. . . . Marion Irrmann is now the big shot over at the Ganmafi house. . . . It had been years since we heard the simile about its looking like so-and-so had fallen into a flour barrel, and then we heard it a dozen times in one day as applied to the Chios. . . . It is a pleasure to call the Phi Tau house—pledges there know the meaning of the word courtesy. . . . The Phi Gams are going to have a hard time living down Bing Crosby's singing their songs and pronouncing tiji to rhyme with sky high. . . . The Phi Kappa Sigs answer their phone with "Skull house"—at the Sigma Chi house they say "Sig house." . . . With all of that addition the Beta Hotel ought to have gotten a new name. . . . In case you have it in for the Phi Deltis the latest ditty giving them the bird goes like this—"Phi Delta Theta, One times worse than Beta." You just keep it up, increasing the ratio, until your lungs give out. The tune is Abie the fishman. . . . Where did Ted Wang disappear to? . . . Marny Crocker is working for Moser's. . . . Theta Alpha has merged with Delta Sigma Phi, known, in the vulgate, as Dollar Sixty-five. . . . Theta, Kappa, Beta, Delt, and Sig are the only houses that are recognized by one letter of their name. . . . One of the houses up on the avenue has a closet which is kept locked. In it are a number of the cups which the house next door and the police looked for once. . . . Phonograph records are swiped far more often than any other sort of fratney property. . . . Have you ever tried to get a date for Saturday night on Wright street after Tuesday? . . . The Try Deltis have one of the best looking living rooms in town. . . . We predict that Mary Henley, Pity Townie, will be a big shot of significance ere long.

An extremely personable argument





Yes Sir, Yes Sir, three bags full . . .

for Greek houses pledging upper classmen is Kay Adams, Chio, who is graduating with honors this June. . . . Does anybody ever drink anything but beer in this town? . . . And the same person who can answer that one might tell us why it is that our contemporaries up at Chicago have it so desperately in for us and pity us for our bucolic condition at the same time. . . . If you don't think that practically the entire T. U. O. house is from Joliet, just try looking up some of the names in the directory. . . . And you might try the same thing with the A. O. Pi house, only there it is Oak Park. . . . Pal and Butch are the most popular blanket nicknames of the moment. . . . Nerts is on the decline, gripe has gone, and poohed is now respectable. . . . The Sig Alphas and the Kappa Sidges get along swell for houses that live as close to each other as they do.

. . . A serenade at the Pi Psi house is always *such* an event for the boys over at Newman Hall. . . . Bobbed hair seems to be the thing again—Esther Uhl and Dorothy Quinn have succumbed we see. . . . The latter, Dorothy, went wading in the lily pool out at the country club the other night. . . . Going barelegged *does* save on the old stocking bill. . . . Only Al Neiss could get away with calling his girl's legs her Alpha Xi pins. . . . George McDevitt's watch chain is an heirloom, he says. . . . And incidentally dainty watch chains are just out, that's all, the new ones being a little like that old one of grandpap's. . . . The Sig Alphas and the A. E. Phis have more damn fun with their windowshades. . . . The Zetes manage not to get publicity better than any other group.

Did you know that three little

ZTA's go in for fish raising in a great big way? They have three simply ducky little goldfish, named George, Jack, and Norm—after three dashing young TUO's. What worries the girls is that one of the fish may have to be named Mary or Jane or something else sweet and feminine.

Did you know that the crowds that use to gather on Lincoln around the Kappa Delt house have strangely dwindled away since the girls have bought a shower curtain? The favorite excuse of the idlers used to be that they were waiting for a bus. The greatest sufferers are the poor fellows in McKinley hospital. They've taken up playing battleship now.

Did you know that Bob Kleene, debonaire Phi Delt transfer from Wisconsin, is caused untold agonies

(Continued on Page 24)

The Littlest Pledge , , , ,

By JOYCE NEWBILL

The littlest pledge had a strong instinctive feeling for the fitness of things. She shook her small, curly head in dismay when she noticed that there were three rushees left sitting alone along the window seat, commonly referred to as "crock's corner." Here it was the custom to deposit the obviously hopeless and spend one's time more advantageously on the prizes.

She took a speedy mental inventory. Specimen one had piano legs, and strongly resembled "Lady Goliath" of side-show fame. Specimen two had buck teeth and a corresponding speech impediment. And specimen three, poor dear, had cross-eyes.

The littlest pledge had a very tender heart—she would

we can get her away from the Alphas if we give her half a rush!"

The littlest pledge turned toward the damsel in question. She was a gorgeous, slim creature with exotic looking eyes—and no heavier than thistledown on her feet. Resisting the temptation to join the galaxy surrounding the goddess she turned heroically toward the crock corner.

The triumvirate saw her coming and temporarily postponed the rake-over they were handing the actives. One of them had just confidentially imparted to the others: "And *swooty!* They must think they're Mrs. Holy-something. Can you imagine anybody wanting to join such a bunch of *wash-outs!*"



There were three rushees left sitting alone in "crock's corner"

have died a thousand tortuous deaths in preference to baiting a fish-hook, or setting a mouse-trap.

The "preferred stock" was being given a good rush on the dance floor. Each time the music stopped, there would be a little flurry of excitement when everybody would say "Oh *please* may I have the next dance? I've been following you around all evening, trying to remember where I've seen you before! I just remembered! It was out at Arlington races last summer. We sat only two boxes apart!"

The music started again. One of the actives grabbed the littlest pledge's sleeve. "Break in on that *knockout* in the aquamarine lace. She's 'Old Man Evans' niece, and

The littlest pledge assumed her most troubled look—the same one that made university men want to protect her and take her places in a cab so she wouldn't catch cold, and only the *very* nicest places, of course. That look implied: "Now *don't* tell me that all is not well with the world!"

"Shame on you all," she said reprovingly, "sitting way off here in a corner by yourself and being exclusive." She dimpled. "I almost was convinced that you were trying to be high-hat!" She passed this off as if it were a grave error. "Of *course*, I'm just joking," she reassured them.

The triumvirate remained immobile. The one with buck teeth opened her mouth as if she were going to say



The little pledge gulped . . .

something, and then closed it again. The one with piano legs was tapping her toes in time to the music. The littlest pledge looked helplessly at the cross-eyed one and wondered if she were in turn looking at her.

"I tell you what," said the littlest pledge. "How would you all like to break some rules! We'll all sneak up the stairs into my room and smoke a cigarette. I've got the latest Peter Arno book and we can look at it—that is," she added anxiously, "if you haven't already seen it, of course."

They evidently had not, because immediately you couldn't have missed seeing a little curly-headed wisp of not more than four-feet-eleven-and-one-half-inches steering her protégées across the dance floor and skillfully piloting them out of sight.

All of the actives at that precise moment turned their backs and called the other rushees' attention to the new picture over the fireplace, painted by "Who was it, anyhow? I forget. Well—whoever he was, he was a darn good painter, and this new painting is supposed to represent quite the latest trend in art, and all that sort of thing."

After the last musical selection had been furnished by the perspiring student band, and after the last dance with the last wilting rushee had been danced, and after the last "Goodbye for now—but we'll be seeing you again—*real soon*, won't we?" had been negotiated, the actives stampeded the chapter room for meeting.

"Now *who* in the name of something-or-other ever recommended those such-and-suches that were sitting in the *crook corner*!" spouted one of the hierarchy indignantly.

"Legacies, no doubt!" was the most common interpretation of the phenomena. "They *do* happen in the *best* of families."

"What were their names?" The rush chairman banged for quiet. "Who knows the names of the chosen-children sitting in the crook corner?"

"Jo knows—she brought them in." Jo went into immediate hysteria. "Oh yeah! Well I didn't notice that *you* were so anxious to get acquainted, either!"

"Get Polly," yelled someone. "She's their pal! She's been giving them a big rush all evening!"

The littlest pledge lowered the inch-long fringe of her tremendous blue eyes the moment she arrived.

"Stand up straight—quit shrinking like that! What's the matter with you, anyway?"

The littlest pledge gave the hierarchy her most abused look.

"Who was that big cow you were sitting with in crock's corner?"

The littlest pledge's dignity suffered an instantaneous relapse. "She wasn't a big cow—she was"—

"A HIPPO! Continue."

The littlest pledge gulped and gathered strength before proceeding. "That was Reda Barclay—the 'Lady Halliburton' who has given so many radio talks about her adventures all over the world."

(Continued on Page 19)



Go down and scare up a fourth for bridge!



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Our two cents worth

Our worthy contemporary, the *Yale Record*, has been more than ranting about the fraternity system at that school. In no uncertain terms they predict the fall of all but the two or three of the strongest houses within a year as a result of the depression and a sudden coming of age on the part of the students. All of which makes us wonder a little.

Another house down on Green street decided to give up the ghost last month and merge with a stronger organization. That makes six that have been victims of that lack of money which has become the subject of more small talk than prohibition ever was. Of course there are eighty or so houses left, but the question which remains is a query concerning just how long they will be able to stand the gaff. It is no secret that many of them are so short of men that they are

terrified at the thoughts of that six or eight hundred dollars a month rent which just has to be paid. Men of discrimination aren't as overjoyed to have the honor conferred on them of being allowed to live with a conglomeration which obviously was pledged with an eye to the money which they represented for the kitty each month. Many of them are still going to live in the Greek houses, but more of them aren't, and they aren't apologizing for it either, which is more. Jobs go to Independent men too now, and the political party which represents them wins elections—for the benefit of Greek men. But never mind, they'll learn—and they get about with the same ease which the organized world was supposed to have done back in the days which Lynn and Lois Montross like to dwell on. It may take them longer

to get there, but the point remains that they do get there.

There is still that great submerged group North of Green, but one isn't so sure but that they want to be submerged. After all, this life of John, Daniel, and Chalmers street doesn't appeal to everyone, and it is too expensive for some of these people with brains enough to know what they can afford and what they cannot. Many a house would be much the better off if a few of its members could only have realized this fact before they ran up bills which made leaving in the night necessary.

There is no doubt in our minds but that there is a great need for an adequate dormitory which is owned by the University. Anyone who has seen those at the University of Chicago can realize exactly how great is the need here for the same sort of thing. There has been talk of building more women's dormitories upon several occasions, but never has a men's residence hall been the subject of wide-spread discussion. It is our earnest and sincere wish that this article may at least bring the matter to the attention of the people who in the final analysis really do decide matters like this—the men who do not realize that if they talked enough about a matter like this something would be done.

—S—

We see by the papers that Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr. thinks that college is just a waste of time . . . and a lot of talk will be made over his statement by the people who he intended to make talk . . . people like editors who see in his brash assumption a chance to air a few opinions of their own on the subject.

The end of a fourth year in college means to the average individual the termination of sixteen years spent in classrooms. It means earning your own living and getting married and putting aside childish things. It means that you have gradually absorbed the fact that a sentence sounds

better if it hasn't been ended with a preposition, that you can refrain from saying ain't without great effort, that you know a split infinitive when you see it, that Shakespeare was a bit of a heller in his time too, that the people who buy luridly colored magazines on the news-stands would patronize the libraries if they only knew, that *Auf Wiedersehen* sounds twice as romantic as goodbye, and that one can ring in *A Rividerci* or *Adios* as changes, that one may defend any taste in literature and get away with it.

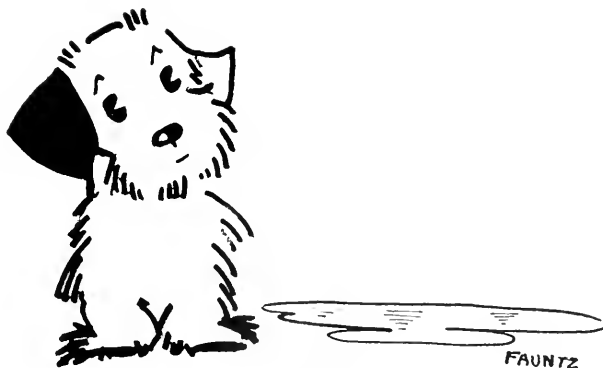
One takes chemistry and finds out that by mixing things with valances up in a test-tube the same smell as is possessed by ancient eggs may be produced. From botany it is learned that the reason pine trees grow straight up is because they have buds on the tips of the branches. From Economics is gleaned the fact that some people are getting very rich and more people are getting very poor. You take American history and learn that George Washington threw that silver dollar across the Potomac so a teacher could make a crack about money going farther then, and that the Puritans weren't the lilies everyone thinks they were, what with bundling and little games like that.

Sociology courses teach you that if you use big enough words for things they will always sound important no matter how trivial they really are.

We could just go on with this for hours, but you all know about it anyway, so what's the use?

—S—

And just in case there was any doubt in your mind about it that conversation with Dean Leonard which was reported in the last issue was entirely imaginary. We had no idea that anyone could possibly think that it was anything else, but it seems that they did; and we wouldn't for the world want to be an annoyance to Miss Leonard—so get it straight, *that conversation was fictitious!*



Who, Me?

THE SIREN NOMINATES



DORSEY CONNORS

Because she has been star of many Little Titter productions, the last one being "See Naples and Die"; because she is chief hacha-er of that w. k. trio; because she has been a PROM QUEEN and has consistently been running for other crowns; because she is a campus personality; because she is a Chi Omega.

FOR THE BOID MEDAL



JACK DOWNEY

Because he once led a Junior Prom; because he is an awfully bum politician; because he is from Danville; because he can wear a dinner jacket and still manage not to look like an orchestra leader; because he slaps people on the back; because he is an Independent.

Goofing the National

It is an old game, this business of kidding the national along, and what a surprise it is to find out some of the people who indulge in it . . . the line of reasoning goes something like this: you aren't really lying, you know, because everyone else lays it on thick, and your chapter seems so damned inactive if you just tell the plain unvarnished truth. So you sort of fix things up so that they sound swell, regardless. Our first object lesson is a gem from the *Pentagon* of dear old Phi Omega Pi. Read it and weep. We did.

September 10 found most of us at our lovely home eager to begin the school year. Our first surprise was to find that our house had been thoroughly cleaned, (Ed. note—*that must have been a surprise*) and that our mothers had generously given us carpets for both the second and third floor halls and the stairway. Only deadened footsteps for us heretafter! Two new porch swings were inviting us to repose on the porch. Such lovely surprises of things we needed and hoped for soon drove all homesickness away. (Ed. note—*It isn't often that people are as honest about things as that*).

And as if that wasn't enough for one issue, look what got on another page. It is really too good to spoil by only quoting excerpts, and after all this magazine is put out because it is supposed to be amusing.

There goes the doorbell! Rooms were given a last dust, a few more things hidden under the cot, and we rushed down stairs to greet our nineteen guests, bag (*Tsk!*) and baggage. This was the beginning of our house party. Naturally, (Ed. note—*Of course, naturally*) the first event was luncheon. After becoming thoroughly acquainted, we all piled into cabs and enjoyed a good movie. What a peculiar sight—six checker cabs following each other. However, no one minded that, for we were out for a good time. (Ed. note—*and do we ever bet that they really had one*).

That evening we danced until our feet as well as shoes were worn out. Next on the program was Monte Carlo Whist. And what a gambling den our houses did turn into. Tables and eager anticipating looks wherever one casts her eyes. (Ed. note—*my word!*) Telegrams interrupted the sport by requesting each one to take a trip to Japan, Russia, or Holland. (Ed. note—*And we'll bet they did what's more!*) Our trips resulted in food; so such an interruption was warmly received.

All good things must end. (*amen!*) So after spending next morning taking walks, dancing and playing bridge, we had our goodbye luncheon. By that time we were all the best of friends and hated to see our guests preparing to leave. (Ed. note—*Such frankness!*) We consoled (*that was the right word*) ourselves thinking that most of these girls would be coming back soon with trunks and really become Phi Omega Pi sisters.

Alpha Delta Pi is endeavoring to keep its usual strong position in campus activities, we see by the *Adelphian*. Phyllis Theiss '33, is doing and dying in grand style and—is chairman of the Y. W. C. A. card files system. . . . The freshmen too, are eager to make names for themselves. (Ed. note—*Spoken like a true A. D. Pi!*)

Kappa Alpha Theta, is as usual, pretty interesting. Right off the bat we learn that "we are proud that Theta maintained its scholarship record, being still in first place with an average of 3.8—four point is a straight B. (Ed. note—*just in case you didn't know*). Patricia Busey took part in the ice skating exhibition and the Union Minstrel show. In the former she made a spectacular jump over five barrels. (Ed. note—*He could understand how that could be spectacular, all right enough*) and in the latter she did a song and dance. Jane Fauntz was elected to Illustrator's society, membership based on outstanding ability in art, to be eligible one must have earned an average of B in the Art school. (Now that Jane's name is in, the magazine can be complete, eh?)

Alpha Kappa Lambda in its *Logos* has a charming little dissertation on the University written by the w. k. Mr. Herron. We certainly wish we could let you see all of it, but after all we did manage to get our hands on some other magazines too.

Probably it is only fair to say that the University of Illinois is a school of the common people, a school for the education of the children of the state—and it is serving its purpose . . . yes Illinois is feeling its financial depression, too. (Ed. note—*So say wee all!*)

. . . On our campus are 87 fraternities. There are 33 sororities. The same percentage holds true in the case of unorganized students. And the fun we have. (Ed. note—*Says you*). Those figures (*Tsk!*) mean that there are three boys for every girl in the University. It's hard on the boys, but the girls . . . On Friday and Saturday nights when sororities are open until 12:30 to the inroads of dashing so-called collegians, even the knottiest little pledge in the sororities are "fixed up" for a round of dancing and cokes.

Smoking? Yes, it is as in every college, I suppose. Nearly all of the girls smoke, and many of the sororities have their own smoking rooms. (Ed. note—*Elston is an A. K. L.—don't forget*). As for social functions there are loads of them. A recent editorial in the *Daily Illini* (*paid advt.*) remarked upon this subject by saying that hardly one week had passed on the campus when there wasn't some formal function which any student might attend. It seems as though, come Friday night, the campus puts on its tux and hies forth to make sure that books don't interfere with college education. One thing that lays the heavy hand on

(Continued on Page 21)

*Que
voulez-vous
encore?*



No, we haven't forsaken our good old American language (off with your hats—the flag is passing by). We are merely using an approved technique to lure you into reading this advertisement. Don't leave the room, please. You'll thank us for it before we're through. Yes, Corona Coronas will be all right if you simply *must* express your gratitude that way.

But to return to our subject. What more *could* you wish in a motor car than all that the new Chevrolet Six provides? You have doubtless thrilled already to the smartness of Chevrolet's long streamlines and spacious Fisher bodies. If you want speed, the new Chevrolet touches 65 to 70 miles an hour, with six-cylinder ease, quietness and smoothness. If you yearn for power—well, 60 horsepower is more than adequate for any demand you are likely to make. Marvelous handling ease is assured by combining the easy, quiet Syncro-Mesh gear-shift with Free Wheeling. And as for running costs—any owner will tell you that Chevrolet operating and upkeep economy is unexcelled.

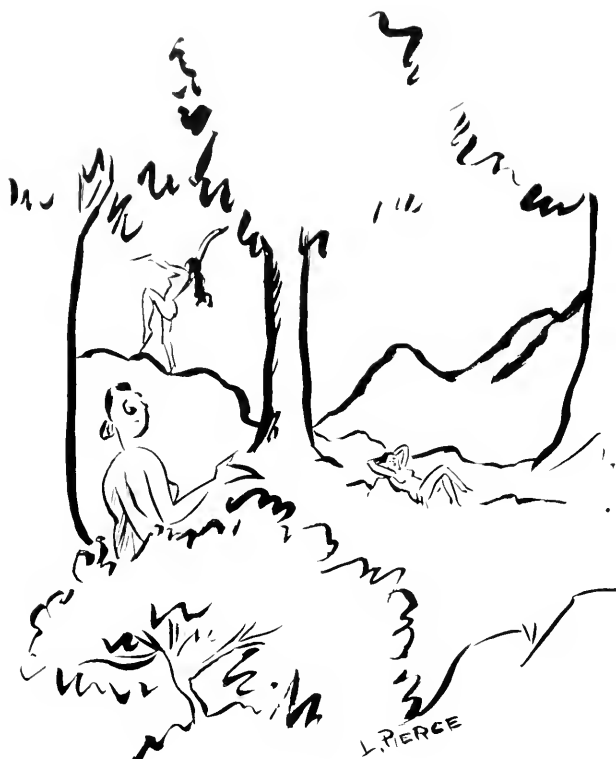
Does that strike a responsive chord, or are you just an old cynic? If you are, we suggest a *ride* in the new Chevrolet Six. Once you take one, you'll agree with every point we've made. And you'll agree, too, that the best place to be these fine spring days is at the wheel of this smart, fast, and *remarkably inexpensive* automobile.

Twenty beautiful new models, \$475 to \$660
at prices ranging from

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The Low-Down on the Co-ed

According to "College Life":

She has sleek black, gorgeous scarlet, or lovely blonde hair; she is always slim and "soignée"; as a type she is sophisticated, seductive, tomboyish, and always adorable. She does not study but if she so wished the implication is that she could knock the spots off a any ole fibait. She raises hell like everything but honest to God she's as good as her kid sister underneath it all. Or else—well she's old enough to live her own life. She is continually dashing around like a coca cola ad. She *always* is a sorority doll. If you tried to see her you would have to fight off droves of males and her date book is full for weeks in advance.

According to Bernarr McFadden, Mrs. Hoover, the W. C. T. U., etc.:

She is Physically Fit, Mentally Adequate, and Morally Straight. She comes in a large assortment of colors and sizes, but she is always a glowing picture of Health and American Womanhood. (Strike up the band!) Her college days are spent in conscientious work, continual exercise, and good clean fun. And how she enjoys the jolly picnics, parties, and dances that the boys and girls partake in. And that good old spirit of comradeship! (She must read El Herron). She may be a sorority girl, but whether or no, she has just as much fun. (The crowd

is heard cheering outside). After she finishes school with all honors she will marry the right man and make a real, 100 per cent American home. **According to the College man:**

She may have blond hair (if she's a pify), red hair (if she's an ADPi) or black hair (if she's an Alfa gam), or she may have all three (if she's a Rezzy Hall). What the hell anyway—most of them have brown hair. She's usually more addicted to cokes than the cultivation of the form divine, and although she has more faults than an 8 o'clock she's about as good as could be expected. (Of course it all depends on what you expect). She may be a virgin (although the odds are against her) or she may not. Whatever she is she'll try to act the opposite. If she's a sorority dame you usually know what you're getting. (the label is your guarantee) otherwise you point and take a chance. She may have a date once in a while when you call her but generally she's putting up a front and will take any date offered.

According to the Co-ed Herself:

She has sleek black, gorgeous scarlet, or lovely blond hair, or else "It's brown with lights in it." As a type she is sophisticated, seductive, tomboyish, and always adorable. She studies (that's what she calls it) enough to stay around a 3 point. When she feels like it she can raise hell like everything but the jazz age is kinda dying out, don't you think? Anyway it's her business. She *always* is a sorority doll (if she made one). If she's an independent she thinks that Greek civilization is on the decline anyway. She could date every night if she wanted to but she wants to discriminate.

—S—

He was a failure as an architect, so he went on the stage, but he isn't drawing any better houses.

—S—

Sigma Nu (singing a Sigma Nu song). "I'm a Sigma Nu, sir and will be till I die."

Sigma Alpha Epsilon. "Yeah! That's the hell of it."



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Odd McIntyre Reviews "Wotta Racket"

As Odd McIntyre would describe "Wotta Racket" first night:

Autograph hunters in a half circle, madly scrambling to get near the B. A. O. C. (big-actors-on-campus).

President Chase's last minute gallop down the aisle.

Professor Paul sitting there with half closed eyes.

Joe College and Betty, the blonde girl-friend, yoo-hooing to their friends across the other side of the theater.

"Lyn" Emrich with a current blonde.

The clodhopper look of the gifted and scholarly Illini reporter.

Hall Macklin's half-closed eyes as he plays.

Dick Law all hunched over like a question mark.

Severina Nelson, who has seen 10,000 college productions, applauding with enthusiasm.

Fauntz and Owen, Inc.

"El" Herron, my keenest rival.

Janet Creutz, our own venus de Milo.

Rail birds, costumers, ticket speculators, proud parents, and envious frat brothers.

Kappas, in ermine coats, being conspicuous but attractive.

Ray Dvorak in a top hat.

Prof. Roberts of the English department, looking as distinguished as ever.

Marg Blatt lighting matches to read the program by.

"Cass" Bennett jumping at the shot in the opening scene.

Wilfred Burgland chewing his finger-nails—and looking like he had lost his last friend.

Not bald-heads, but co-eds in the first three rows.

Betty Lou Hughes in a pearl hat.

Prof. Glenn of the English department, twirling his mustache.

Paul Prehn, sitting alone and chewing Wrigley's.

Sorority sisters of the beauty contest winners eyeing them with that proud parent I-made-you-what-you-are-today look.

—S—

Some Things I'd Like to See

A conscientious instructor.

An obliging room-mate.

Fewer alarm clocks in the dorm.

Eddie Cantor, president of United States. It would be good enough for him.

College as the cinema portrays it.

An understanding house-mother.

More term paperless courses.

A decent dinner on Monday night.

A Phi Bete who looks like Phi Bete's are expected to look.

—S—

"Johnny, did you get that loaf of bread I sent you for?"

"No, the store was closed."

"It couldn't be at this time of day. Did you try the door?"

"No, 'cause I saw a sign on the door that said "Home Cooking."

—S—

"Father, do the big fish eat sardines?"

"Yes, my son."

"But how do they get them out of the cans?"

(Continued from Page 8)

"You *don't* tell us—not *really*!" The hierarchy gasped in mock amazement.

"And her father is one of the biggest public utilities magnates in the world!" continued the littlest pledge bravely.

"Proving the law of heredity—go on," commanded the hierarchy, snickering. "How about the one with affectionate eyes—I suppose she's Lady Astor's daughter traveling incognito!"

Declared the littlest pledge staunchly: "She is Elsie Aspen, who has written books about college — and never having even been before!"

The actives sighed and collapsed on each other's necks. "And the one with the big teeth? An escaped cinema actress, from the Baboon cage in Hollywood?"

The littlest pledge had her statement on the tip of her tongue. "This may surprise you somewhat—but her step-uncle is on the University Board of Directors, and her mother is a charter member of this chapter and gave \$25,000 so that we could have our new sorority house!"

Having said her say, the littlest pledge again lowered eyes and remained in an attitude of harmless abstraction.

The hierarchy was having a hot dispute of the type which pledges were not intended to witness. The littlest pledge feigned disinterest, and took in every remark.

"We could give Lady Goliath the works on one of those automatic rowing machines—you're supposed to lose thirty pounds in ten days—and"—

"I didn't think her buck teeth looked so bad. I wonder how old she is—my dad is a dentist, and, while he says about fourteen is the best age to start straightening them, maybe—"

"That's nothing! We have a friend who had the worst crossed eyes you could imagine, and she took a lighted candle each morning and waved it around in the air and trained her eyes until they really weren't half—"

"But we can only take twelve pledges—we don't have room for any more!" somebody took the opportunity to bring up.

"That's a shame—we'll have to let down three of the beauties, I suppose." The rushing chairman pondered the momentousness of her decision. "Guess that's what we have to do!"

"Uncle on the Board of Directors! Couldn't be sweeter. Now—when we come in late, or get pie-eyed—"

"Beatrice! How shocking!"

"Surely not the girls in my *own* sorority!"

"Incredible!"

"How could you disillusion me so!"

At last the arguments were coming around nicely in favor of the triumverate, so the littlest pledge took leaway to vanish from the *inner sanctum*.

As she climbed into the top of a double-decker bed in the dorm that night, the littlest pledge hoped that she had not done the wrong thing.

She was plainly perturbed; for you will remember my saying that she had the most tender heart in all the world.

Before she closed her enormous blue eyes, she flickered the inch-long fringe of her lashes in deep thought. Was it

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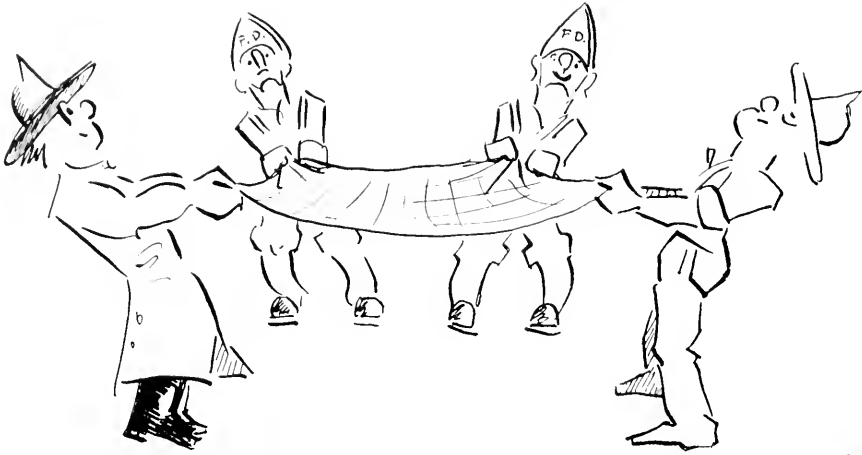
wrong to feel so sorry for people when you were willing to make up nice fantastic stories about them so that other people wouldn't think they were so *terribly* much mis-fits?

Nor could she at the moment suspect that the world was about to come to an end.

—S—

Greek Tragedies

1. The A. K. L. who made only a 4.99.
2. The Beta '32 who was not a senior manager.
3. The Teke who didn't make his numerals.
4. The Phi Kap who was neither Irish nor Dutch.
5. The Delt who couldn't drink straight A.
6. The Phi Gam who didn't date a Kappa.
7. The Alpha Delt whose family didn't come over on the May Flower.
8. The Sig Alph who was deaf and dumb.
9. The Kappa Sig who wasn't a smoothie.
10. The Chi Psi whose family lost their money.
11. The D. U. who couldn't hang his pin.
12. The Sig Chi who wore cotton underwear.
13. The Phi Delt without a cast iron stomach.
14. The Alpha Gamma Rho from Chicago.
15. The Sig Pi who couldn't wrestle.
16. The Sigma Nu who had Athlete's foot.
17. The Psi U who couldn't make beer.
18. The Deke who had good table manners.
19. The Phi Sigma Kappa who was a good dancer.
20. The collegiate Theta Delta Chi.
21. The rough and ready Alpha Chi Rho.



"They look like silk, too!"

The board of trustees was visiting the village school. The chairman, a stout man, thought he would test the class.

"We will now have a little pantomime," said he, "and when it is over we'll see who can tell what motto it represents."

He then lay down on the floor and one of the trustees tried to pick him up, but could not. Then two of them tried to lift him and succeeded. This was supposed to suggest "In union there is strength."

One boy put up his hand.

"Well, son, what is it?" asked the chairman.

The boy ejaculated, "Let sleeping dogs lie!"

— S —

Mr. Bronson died very suddenly and an important business letter was left unmailed.

Before sending it off, his secretary, who was Irish and who had a passion for explanatory detail, added the following postscript below Mr. Bronson's signature:

"Since writing the above, I have died."



The Tent-House Serenade

Goofing the National . . .

(Continued from Page 14)

the pleasure of the student body, though, is the no-car rule. No student except for excellent reasons, is permitted to have a car on the campus, and no one may use an automobile for pleasure purposes. (Ed. note—He just knows everything, doesn't he?)

The school has one of the greatest stadiums in the world, the next-largest building in the world without a column root supports, the first dean of men—Thomas Arkle Clark, a snowy haired man wearing the last word in college styles, and with eyes so keen that he can read the mind of a deceptive student, but with a heart as big as a mountain (*Minnie had a heart as big as a whale . . .*) and a chapter of the finest fraternity in the world, Alpha Kappa Lambda.

Lambda Chi Alpha tells the world in the Purple, Green, and Gold, that "Brother Robert Ittner, a member of Phi Beta Kappa, edited the Illinois Magazine." (Ed. note—as we remember it the dear old Illinois Magazine went the way of all flesh, at least years ago. How could they!)

Sigma Chi offers this gem . . . Kappa Kappa shows a marked increase in activities this year as compared to last. Bob McGregor was elected president of the senior class. This is considered one of the biggest positions on the campus. (Ed. note—you're telling us!) . . . The freshmen have already demonstrated that they will be active on the campus this year, (*we'll bet*) and we feel that they will be prominent men on the campus next year.

Delta Chi starts their letter off like this: . . . With the advent of another year, Delta Chi pushed forward into its true position as a leader by introducing an innovation among fraternities on the campus . . . a tutorial advisor . . . and then we have

Delta Tau Delta's Rainbow with this appearing on page 75 . . . In Beta Upsilon Chapter, University of Illinois, the preceptor system is now concluding its second year. On part time, the services of a graduate student member were first engaged as a supervisor of scholarship for the chapter. His influence extended beyond the proposed supervision of the study habits of the freshmen, and he became a genuine preceptor. He remained for only the year of his graduate study (*And do you blame him?*)

—S—

A Helping Hired-Hand

The haughty senior girl sniffed disdainfully as the tiny freshman cut in. "And just why did you have to cut in when I was dancing?" she inquired nastily.

The freshman hung his head with shame. "I'm sorry, ma'am," he said, "but I'm working my way through college and your partner was waving a five-dollar bill at me."

—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

—S—

He: "Shall we waltz?"

She: "It's all the same to me."

He: "Yes, I've noticed that."

—Bored Walk.



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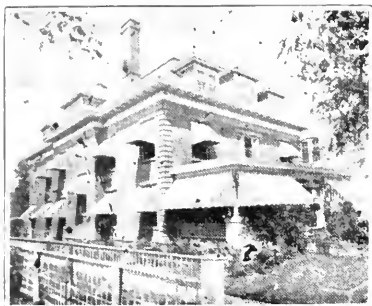
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Coming Distractions

As reviewed by Marion Irrmann

The merry month of May starts off in a big way at the R-K-O Virginia with "Tarzan, the Ape Man" starring Johnny Weismuller, ably supported by Maureen O'Sullivan, Neil Hamilton, and C. Aubrey Smith. From May 1st to the 4th you will have the opportunity to experience one of the biggest thrills of your movie going career. You will sit spell bound as you follow the almost incredible adventures of a little band of explorers who brave the terrors of the jungle in search of treasure. You will thrill to a romance you have never before seen on the screen—the love between Tarzan, the Ape Man, and the beautiful girl who gave up her world to remain with him in the jungle. Apes, lions, elephants, and crocodiles provide a stupendous background for the epic picture of 1932.

"Sky Devils" appears from the 5th to the 7th, featuring Spencer Tracy, Ann Dvorak, and William (Stage) Boyd, which is produced by Howard Hughes. It's the comedy spectacle of the year, and will send the laugh thermometer zooming upwards. They couldn't swim but they were life guards, they couldn't fly but they became air heroes—and cracked up so many planes they became enemy aces. Laughs and thrills in a grand combination make this one of those shows you just can't miss.

The R-K-O Orpheum presents "Explorers of the World" the first two days in May, a graphic insight into the work of men who gather speci-

mens for the Natural History Museum in New York.

From the 3rd to the 6th will appear a powerful drama of reckless young blood—"Young Bride"—featuring Helen Twelvetrees, Arlene Judge, and Eric Linden. The story concerns the romance of a demure librarian and the handsome sheik of a cheap dance hall—and the unscrupulous siren who does her best (or worst) to wreck their happiness.

And just in case you've been studying hard lately and have missed some of the shows you wanted to see, here's another chance at the Park theatre this month: May 1, James Cagney in "Taxi"; May 2-3, Warner Oland in "Charlie Chan's Chance"; May 5-6, Joan Bennett in "She Wanted a Millionaire"; May 8, James Dunn and Sally Eilers in "Dance Team"; May 11, Sidney Fox in "Nice Women"; May 12-13, Will Rogers in "Business and Pleasure"; May 15, Buddy Rogers in "Reckless Age"; May 18, Slim Summerville in "Unexpected Father"; May 19-20, the four Marx Brothers in "Monkey Business"; May 22, Clive Brook and Kay Francis in "24 Hours"; May 26-27, Sidney Fox in "Strictly Dishonorable"; May 28, George O'Brien in "Rainbow Trail"; May 29, Barbara Stanwyck in "Forbidden"; and May 30-31, Jackie Cooper in "Sooky."

Just a cheerful reminder—it won't be long now until we'll all be hitting the books one last crack, so better get your fun in while you may. Remember—a show a day will give you an A.

The Term Report

(Certain interesting little folios are required by professors in some courses to add just a little bit to the worry and mental anguish caused by a quarter of attendance at the University. A discreet investigation has revealed why these are not considered a super-human burden to the seekers after erudition, for we find:)

- Page 1—Fancy manila folder.
 2—Fly-leaf.
 3—Title page.
 4—Fly-leaf.
 5—Table of Contents.
 6—Fly-leaf.
 7—Outline.
 8—Fly-leaf.
 9—Introduction.
 10-11—Body of Report.
 12—Conclusion.
 13—Fly-leaf.
 14—Summary.
 15—Fly-leaf.
 16-17-18-19—Bibliography.
 20—Fly-leaf.

Total pages—20.

Total reading matter—2 pages.

Margins—4 inch; triple spaced type.

—Stanford Chaparral.

S

A Freshman's Essay on a Cow

A cow is a very peculiar animal. She has horns on her front end, and a tail on her back end. Her eyes are very sad, as if she had eaten green plums. When she runs, she waddles from side to side like a duck. She has a very big mouth, and chews just like Uncle Ebenezer, only Uncle Eb is a better shot.

It is sometimes possible for a black cow to eat green grass and give white milk to make yellow butter. This is a very peculiar situation. No one knows how to explain it.

A cow's voice is copied after the horn on a new Cadillac V-16. A cow's horn is not the same as a Cadillac horn. A Cadillac's horn corresponds to a cow's voice, and a cow's horn corresponds to a Cadillac's bumper. It is also put on for good looks, as a cow does not look so good without horns.

With respect to horns, cows and Cadillacs are not at all alike. A cow is not as big as a Cadillac, but is much bigger than an Austin. To milk an Austin or a Cadillac, you put a hose in the gas tank. To milk a cow, you do not do this. A baby cow, which is known as a calf, knows how to milk a cow, but a little Austin cannot milk a Cadillac.

—Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket.

S

She: If you try to kiss me I'll scream.

He: Not with all these people around?

She: Well, let's find a quieter spot.

—California Wampus.



"Tell me, Mr. Coolidge, do you ever feel blah?"

• Do you ever feel blah?

There's a sure cure for that sort of thing, and it doesn't come in bottles. It takes away that tired feeling, cures petrified pores — and doesn't make you feel like yourself again. It's a famous old formula, containing just the right amounts of double-chocolate humor and pungent fiction, topped with a delectable dab of Rolf Armstrong beauty. Makes you laugh and cry! Don't suffer in silence. Ask your druggist for

College Humor

1050 N. LaSalle Street CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 53)

by the mere existence of one of the campus laundries? Ever since he hit this campus he's been called Kaptain Kleen. That his name is really pronounced Clayney doesn't make any difference, so don't let it bother you.

Did you know that El Herron has a mania? Whenever someone mentions a costume party to him, and wants to suggest a costume to him, El cuts them short by immediately replying, "Yea, I know, rompers."

Did you know that Julie Connors, that old Vogue fashionplate, calls people on the phone when she knows darn well that they're not at home, and then leaves a message to "call Sadie at so-and-so."

Did you know that Bud Henry, PiKA frosh, has at last found a use for the Health Service? It was during the well known PiKA hell-week that Bud began to think of the swell freshman banquet that was being prepared for them. He didn't like the idea of eating cold liver, mashed potatoes with epsom salts, and the like, so lied himself to a pal at the aforementioned "the situation is not alarming" station, and had a prescription made up that killed his taste completely.

Did you know that Edythe Lund can swim on a biscuit? It seems that she has her first class—swimming—at ten o'clock, and doesn't get up in time for breakfast, having only enough time to bolt down one of the sinkers left over from the breakfast.

Did you know that the choicest conversation of the week took place at a well-known John street house? One of the inmates was thoroughly cursing a certain sorority. After discussing numerous ideas (censored) his room-mate suggested that the dirtiest trick he could play was to get a date at the house. But the first room-mate objected on the grounds that the sorority's idea of revenge might be to keep the date.

Did you know that Herm Troch, PiKA, receives letters on infant feeding and the care of children, not to mention maternity bulletins—all under the name of Miss Hermina Troch?

Did you know that there was an ADPi trosh who gave back a pun

she's had quite a while, and immediately accumulated more men than she has use for—seven in one week?

Did you know that Bill Singer, who's been hanging around the ADPi house since class election, fell asleep on his date—Jo Smith—while sitting in the "petite salon," the pride of the house? And then Jo hauled in the whole house to see how Bill looks when he's asleep.

Did you know that there's one thing worse than having ants in one's pants? That's having kittens in Prehn's as one maternally inclined cat did.

Did you know that at the last Teke formal one of the members thought that the consomme in the cups was coffee, and passed the cream and sugar? Could this be any indication as to the usual Teke coffee?

Did you see by the Illini that the Kappa Sigma Taus were living at the Sig Ep house?

—S—

Short Shavings: "Chic" Sale, our home town boy, has gone completely Manhattan. He was seen in front of Sloppy Joe's place with a copy of the New Yorker in his hand. He will soon appear with Jackie Cooper in William Johnston's "Limpy." Do you remember how a few years ago he found this community rather unfriendly to him? They seem glad enough to claim him now.

Prof. Allen will dedicate his next issue of the Fisher paper to his Journalism 9b students. . . . Sunbathers are common appearances on all campus terraces now. . . . Bob Kay dates a new woman every week-end—and has a decided preference for red-heads. . . . Patty O'Neill's parents came from Londonderry. . . . Alice Mast eats Fleischmann's yeast.

The crowd of night cab drivers in the Downy Flake Doughnut shop. . . . The boneyard has lost its romantic air since it was deepened. . . . The old Law building is picturesque on a foggy evening. . . . The afternoon crowd in the Prehn-Hanley "coke-n'-loaf's."

Ted Quinn can think best when chewing on the end of a pencil. . . . Dean Leonard is a trained singer. . . . Ex-Dean Clark makes hooked rugs . . . and recommends Quaker Oats

to his understudies. . . . Cliff Barrett is the life of the party . . . holding hands at the spring concert. . . . Stockingless women are beginning to appear.

Helen Morgan is from Danville. . . . Bruce Campbell, erstwhile gubernatorial candidate, is a Sig Alph. . . . Julie Connors is not married, so she says. . . . Tex Guinan is a Phi Mu from Virginia, yes, a real collych woman. . . . Virginia Sale is also from Urbana.

Prof. Hottes' hobby is shooting sparrows in the back yard out of the second story window. . . . Mary Klingel saves shoes for years. She now has a whole closet full of them. . . . Jess Hurley hates appointments with students, so he just has them all over to his apartment every Thursday afternoon.

Lois Seyster Montross, Alpha Xi Delta, busted into the Satevepost with a story not so long ago. . . . Try and tell which of the Holstein twins is which—they say Johnny's hair is curliest. . . . Claire Oetting is married to a Sig X frosh.

What-ho! News from the male of the species: Dr. Cahn said in Zoo, 2 lecture that the monotremes (a primitive mammal) was an egg laying mammal. It's a perfectly silly habit, but the animal does it anyway, Dr. Cahn stated. It must be the division of labor.

Prof. Graham came to class the other day and announced that he had something rather embarrassing to confess. "I have lost one of my front teeth," he said and grinned to prove it. "In fact, I have had several embarrassing experiences in the last two weeks. They remind me of the Bible passage, 'The Lord giveth and he also taketh away.'"

Today's best simile: As interesting as one of those Stoolman travelogues . . . and then there is this one that came in second best: So lazy that if he were a worm someone else would have to turn him.

Things I'd like to know:

What happened to the big St. Bernard dog the Kappas used to own.

If prots get spring fever and sympathize with the affected eleven thousand, and if not, why not.



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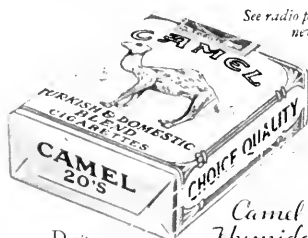
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that's Milder*



and **TASTES BETTER**

To a Co-ed

The silence of the dream was broken
Only by my words . . . soft spoken
Of the beauty of the place,
Of the wood's somnolent grace,
Of your eyes or of your hair;
Apologizing for my stare . . .
And then that breathless moment when
We saw an elf dart down a glen.
And trembling there together we
Fed our souls to witchery.
He darted . . . My eyes followed after
My heart on the verge of song or laughter . . .
Till you lashed out to strike me mute
With . . . "Oh my gawd but ain't he CUTE?"

—Missouri Showmc.

S

SHE

BY MORE KILJOY

(Apologies to Joyce Kilmore's "Trees")

I think that I shall never be
A co-ed well be-rouged as she,
She whose lovely mouth is prest
By every frat's all-knowing best,
Who stands and looks so odd all day,
And lisps her weepy charms to prey;
She who May and Summer wears,
But little left for wear and tears;
Upon whose bosom beaux have lain;
She who hints of love insane;
Boobs are made by prudes like me,
But only snobs can make her key.

—Missouri Showmc.

S

"Judge, dat nigger am so dog-gone lazy, he goes to sleep
standin' up so he won't have ta git outta bed in de
mawmin'."

—Arizona Kitty-Kat.

S

"Madam, may I see your daughter?"

"No. Get out and stay out!"

"But, madam, see this badge—I'm respectable, I'm a
trolley conductor."

"Oh, I'm sorry, come on in. I thought that was a fra-
ternity pin."

—M. I. T. I'oo Doo.

S

It wasn't liquor that killed old Ben;

Nor women that stopped his breath—

'Twas an Austin somebody drove up his leg

And tickled old Ben to death.

—Alabama Rammer-Jammer.

S

First burglar: Jim, I'm losing my knack.

Second burglar: What happened?

First burglar: I started to open a safe last night and
got WJZ.

—Bucknell Belle Hop.

S

Nit: What's the idea of the crowd at the church?

Wit: An ice man is confessing his sins.

—Texas Battalion.

Illinois' Only Co-operative Bookstores

MACGREGOR
CLUBS . . .

with that



'BUILT-IN-FEE!'

You'll Enjoy Your
Game More

with

MACGREGOR
CLUBS

Drop in and look over the com-
plete assortment of better made
clubs, to suit you



LADY MACGREGOR
...clubs that fit
the Feminine Swing!

THE REAL CO-OP
[THE STUDENTS' SUPPLY STORES]

202 South Mathews
Urbana

610 East Daniel
Champaign

PROPOSITION

(Apologues to Math. Dept.)

Theorem—If you love a girl she loves you.

Given—You love a girl.

To Prove—That she loves you.

Proof:

1. All the world loves a lover (Shakespeare).

2. Your girl is all the world to you (evident).

3. Your girl loves a lover (Substitute (2) in (1)).

4. You are a lover (Hypothesis).

Conclusion—Therefore your girl loves you.

—*Boston Beanpot.*

—S—

Puppy Love

My reasoning may be unsound,

But by Almighty God above!

I'd hate to meet the full-grown hound—

If this is only Puppy Love!

—S—

"Just think, Dan tried to put his arm around me four times last night."

"What an arm!"

—*G. C. N. Y. Mercury.*

—S—

Heard at Drill on Thursday

R. O. T. C.—to knock-kneed plebe in ranks—"You're hopeless. You'll never make a soldier. Look at you now. The top half of your legs are standing at attention, and the bottom half is standin' at ease!"—*Carnegie Tech Puppet.*

—S—

He: "Haven't I always been fair to you?"

She: "Yes, but I want you to be fair and warmer."

—*Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket.*

—S—

'35 (at Soda Fountain): Give me a Date Sundae.

Waitress: Sorry, I'm busy then. —*Cornell Widow.*

—S—

'35: What's the first thing to do, when you park with a girl?

'32: Well, I set the emergency brake and clutch.

—*Cornell Widow.*

—S—

"How come you're on probation?"

"Cause I took a girl out for a ride."

"Nothing wrong about that, is there?"

"No, but the dean picked her up as she was walking home."

—*Brown Jug.*

—S—

Braggart

Man (at church confessing his sin): Father, forgive me, for I kissed a pretty girl.

Priest: How many times did you commit this terrible sin?

Man: Father, I came here to confess and not to brag.

—*Oklahoma Aggravator*

HOSPITALITY

Herman Rosenblatt had had a serious abdominal operation at the Hebrew hospital, and was slowly recuperating. It was impossible for him to take nourishment in the normal manner, by way of the mouth, and for several weeks following the operation he had been nourished subnormally. He was getting awfully tired of glucose and other liquid foods which the nurse administered to him daily.

Having a telephone by his bed, one day he called up the eminent surgeon who had operated on him, and had the following conversation:

"Dr. Schwartz, diss iss Herman Rosenblatt, at the Hebrew hospital. You remember me, doctor?"

"Certainly, Mr. Rosenblatt, quite well. What can I do for you?"

"Doctor, haf you got enny more of dose rubber tubes dey haf been feeding me with?"

"Certainly, Mr. Rosenblatt, we have lots of them. Why?"

"Vell, I chust wanted to say dat the next time you come out here I vish you would bring an extra one of dose tubes vith you and haf dinner vith me." —*Missouri Showme.*

—S—

Theme Songs of Our Celebrities

Venus de Milo—"Why not take all of me?"

Gandhi—"Button up your overcoat."

Rin-Tin-Tin—"Trees."

Peggy Hopkins Joyce—"You try somebody else."

Frankenstein—"Just a Gigolo."

Walter Winchell—"Gems from the Scandals."

—*Cornell Widow.*

—S—

A freshman was being measured for a made-to-measure suit of clothes.

"Do you want the shoulders padded?" asked the tailor.

Frosh: "Naw, pad the pants."

—*DePauw Yellow Crab.*

—S—

"Hello, is that you Mary?"

"Yes, this is Mary."

"You sure this is Mary?"

"Yes, this is Mary."

"Doesn't sound like Mary."

"Yes, I tell you this is Mary."

"Well listen, Mary. How about a date Friday night?"

"All right, I'll tell her when she comes in."

—*DePauw Yellow Crab.*

—S—

Professor: Write a thousand words on Franklin's bust.

Student: His bender in Philadelphia or the one in Paris?

—*Oklahoma Aggravator.*

—S—

First Dope: "Hey, I'll bet you don't know what makes the street cars so crowded on Wednesday afternoons?"

Second Sigma Nu: "What?"

"The passengers, you fool." —*Ohio State Sun Dial.*

SIREN'S

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BROAD



[ECHO]

Satevepost

We got this one from one of the boys who goes to Williams, and as it is pretty swell we pass it on to our public.

A manufacturer had planned to conduct an extensive advertising campaign in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and had the contracts all signed for space on the back covers of that magazine. Somehow his copy was delayed, and the day before it was due he went to see the *Post* people. He tried to convince them that the date of his first ad's appearance should be set ahead an issue or two in order that he might get his copy written. The *Post* replied that they had an iron bound rule that an ad must be run as scheduled or not at all. Rather than lose all of that money a back cover on the *Post* was costing him, the harrassed business man decided to write the ad himself.

All of that night he labored and strained and fought and struggled, but to no avail—he couldn't seem to produce what he wanted. Along about dawn the situation was getting desperate, what with the copy due that day and all, when suddenly he was seized with an inspiration. Later, smiling triumphantly, he appeared at the offices of the great nickel weekly with his copy. The *Saturday Evening Post* took one look at what was to be printed on the back of two million or so of their covers, and eagerly reconsidered their iron rule about running ads on schedule. The copy consisted of just four words:

"Compliments of a Friend."

Speakeasy

The latest thing in picnics—yeah picnics—is beer and pretzels. . . . JC's has a fish bowl with a stem wot is perfectly fascinating on account of the way the feeshes go up and down it . . . dancing at Park on a hot afternoon would have been a swell idea for taking off the pounds if it hadn't called for eyescream cones after . . .

practice for the May Feet was lotsa fun for the boys who sat in the gallery and ate peanuts . . . some Gala-had at the Mi-Hila summer—brrrrr—formal gave his lady the tux coat off his back and went through the evening dancing with icicles in his eyes . . . the best hot playing is not done by Cab Calloway but by some stray musicians who wander into Prehn's stinko around 2 a. m. and "jam" for hours without stopping . . . the boys at Jewman Hall love to fix up blind dates with a Miss Caroline Glover of Campbell Cottage . . . aforementioned cut-ups have never heard of the S. P. C. A. as they fed a law abiding young mouse A with an eyedropper.

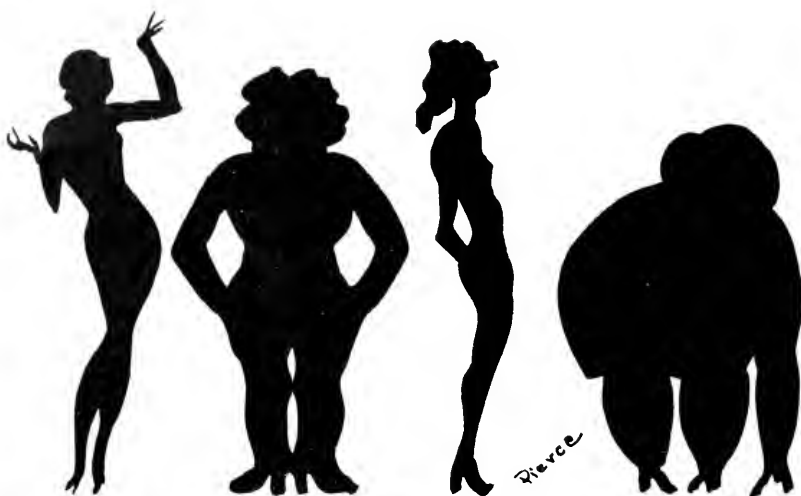
The Delta Zetas had a serenade the other night, and the big hit of the evening was the grand finale, a tune which had for its refrain, "Jesus wants me for a Chi Psi." . . . Rumors have it that the Kappa Alphas are after Ilus, or maybe it is the other way to. . . . Maybe we nominate "Kappa Delta Rose," "Theta Lips," and "Sweetheart of Delta Sigma Phi" for the prize for the best fraternity song, if there is any prize. . . . According to all of the magazines from the schools on the Western Coast, the correct thing to wear on the beach this summer will be just the same as it was last year—a pair of trunks and nothing else. . . . Eloise Abbott has a Beta pin . . . Eloise was the little Kappa who protested against a black mark given to her because she had a sneak date. . . . "Hell, that wasn't any date," says Eloise, "He didn't even put his arm around me." . . . Ruth Ashmore must be pretty well out of circulation, the lady not being seen places like she usta. . . . The A. D. Pis tell a story about the rushing party they had last fall when a near sighted alum and a near sighted member rushed the socks off each other all afternoon without realizing whom it was that they were being so nice to. . . . America might have invented jazz, but if the sale of Jack Hylton's

records means anything, we seem to prefer the English translations. . . . The Deltas have a house mother. . . . Those pillars on the Alpha Chi house are architecturally correct, in spite of any opinion of the contrary which the old mansions of Green street might have given you. . . . The girls had a devil of a time getting that front sidewalk of theirs in without cutting down a tree—that is why that wooden sidewalk was there for all of that time; they just couldn't make up their minds. . . . A Gamma Phi founder lives in town. . . . The youngest senior who graduates this June is an Alpha Xi. . . . Dale Samuell comes within a month or so of copping that honor, if it is one. . . . Irene Delroy is from Bloomington, and her real name is Saunders or something that sounds like that, and is just about as glamorous. . . . And any girl here who came from Ferry Hall can tell you that that is where Jean Harlow went. . . . Why do so many girls think that their hair looks like Eva Jo Helber's? . . . A lecture is that process whereby ideas pass from the notebook of the instructor to the notebook of the student without affecting the minds of either. . . . Helen Gunn, Tri-Delt, is another of the ladies who have more than the traditional lonely brain cell. . . . Our idea of fun would be to enroll in a German class which had Margaret Jacobson as a member and then sit back and have a swell time listening to her mix Deutsch with whatever it is that she talks now. . . . There were plenty of female freshmen sensations this year, what with Abbott, and Quindry and Oetting—last year Fauntz grabbed off most of the honors. . . . Cas Bennett has gone Theta. . . . Marion Irrmann has a new heart interest. . . . Tu-Mas had a nice dance this year. . . . Some Pi K. A. had the brilliant idea of compiling a campus social register. . . . A four hundred—so far we haven't heard if he ever got around to really publishing it, but it sounds as if he ought to be able to sell at least four hun-

dred copies of the darn thing. . . . Park Livingston just dotes on these foods from Battle Creek that have the swell names but that make you wonder if anybody ever does really have the courage to eat stuff that looks so much like sawdust. . . . And they tell us that he and Mary V. go out and practice what they would do if they were in an automobile accident. . . . When the Sig Alph house was built it was out in the country. . . . If anything ever happened to those dogs owned by the Dekes and the Sig Alphas practically every member of both houses would be deprived of a chief topic of conversation for at least three months. . . . The Sammy house is just the shape of their pin. . . . Lucille Hurn is pretty smooth looking. . . . Morrie Katz says that what he really said was that his father was in the "clinning from prassing business yat." . . . Edith Heinzelman is going to be one of the winners. . . . The Deltas and the Sigma Nus both had three day house parties this spring—it must be swell to be rich. . . . Houses at Stanford can only rebuild over old foundations, a rule which certainly would have cramped a lot of people's style in this town. . . . Turner and O'Connor, Inc. . . . Gertie Stanton, BWOC extraordinary, has lived to see the day when the term which she invented has become a part of the patter of every campus in the country. . . . As long as men are born lazy the Wright street ladies' clubs will be able to snoot their sisters who live in the country. . . .

You might ask Jane Fauntz sometime about her week-end guest who swiped her toothbrush and squeezed tooth paste all between the sheets of her bed. . . . Just as a parting token, you know. . . . You never saw an undergraduate carry a brief case, now did you! . . . Bill Donahue is going to play in St. Louis this summer. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Paul Prehn made their reservations for the Olympics last fall some time so they would be sure and get desirable seats. . . . We





My Gawd! What a Relief!

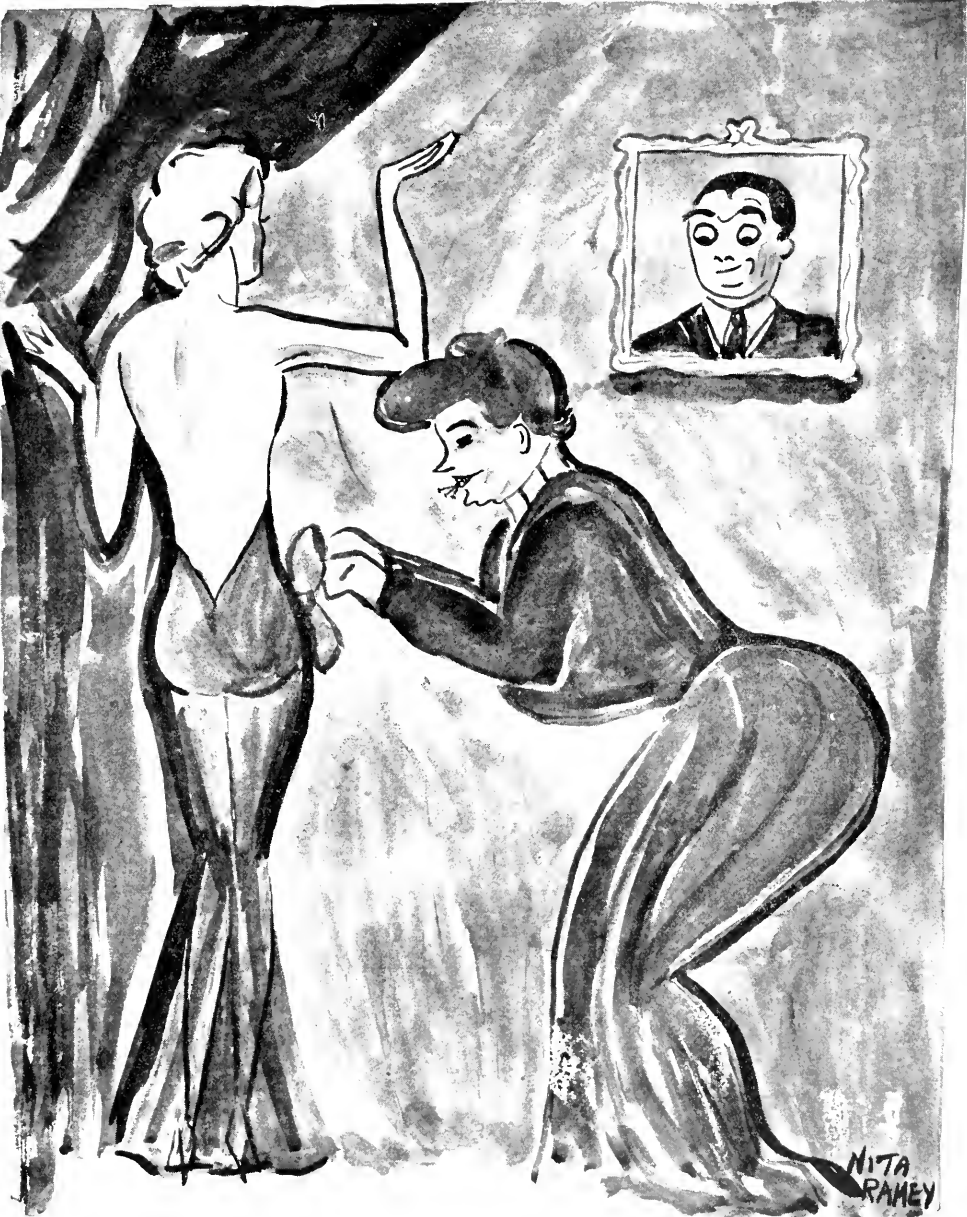
care for these white clothes that the co-ed seems to be wearing this spring. . . . And it sure is swell, this business of mixing your suits up, if you are a man, so that the coat of one suit and the trousers of another are worn together. . . . The Zeta Tau Alpha house might seem like a country estate to you now, but you should see the pictures of it when there were still corn stalks sticking up in the front yard. . . . Ben Bernie went to college and took engineering, so 'elp us. . . . That was before he found out how much money people would pay to watch him smoke a cigar and crack wise with sound effects. . . . In the what is this world coming to department may we place the half page speakeasy advertisement that the Yale Record had in its last issue. . . . It cost the Betas nineteen bucks to put those carnations in their lapels Mother's day. . . . The Dekes always have their big spring party over in Danville—you never can hear more than the echoes of it over here. . . . Bobbed hair must be the thing, for we see that Mary Klingel has joined the ranks. . . . Winnie Haslam is now a Theta Sig. . . . The Chios always

have at least one man on their front porch. . . . Once upon a time the Alpha Chi Rhos had three Siren editors in a row. . . . and working on the Illini meant that you were an Alpha Delt. . . .

. . . Best story of the week! One of the campus femmes was driving back from a Chicago week-end. The driver was a man whom she did not know very well. It is known on the best authority that little POP rode the silver rails from Gilman to Urbana. . . . The motto of the U. S. Marine Corps is "Death Before Dishonor." . . . One of the novel features of the Sig Pi picnic, given on Friday the 13th, was the production of three cans of sardines by the Mesdames McConnell, O'Neill and Quinn of the TPA house. Hurray for the Irish! . . . And where was Mrs. O'Flaherty? Ve esk frum you? . . . Messers Logan, Burnett, Jacobs, and McGrew—three of whom were petitioning the Illini jobs—held open house (Ed. note: *wide open*) the eve of the Board elections. . . . Dick Law has gone Kappa Delta, the babe in the case being Carol Weber. . . . You

ought to hear Pat Busey laugh—the sestern call her "Barrell-busting Busey. . . . York Bishop won ten bucks from Bill Karnes on the outcome of the publications elections, Bill betting the money that he would lose. . . . You must ask Ruth Pownall what it was that the telegram said Bob Kennedy sent to her on Mother's day. . . . We had a Friday the thirteenth this month. . . . We are beginning to wonder about this no smoking on the campus business. . . . Just what are we to take it these little notices mean that they went around and stuck up on the bulletin boards. . . . "Students will please co-operate by not smoking in lavatories" or words to that effect. . . . In spite of the fact that Pa is broke and the mortgage is coming due, there were twenty-seven house dances the other week-end. . . . Ravel's *Bolero* is a pretty swell bit of music, and if you didn't hear the full band with the organ to boot, play it, you missed something. . . . In case you don't recognize it, it is the tune that the *Peanut Vender* is an illegitimate brother to. . . .

(Continued on Page 18)



"Do you think that sex is here to stay?"

Humor

The Siren

VOLUME XXII, SUMMER NUMBER

MAY, 1932, No. 8

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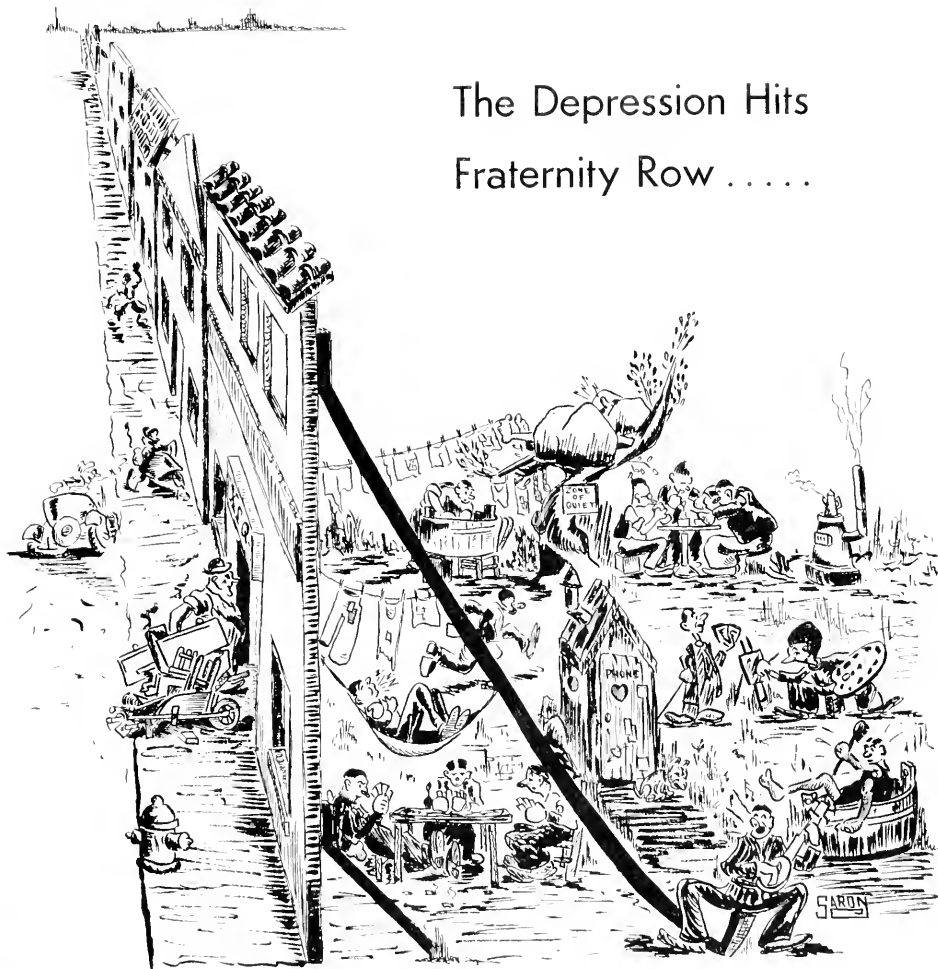
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Our two cents worth



After much deliberation we have decided to label the drawing you see above SWAN SONG, and let it go at that ... who ever reads an editorial anyway ?

The Depression Hits
Fraternity Row





"Do You Inhale?"

Summer Notes

Miss Chloe Beere, Alpha Guy, will spend the summer giving music lessons to thuh brats. Condolences are solicited, lads with broke papas need not apply.

Mr. Luke Warmwater, Alfa's Damn Row, will pass out a summer with the Pigs (Mr. Pigs to youse of course) and families.

Miss Angina Pectovis, Cri O, will spend her vacation doing some expert painting at one of the most fashionable resorts. A very profitable summer is expected. Results will be announced at the end of the season in some of the better eating clubs.

Mr. M. Organ-Belmont, Belt, expects to do some very thorough interior decorating this summer at the North Shore Country Club and Tony's.

Miss Dinah Puhlman, Damma Fly Baita, will go into training for the fall season at her summer camp at Joe's Diner. Guests are cordially invited.

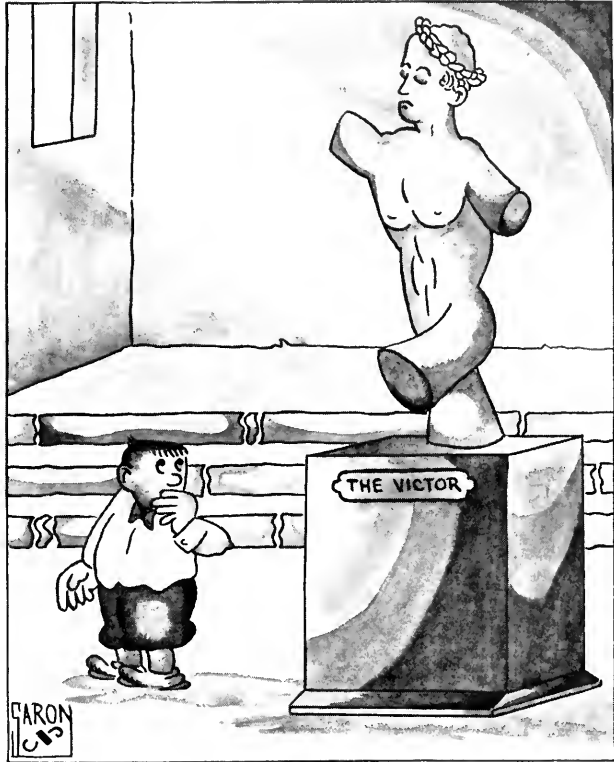
Miss Gwladys Heller, Kappa Kappa Klimax, will leave for Europe in June by special request and with full permission of the copyright owners.

Mr. J. Field-Marshall, Kappa Slick, will tour the country exhibiting his smooth finish to some of the better hotel detectives.

Miss Daisy Potts, B. O. P., will be "at home"—on the back porch.

The Sick Alpha school for orchestra leaders will open this summer. Flowers are not necessary although violets probably would be appreciated.

The Theta Svlt boys will attempt to spend the summer in the social columns. Assistance is needed.



"Gosh, just imagin' how the loser must 'a' looked"

We Look at the Popular Songs

The Golfer's Plea—

"Save the Last Stance for Me."

The Gardener's Proposal—

"I Can Make Your Life a Bed of Roses."

The Tailor's Theme Song—

"By a Ripping Seam."

Ode to a Bummed Weed—

"How Long W'ill IT Last?"

Song of a Traffic Cop—

"Stop the Sun, Stop the Moon."

Cry of a 4-foot cutie of the 14th century—

"Oh Lord You Made the Knights Too Long."

—S—

"Give me a dime's worth of those peanuts."

"Put 'em in a bag?"

"Hell no, I'll eat them myself."

ADD DEFINITIONS

A high school is an institution in which children play and rest until they become hopeless and then they are committed to college.

—S—

The foreman reported that the jury was unable to agree upon a verdict. The judge said the case was a clear one, and added, "If you do not reach an agreement before evening, I'll have twelve suppers sent in to you."

"May it please Your Honor," spoke up the foreman, "make it eleven suppers and bale of hay."

—S—

Instructor (to student during an exam): "Say, you can't use your book in here."

Student: "Why not?"

THE SIREN NOMINATES



JULIE CONNORS

Because she is a BWOC, her big job being bossing the woman's advertising staff of the H.L.I.N.T. around; because she is so smartly dressed; because she has been a PROM QUEEN; because she has been a member of every committee on campus since she arrived here four years ago; because she is a La Belle Connors of Kappa Kappa Gamma.

FOR THE BOID MEDAL



GEORGE McDEVITT
Because . . . well, do we have to say more?

How Webster Defines Them

Pet—a small animal.

Mug—a cup.

Knee—a bend in the leg.

Breast—encounter, buffet.

Rye—a grain akin to wheat.

Calf—a young cow.

Fairy—enchanted folk of super-natural ability.

Fanny—a girl's name.

Fruit—an edible product of a plant.

Broad—wide, spacious, vast.

Fin—a native of Finland.

Austin—a boy's name.

Dumb—unable to talk.

Gag—to stop the mouth of.

Drunk—past of drink.

Still—quiet.

Gin—cotton-seed removing machine.

Bum—biscuit.

Cockeyed—one eye each way.

Damn—used to hold back water.

Gat—archaic preterit of verb to get.

Lam—a part of a machine.

Jane—a girl's name.

Gold-digger—a miner of the 49's.

Leg—a part of a journey.

Neck—where the chicken gets chopped at.

—*Yellow Jacket.*

—————S—————

The Collegiate Distress Signal: \$ 0 \$.

—*Colorado Dodo.*

—————S—————

"Waiter, two orders of Spumoni Vericelli, please."

"Very sorry, sir, that's the proprietor, sir."

—*Princeton Tiger.*

—————S—————

Irate player: I wasn't out!

Sarcastic umpire: Oh, you weren't? Well, you just have a look at the newspaper tomorrow. —*Lehigh Burr.*

—————S—————

An Easy One

you seen I baby that was Who"

"night last with

was that baby no wasn't That"

"!Ghandi Mahatma

—*Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket.*

—————S—————

College Education

Freshman—Matriculated.

Sophomore—Sophisticated.

Junior—Imaciated.

Senior—Satiated.

—*Bucknell Belle Hop.*

Crab: I say, old fellow, why on earth are you washing your spoon in your fingerbowl?

Cod: Do you think I want to get egg all over my pocket? —*Nebraska Avogavan.*

—————S—————

Guide: "On our right we have the palatial home of Mr. Gould."

Old Lady: "John Jay Gould?"

Guide: "No, Arthur Gould. And on the left is the residence of Mr. Vanderbilt."

Old Lady: "Cornelius Vanderbilt?"

Guide: "No, Reginald Vanderbilt. And in front is the First Church of Christ. (To Old Lady): Now's your chance. —*Loa.*

—————S—————

I kissed her in the garden

The moon was shining bright

She was a marble statue

And I was drunk that night.

—*Oklahoma Aggravator*

—————S—————

Imagine the embarrassment of the vacuum cleaner salesman who once queried of the President's wife, "Have you a little Hoover in your home?" —*Wisconsin Octopus.*

—————S—————

He (over phone): "Is this the Salvation Army?"

The Salvationelly: "Yes."

He: "Do you save bad women?"

She: "Yes."

He: "Well, save me a couple for Saturday night."

—*Buffalo Bison.*

—————S—————

'32: My life's an open book.

Co-ed: I know, but it's not good reading for a girl.

—*Cornell Widow.*

—————S—————

Father: You take accounting at college, don't you son?

Son: Yes, sure.

Father: Well, how can you account for the brassiere and panties you sent home in your last laundry?

—*Kansas Sour Owl.*

—————S—————

He: Well baby, what's the good word?

She: No! —*Galgate Banter.*

—————S—————

Salesman: "I can let you have this bedroom suite for half the catalog price?"

Customer: "And what do you sell the catalog for?"

—*California Wampus.*

—————S—————

Three co-eds are now neck-and-neck for the title of most popular girl on the campus. —*Missouri Showme.*



Seniors—Pass Out in Style!

THOUSANDS of seniors (well, several anyway) have asked us how to be sure of getting a Chevrolet Six for graduation. Suggestions spring from our typewriter like moths from summer flannels.

Work the word Chevrolet into all your letters home—and write often. Intimate that too much walking is giving you a permanent Charley horse. Have the car sent to your home on approval, disguised as a set of the Harvard Classics. Or even—and this idea is practically infallible—ask for one point-blank.

It really isn't much to ask for, you know, from a purely mercenary standpoint. Chevrolet prices are among the lowest at which any car sells. And *upkeep*—well,

we're certainly glad you asked about *that*, for Chevrolet's upkeep economy is *positively unexcelled!* But, for all that, the new Chevrolet Six is just about the smartest thing on wheels, and possesses all the speed and power you've wanted for, lo, these many years. What's more, the combination of Syncro-Mesh gear-shifting and Free Wheeling makes for thrilling new driving ease.

Right now, when you are actually about to fulfill the hopes of your fond parents, is a splendid time to broach this subject. If you doubt your oratorical powers, pour out your heart in a letter. After all, you might as well get *some* good from all those rhetoric courses.

*The complete Chevrolet Six line includes 20 different models, each available on the liberal G. M. J. C. time payment plan.
Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan, Division of General Motors*

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

The Great American Value



"Who, me?"

Add Comic Post-Cards

A man touring Europe sent back to his son a picture post-card which bore the following message: "Dear Son: On the other side you will see a picture of the rock from which the Spartans threw their defective children. Wish you were here. . . . Your Dad."

—S—

"I never send a subordinate off on a fool's errand."

"No, it's so much better to go yourself."

FAMOUS SUMMERS

—Summer right and summer wrong.

—Summer beer please.

—The canoe was summerged.

—Down with Fort Summer.

—"Summervelous — s'wonderful."

—Summer sweethearts.

—And summer not.

—S—

"I always was fond of children," said the old cannibal chief as he slowly stirred the soup.

Like all Yankees, the newly-arrived inhabitant of Heaven was boasting, this time about Niagara Falls. A little old man sniggered disdainfully.

"Perhaps," said the New Englander, "you don't think eight million cubic feet a second is a lot of water! Might I ask your name?"

"Certainly," replied the old man. "I'm Noah."

—S—

Sleeping at the police station is all right in a pinch.

That Fish Story Again

Three bums sat around the fire in the tramp camp outside Kansas City. They had traveled all day together and were all hot, dusty and hungry. They had been crossing the paved road leading into the city when a huge A. and P. truck passed them. As it did so it hit a bump, and a ring of sausage was thrown out from a packing case on the rear of the truck. They picked it up and took it to the camp with them. The camp fire was built and the sausage were boiled in a tin can. The aroma from them filled the air, as the warm summer breeze gently fanned the camp fire.

The sausages were ready to eat, but the question was, who should get them? There was scarcely enough to satisfy the hunger of one man. After quarrelling over them for some time, one of them made a suggestion.

"Suppose we each tell a story and the one who tells the best story can eat the sausage."

It was an age old idea, but the others agreed. Mike was to tell his story first. He was a rather old fellow—rough looking with a heavy beard still discolored from the tobacco juice of more prosperous times.

"Two years ago I was in Memphis about this time of year. I was hanging around the coal yards one evening, and the bulls got me. I was broke, and they charged me wit' vagrancy and put me in the hoose-gow.

"The turnkey there was a human sort of fellow. We took to each other like brothers. We talked awhile and then he asked me how old I was. I told him I would be fifty-two the next day. The conversation continued until late, and then the turnkey locked up and went home.

"Next morning when I woke up there was a huge angel-food cake with thick pink icing on it and my name written on it M-I-K-E in great big letters. There was a package too. It was wrapped in white paper and tied with a ribbon. I opened it and there was a brand new pair of silk hose, the first pair I had

had since my old man quit the saloon business.

"I began to think I had met Santa Claus, and then when I was dismissed and he gave me five dollars, I was sure of it."

So Mike concluded his story and the sausages simmered on while each one got hungrier and hungrier.

Spud's turn was next. Spud was an old hand at the game too. I don't know what Spud told. Maybe it was the one about driving the drove of bees across the desert in the dead of winter, or maybe it was the one about taming the grizzly bear, it doesn't matter. Now came the last one's turn. He was young, and looked like he had seen better times and places. (Not company, too, you see, he was a frat man).

"Once upon a time there was a little fish," he began. And then he told his companions the story about the little fish, which I won't bore you

with now, because who hasn't heard it?

"You win the sausage!" exclaimed both of the listeners as soon as he had finished. So the young man ate the sausage and enjoyed it immensely.

"Thank God, that I took Dr. Siebert's course and heard his fish story, or I might have starved to death," he said to himself.

And this to prove that college is not absolutely without value.

—S—

The telephone at Beta Phi Alpha rang until a young man who was near answered it. The woman who had phoned was greatly agitated because a man answered her.

"I thought this was a sorority house," she said angrily.

"It is," the young man answered.

"Well, where are all the girls?"

"Oh, the girls are all sick."

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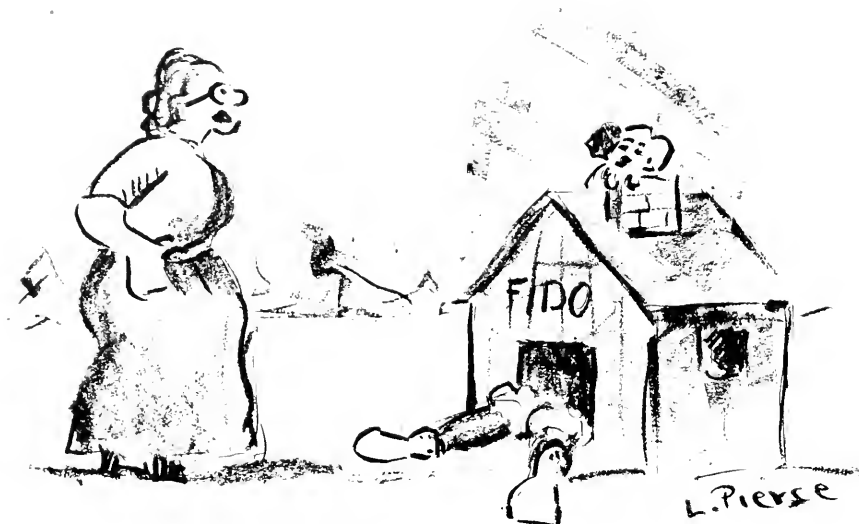


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"Oswald, is that you?"

"Who the hell didja think it was, Mom, Kate Smith?"

(Continued from Page 6)

Quite a few calamities have been happening on the blanket parties that the fraternities have been throwing in the woods lately . . . they tell us that on the Sig Chi picnic a young brave decided that he must be Tarzan, and clad in his shorts, he grabbed his date under his arms and began swinging around on the gravevines. . . .

And our famous athlete "Shot-gun" Schultz spent two hours shooting blank cartridges at ducks in the Sigma Pi Athletic Club after spending a day in the woods. Not satisfied with ducks, our hero took a flash light and a bag—literally speaking—and hunted for snipe under the beds. The best part of the story is that some of the brothers bought the snipe for two dollars.

And wasn't it at the Sigma Mu Sigma house that somebody but somebody else that the garden hose wouldn't reach to the dorm, and didn't some dutiful pledge drag it all the way up in the middle of the night just to prove his point, and didn't this same pledge turn the darn thing on just to see if it would work? A

flooded dorm and wet beds failed to disturb the house president, however, who stated that from now on he wouldn't have to worry about fires.

While we're at it, we may as well tell the story about the Beta Psi who started celebrating the day before his picnic, and insisted on carrying a dirty little dog that he had annexed in the street, up to bed with him. We have it on good authority that this same kind hearted chap has been scratching ever since. May we suggest Flit (paid adv.)?

And who was it that told Marge Finn that the reason her hair came out in waves was that she had water on the brain? . . . Elbert, the Kappa Sig porter, after awakening the boys with his Swiss yodel, calmly announced that breakfast would be "Quail on toast, sub." Must have been for the benefit of the guests, is our surmise.

Can it be that one of our Urbana eating clubs is turning hick? We wonder if the farmer who so kindly loaned the three milk cans to his enterprising neighbors knows what these prohibitionistic youngsters used them for at their house dance?

Betas again!! A few of the high and mightys were sitting quietly on the front porch when they heard an awful noise upstairs. On investigating they found Henry Brigham and John Rye ambitiously shooting at the mice that were running around their room. There will soon be an exodus of bait, however, with the coming of June, and perhaps the boys won't have so much trouble next year.

Jane Fauntz (now the issue is complete) cut her foot at one of the Terrapin practices and walked all the way home from the New Gym barefooted. . . . Gert Voris, TPA, has a mania for pets. A few weeks ago Gert found a baby rabbit, carried it home, and took care of it. Much to the discomfort of her sistern, she insisted that the brute sleep in the dorm. Now she has a bowl full of tadpoles and is anxiously awaiting the time when they shall be slimy frogs. (On latest report from the news desk, we hear that they are sprouting legs. Read this column daily for further information).

Dear old Johnny Dawson announced to his Chi Bete brothers that

(Continued on Page 20)

Fair Enough

Charles Dana Gibson was sitting around his studio one rainy morning opening his mail when he came across the following communication from the Steinway Company:

"My dear Mr. Gibson: We are making a collection of the work of prominent American artists, and will pay fifty dollars for the one we like best. We would like to have you submit one of your drawings.

Yours truly,

The Steinway Company."

Charles Dana thought this over, then drew out his stationery and indited this epistle:

"The Steinway Company.

Dear Sirs: I am making a collection of American pianos and will pay fifty dollars for the one I like best. This is to invite you to submit one of your pianos.

Yours truly,

Charles Dana Gibson."

—Virginia Cavalier.

S

A Yale professor was lecturing to a large class of Elis. The hour had been long and uninteresting and now at five minutes of, there began a considerable rustling of note-books and hats and coats. The professor paused and said, "Gentlemen, I still have a few more pearls to cast."

—Harvard Lampoon.

S

"We want a girl to sell kisses at the bazaar. Have you had any experience?"

"I went to college."

"Ah, a professional!"

—Pitt Panther.

S

Mencken: "So you want a job on the *Mercury*? Well, what do you think of Edgar Guest?"

Applicant: "He's an illiterate bum."

Mencken: "What is a farmer?"

Applicant: "A boob agrarian."

Mencken: "Who are the Rotarians?"

Applicant: "A bunch of half-wit Pollyannas."

Mencken: "Finish this sentence, Herbert Hoover is a—"

Applicant: "Sap."

Mencken: "Who should be our next president?"

Applicant: "H. L. Mencken."

Mencken: "Hired." —Pitt Panther.

S

Porter in train: "Quick, a berth for Walter Winchell."

—Harvard Lampoon.

S

A fraternity man had just stopped in the furniture store and paid the last installment on the house furniture. A bystander remarked upon the incident to the proprietor. "I imagine you're glad to get that money. I never thought fraternities paid very promptly."

"Yes indeed," said the owner of the establishment. "And if grandfather had only lived to hear it he'd be tickled to death."

—Bucknell Belle Hop.

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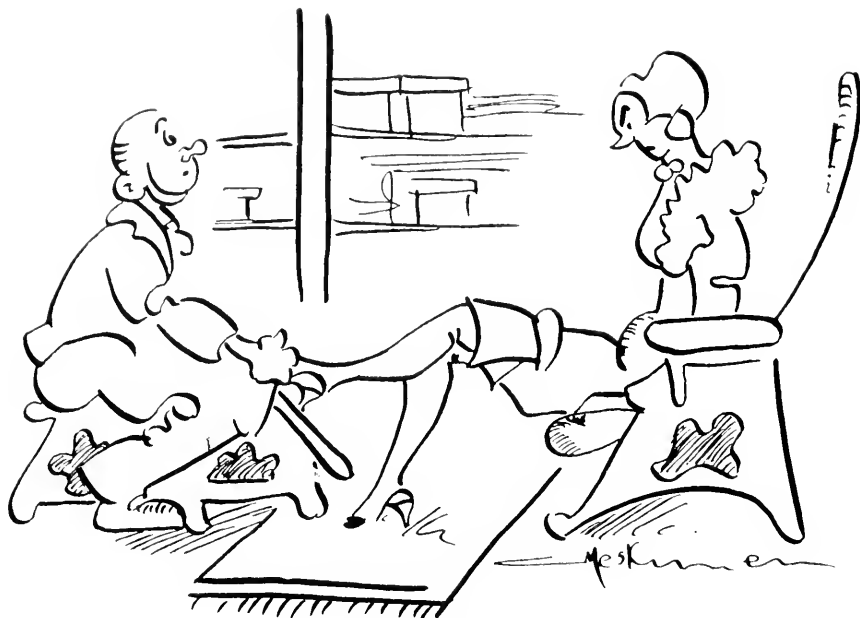
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"Who, me?"

(Continued from Page 18)

he knew that he was a great lover, but he didn't think that the pledges should be allowed to razz him about it. Looks like Casanova has a rival at last. That's the old spirit, Johnny, don't let the pledges turn you from your objective.

Jane Prettyman, charming little Kappa, is a baseball player of more than average ability, we hear. She not only stole three or four bases, but also the only bat the Chi Bete's had on their picnic.

Russ Rink, the Adonis of the Alfachio house, hasn't even waited for finals to begin raising a lovely downy mustache. We wonder if it catches eggs. Russ being very fond of the things. . . . With spring comes its attendant troubles. . . . Some playful soul has been running around the Z. T. A. house shining spotlights in the windows and pecking for all he was worth, (as if there's anything worth pecking for out there). So greatly disturbing the maidenly modesty of the little gals that they promptly had a police guard installed,

as well as calling on the services of two stalwart A. T. O's who played police dog around the house for the rest of the night. . . . The sequel—an entirely innocent campus youth was driving along Vermont with a friend late one evening and as they were having quite an argument as to whether a certain stone pile was the Z. T. A. house or not, the driver ran his spotlight over the chateau. It was. He drove down the street about a block, when he was stopped by a squad car, which directed him to the Urbana jug, his release being effected only after parting with fifteen bucks. The next day the judge took another look at the victim's honest face and refunded the three fms. . . . One of our younger professors was watching the antics of the frogs ('tis spring, you know) in the rock garden pond. After a while he noticed a girl nearby also watching the frogs. Suddenly she turned to him and asked, "Are you a zoologist too?" Then she began to tell him all about the love-life of the frog. (Write your congressman for a

pamphlet on this). Spring does bad things. . . . Besides the Men's Glee Club and the Choral Society this campus also boasts of another musical organization—none other than the Welsh Glee Singers. Meetings are held at any and every convenient time—the boys all stand up for one another—and their cheery music re-sounds up and down the streets. A slight knowledge of Welsh is helpful, but in case no applicants of this type appear, all members of Kappa Beta Phi are automatically pledged. . . . Mother's Day ended, as even the best of days must. All the fond mamas were sent back home, and the freshmen began straightening up the place. Imagine the Sigma Nu's surprise to find that they still had a dozen or so white roses left over. Ever thoughtful (not to mention economical) they gathered them all up into a fine bouquet and sent them over to the Gamma Phi house. Betty Jane Muir was so thrilled to receive a beeyutiful rose from none other than Joe Turk, the president of that dandy group of boys. . . . This same B. J. Muir also


wins the absent-minded prize for the merry month of May. She searched for her tooth brush for no less than ten minutes, the while gripping it firmly in her little paw. . . . Now comes the tale of one Alpha Phi, who, in her petition for Gold Feathers lists among her outside activity hours: "Newman hall . . . one hour a day." . . . The Gammafis are doing some right royal and rapid pin collecting, what with the spring and all. . . . Alfadelt, LambdaX and AlfagamaRo are the latest acquisitions. . . .

Prof. Kneier of the Pullysci department has a habit of saying "that thing" in his lectures. Last time he spoke of seven different "that things." . . . Sum uv tha gals had it all fixed up for little Virginia Hill to have a date with that swell Alfadelt, Henry Cabot Lodge. Was she ever disappointed when she found out that he wasn't in school any longer! . . . That's almost as bad as the gal who had a blind date with Bill Murray, of the AlfagamaRo house. . . . It was just about this time in days of yore that the Delts felt it their duty to derail any and all street cars passing by. All the sad gentlemen sitting on the porch of the big red brick shanty are merely mourning the passing of the trolley. . . . We saw a couple actually out *looking* at the tulips the other day and it was before seven in the evening, too. . . . There are still plenty of pledge-ribbons present after the tirade on honoraries which "The Independent News" conducted. Pure Rot, Skunk and Pheasant, and the gool old pierian beer societies which hang out on the fourth floor of Uni are all in the midst of a successful season of roping 'em in. . . . The law students are beginning their annual grind. . . . Smoking is becoming quite prevalent at the latest band concerts. . . . Love goes on forever . . . or at least until after his house party is over.

Sally Fulton looks like the typical American Co-ed, according to El Herron. She gets that way by getting ready for a date in ten minutes.

(Continued on Page 22)

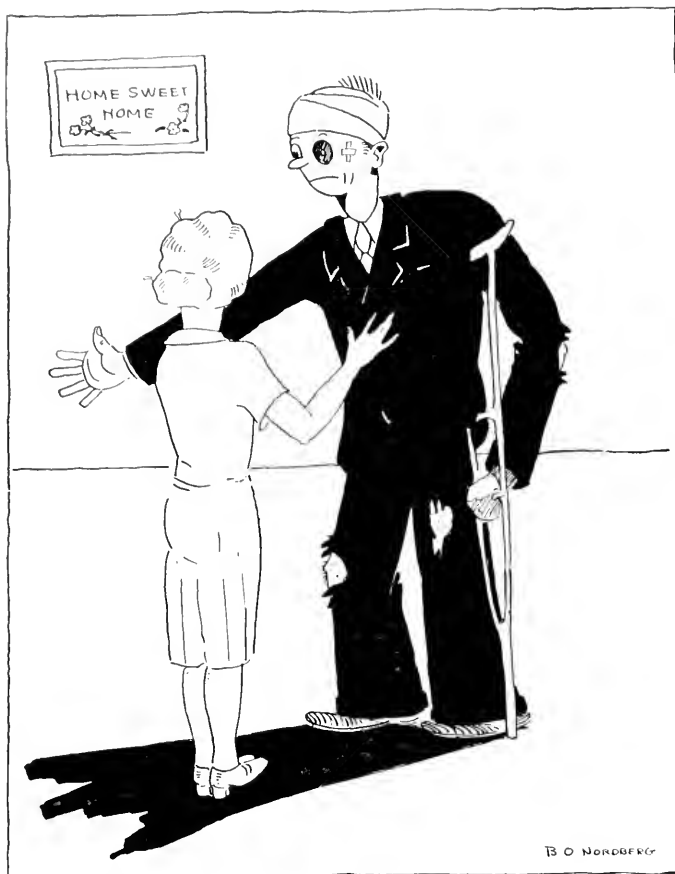
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Who, me?"

Then there was the man who jumped off the Woolworth building just to show the world that he had guts.

—S—

Sergeant: "But you say you're a college student?"

Prisoner: "I am, sir."

Officer: "But he can't be. I've searched him and there ain't a single magazine subscription blank on him."

—S—

The museum of Natural History is looking for some tickets local students had on the Kentucky Derby. They will be put under "Relics of Lost Races."

NO ?

Prof.: Mr. Jones, what do you know of this light theory?

Mr. Jones: Well—uh—I don't think I's so sure of it; what do you think of it?

Prof.: I don't think, I know!

Mr. Jones: I don't think I know, either.

—*Western Reserve Red Cat.*

—S—

"My aunt in Venice is sending me a gondola for my birthday. How am I going to play it?"

"You don't play a gondola; you throw it over your shoulder like a shawl."

(Continued from Page 21)

including a hair shampoo. Her dates always complain because her hair smells like ginger and makes 'em sneeze!

Co-eds, in spite of their sophisticated pose, are still little gells afraid of teechnur. Dean Leonard walked into Prehn's on Oregon t'other day, and eight Chi O's doused their cigarettes, lowered their voices, uncrossed their legs, and one of 'em even put on her glasses!

Dan Durand drives all the women in Mask and Bauble shows crazy. He insists on putting on his make-up with his manly bosom bared to the breeze.

Bob Harper, veteran production manager for campus shows, concentrates for ten minutes on blowing a factory whistle, heard in R. U. R., at just the right pitch and with just the proper tempo, and never worries about a pianist, who has to play for five minutes, until after the beginning of the last act!

Rae Shannon can draw in his eyes from each corner. We'll back him against Frankenstein any day and at any odds.

—S—

The elevator and the alarm clock have done more than any other inventions to help men up in the world.

—S—

Radio will never be wholly satisfactory to the listener until he can turn off unpopular programs with a click that will be heard in the studio.

—S—

"What caused the explosion on Si's farm?"

"He fed a chick some 'Lay or Bust' feed and it turned out to be a rooster."

—S—

Ants can lift weights which are tremendous in comparison with their own. Wasps and bees also can raise good-sized lumps.

—S—

D. Z. (returning to house with date): Hello, everybody, Norm and I just got married."

Chappie: "Companionate or compulsory?"

Suggested College Sites

Davenport, Iowa.
 Great Neck, Long Island.
 Marblehead, Massachusetts.
 Bar Harbor, Maine.
 Kissimmee, Florida.
 Rye, New York.
 Hot Springs, Arkansas.
 Bourbon, Indiana. —*Carnegie Tech Puppet.*

_____S_____

They say that the very last thing Burbank did before dying was to cross a street car track with a baby buggy.

—*Oklahoma Whirlwind.*

_____S_____

"I know every girl at this dance."

"But not one of them has spoken to you."

"Isn't that proof enough?"

—*North Carolina Wataugan.*

_____S_____

The radio is getting so popular in some of the fraternity houses that whenever someone asks what time it is, the answer comes back: "Half past Ben Bernie, quarter to Guy Lombardo."

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

_____S_____

Frosh: How about a date?

Senior co-ed: Sorry, but I never go out with a baby.

Frosh: Oh, pardon me, I didn't know you had one.

—*Columns U. of Wash.*

_____S_____

"I hear some Chinese icemen had a fight yesterday in Chin Chow."

"Sure these coolies are always having Tong wars."

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

_____S_____

"I never date innocent girls."

"But I'm innocent."

"You don't have to be in for an hour yet."

—*Bucknell Belle Hop.*

_____S_____

Voices in the dead of night in the dorm:

Wake up quick, wake up!

Can't.

Why not?

Ain't sleeping. —*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*

_____S_____

"How's your new girl?"

"Not very good."

"You always were lucky." —*Washington Columns.*

_____S_____

She: "Oh, I simply adore that funny step. Where did you pick it up?"

He: "Funny step? Hell! I'm losing my garter."

—*Oklahoma Aggravator*

_____S_____

Ever hear of the young plumber who arrived at the party and found he had forgotten his wrench?

—*Missouri Showme.*



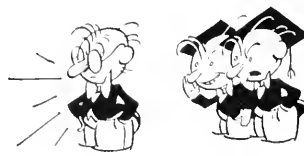
It won't be long now

● The time has come (the walrus said) when freshmen doff their dinks, sophomores and juniors tear off to Europe and seniors discover whether or not there is life after college.

Make your last days at school more pleasant by reading *Swizzle-stick*, a novelette by a débutante, which is as stimulating as the title implies; *Know Your Olympics*, an informative article on the event which holds the spotlight; and many other fiction and fact features reflecting all your high moments. There is rollicking, panicing humor to cheer your remaining days, in the July issue of

College Humor

1050 North LaSalle Street
 CHICAGO



• Coming Distractions •

As reviewed by Marion Irmann

And so another year of hard work (or am I wrong?) is nearly over, but even the best of brain-wrackers need some diversion during the last gruelling lap of the race for a five point average, so here's our suggestion. It's a good one, too—but don't take our word for it—go downtown and see for yourself.

The R-K-O Virginia presents Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery in "Letty Lynton," from May 29 to June 1. It's a drama of modern society in which Joan Crawford takes the role of a beautiful heiress, who plays around a bit too much. The shadow of a past indiscretion came (Ed. note:—*Under her eyes?*) to mar her happiness when she found her real love. In her attempt to save her future, she is accused of murder. Faced with the choice of loss of reputation or a prison term, her fiance, as played by Robert Montgomery, comes to her rescue—and all of the past is forgotten. The plot is nothing startling, but the usual capable acting of these two stars makes this a good evening's entertainment.

From the 2nd to the 4th comes "Huddle," a serial of modern university life, sans "rah rah," which ran in *College Humor*. Ramon Navarro plays the part of an Italian laborer who won a scholarship to Yale. He wasn't ready to die for "dear old whoozis," he thought college spirit a "racket" and a girl's love the bunk, but the lovely Madge Evans made him change his mind about a lot of things. You'll get a kick out of this show.

Here's just something to jot down—don't miss the picture starting June 5. The glamorous Garbo scores an-

other smash in Luigi Pirandello's "As You Desire Me."

May 28-29-30 brings the story of the queerest people on earth to the R-K-O. "Freaks," starring Leila Hyams and Wallace Ford, is a weird mystery thriller of life behind the scenes in a circus sideshow. Uncanny suspense in this strange plot of humans, centering about the love



story of a giant, a siren, and a nidget make this one of the most unusual pictures of the year.

From May 31 to June 3 appears "The Silver Lining," with Maureen O'Sullivan, Betty Compson, John Warburton, and Montague Love. The action takes place in New York, from the slums to the East Side to the mansions of Fifth avenue. Imagine a girl of wealth, beauty, and social position stripped of her finery, left without friends, in a position where money could not be used to advantage—and you have a human story that cannot fail to be interesting.

And just in case you've missed seeing some of the shows you have heard others talk about, here's your chance to see them at the Park during June.

June 1—Husband's Holiday.

June 2-3—Murders in the Rue Morgue, with Sidney Fox.

June 4—Cavalier of the West, with Harry Cary.

June 5—After Tomorrow, with Charles Farrell.

June 6-7—Daughters of the Dragon, with Warner Oland.

June 8—Three Wise Girls.

June 9-10—Ladies of the Big House, with Sylvia Sidney.

June 11—Local Bad Man, starring Hoot Gibson.

June 12—Heaven on Earth, with Lew Ayres.

June 13-14—Personal Maid, with Nancy Carroll.

June 15—Once a Lady, with Ruth Chatterton.

June 16-17—Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, with Fredrick March.

June 18—Gay Caballero, with George O'Brien.

June 19—Firemen Save My Child, with Joe E. Brown.

June 20-21—Rich Man's Folly, starring George Bancroft.

June 22—Careless Lady, with Joan Bennett.

June 23-24—Shanghai Express, with Marlene Dietrich and Clive Brook.

June 25—His Woman, with Gary Cooper.

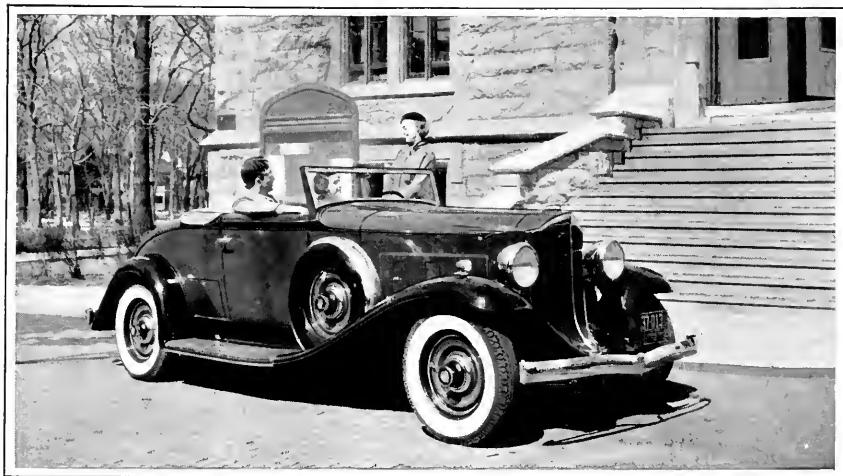
June 26—The Expert, starring Chic Sale.

June 27—Two Kinds of Women, with Miriam Hopkins.

June 29—Devil's Lottery, with Elissa Landi.

June 30-1—Tomorrow and Tomorrow, with Ruth Chatterton.

And that's all for this year, gentle readers—have a nice summer, and send me a card from Paris. Goodbye now, and did I hear Sister Susie giving me the gentle bird with an "Oh yeah?"



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